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PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1994

U.S. EDITION

DIRTY DIVORCES:
FALSE CHILD-ABUSE CHARGES RUIN INNOCENT FATHERS

SACRED PROSTITUTES:
A CALL GIRL CELEBRATES HER CELESTIAL "CALLING"

SEX OFFENDERS:
INNOCENT PILLS THAT RUIN YOUR LOVE LIFE

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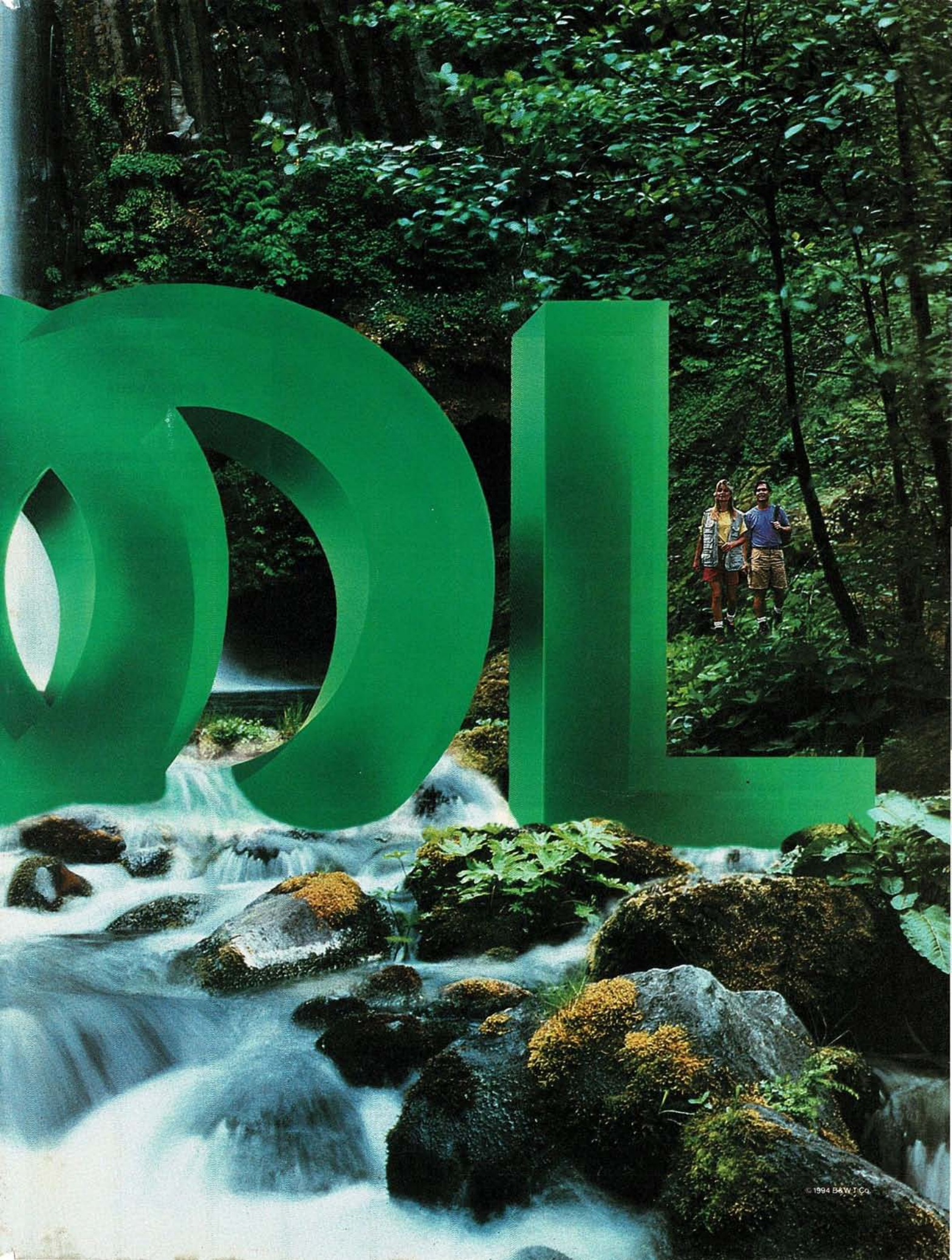
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PENTHOUSE®

The International Magazine for Men

November 1994

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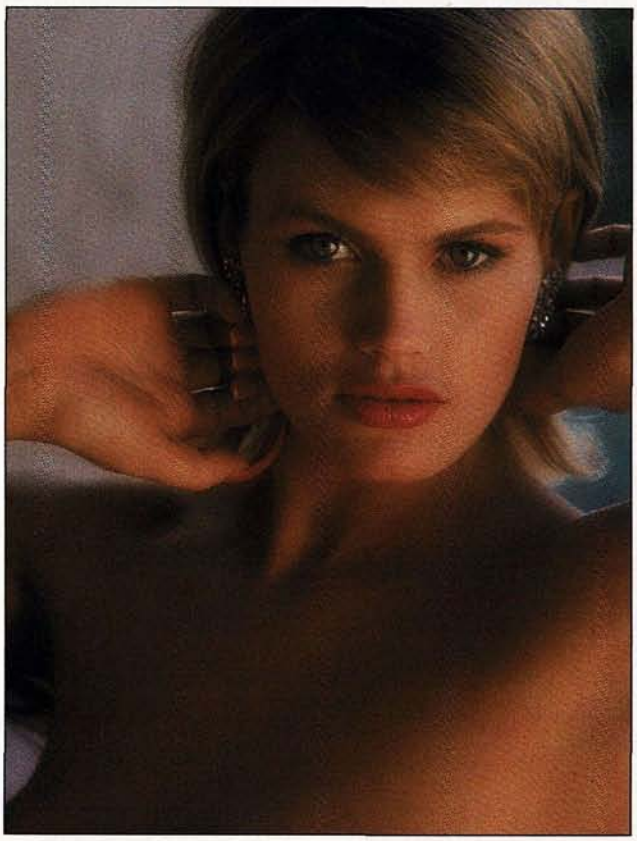

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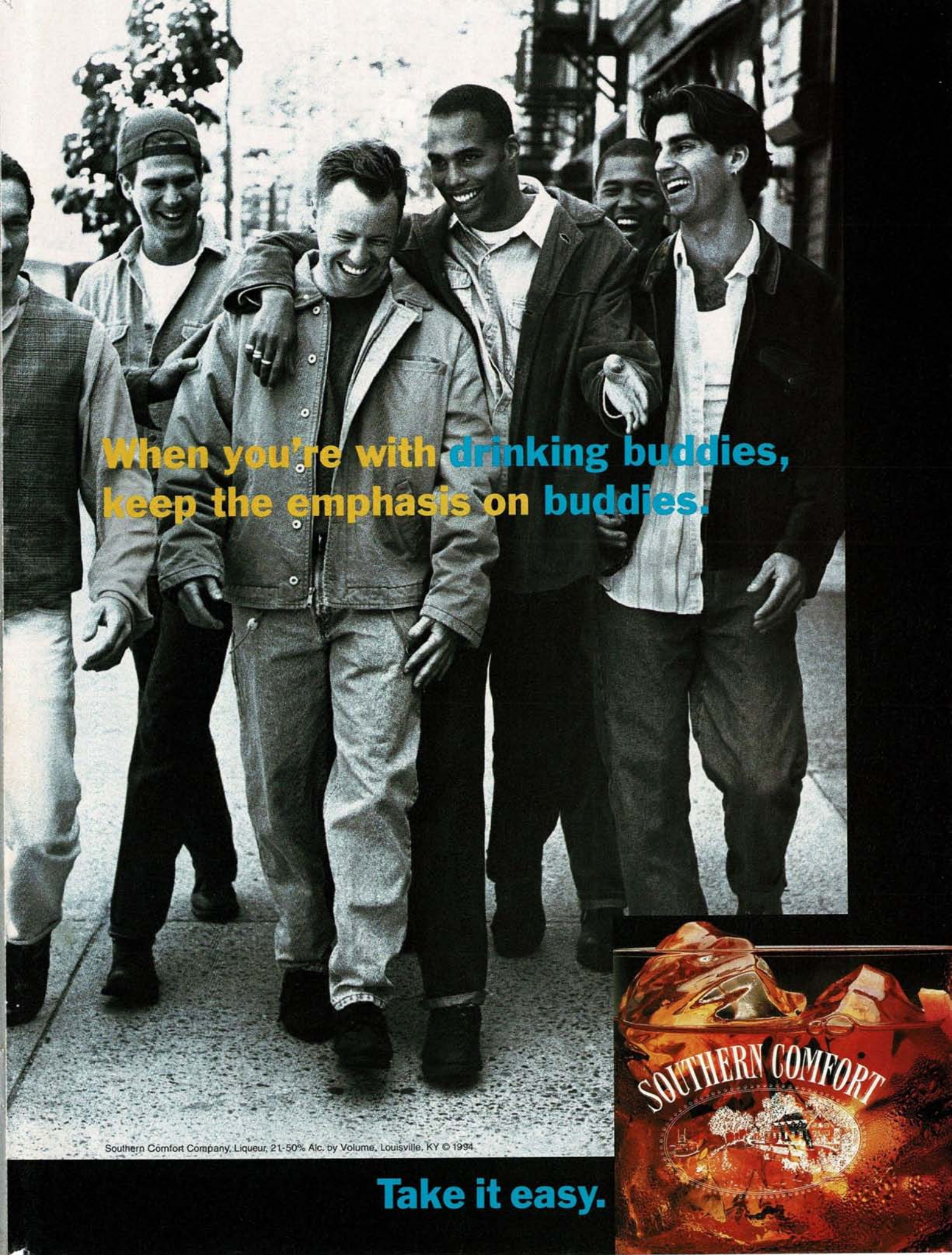
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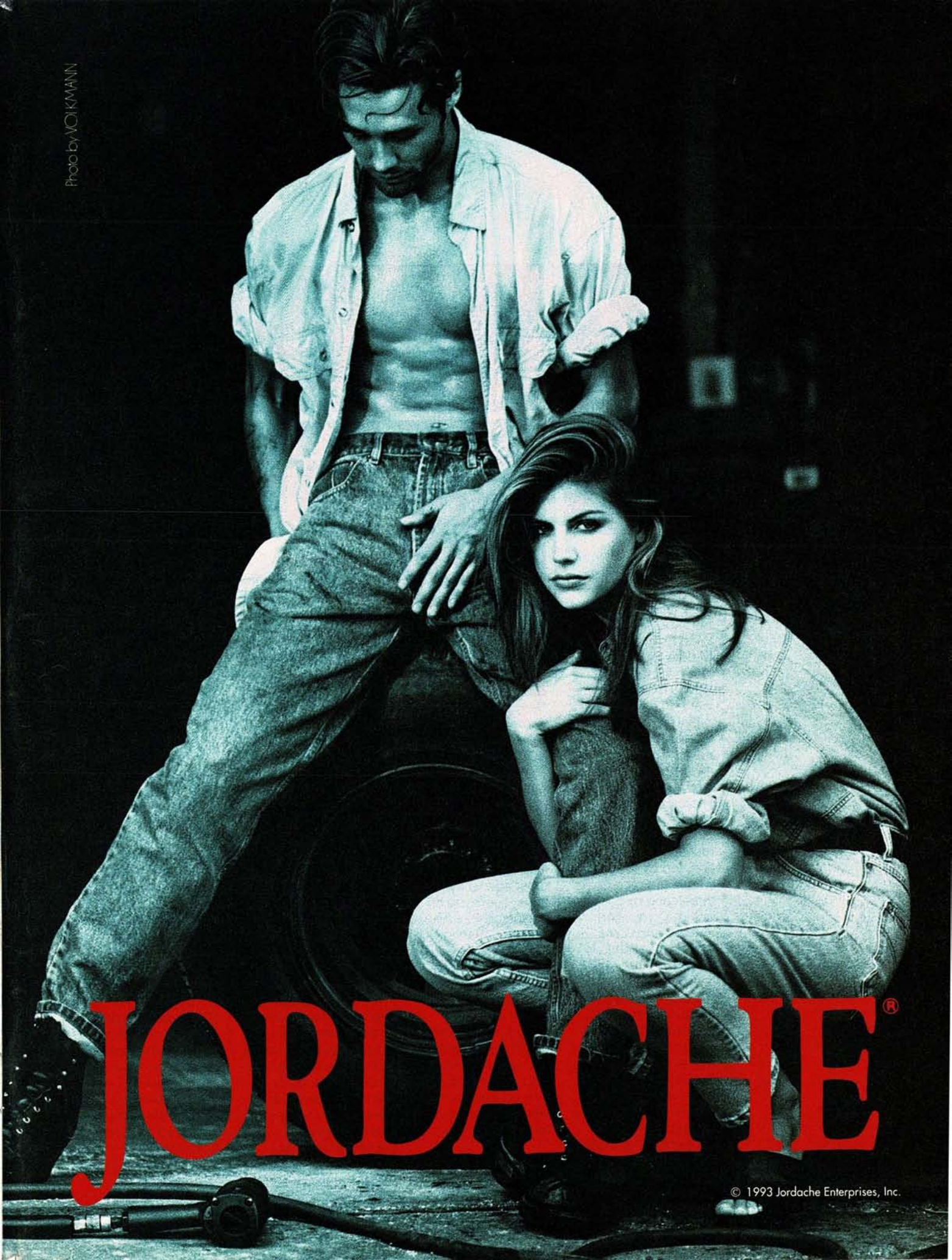
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HOUSECALL

Happy Thanksgiving! Do reports of death threats, pipe bombs, and arson sound like news from Damascus or Northern Ireland? Think again.

Holy Wars

The combat bulletins these days are emanating as much from the American West as from the Middle East and Northern Ireland. Welcome to the timber wars. In a battle that is pitting neighbor against neighbor, the environmental movement's progress in stemming the exploitation of our natural resources is running into fierce—even murderous—opposition, led by the people whose jobs are being threatened by our present and proposed conservation laws. And that defiance is becoming increasingly violent. **David Helvarg** ventures into this environmental high noon and, in an excerpt from his new Sierra Club book, *The War Against the Greens,* reports on the extreme measures being taken by "timber families" and their corporate backers to preserve what they see as their way of life.

Sex Offenders

"Maybe pills should come with a warning. Take this and kiss your sex life good-bye." Most of us remain blind consumers of our pills and potions, but as **Amy Linn** points out in "The Penis Page," this may well lead to impotence and other sexual dysfunctions. There are an estimated 32 million people suffering bedroom debacles due to unsuspected side effects of prescribed medication. Even over-the-counter remedies are possible culprits. With nearly 200 drugs on the market that currently have a direct impact on our sexuality, this is vital reading.

Out of Control

"Child abuse is a terrible crime, and those who abuse children should be severely punished. But in our zeal to pursue offenders, we have inadvertently created a system that itself abuses the very children we're trying so hard to protect." So concludes **Armin A. Brott** in his frightening exposé of the abuses to be found in the very legal labyrinths that were created to protect children from abusive parents. At a time when estimates of unsubstantiated reports of child abuse approach 66 percent (up to 80 percent in divorce cases), it seems inappropriate to leave the investigations of these alleged incidents in the hands of people whose livelihood depends on bringing as many charges into the system as they can.... In a similar fashion, investigative reporter **Jeff Kamen** describes the medical establishment's last-ditch efforts to prevent an inexpensive but very promising anticancer drug from getting a fair hearing. We've been publishing exposés on the government's "war" against hydrazine sulfate for years, and we won't stop until this shameful situation is rectified.

Sacred Sexuality

"I tell my own story to explore the ancient resonance within modern prostitution, and to encourage others to consider the profession in a way that departs from the stereotypes fed us," writes **Carol Queen** in an extraordinary excerpt from *Women of the Light: The New Sacred Prostitute,* edited by Kenneth Ray Stubbs, Ph.D. (to be published by Secret Garden). Her unique insights into this stigmatized profession have persuaded her that the offering of sexual pleasure by women is really a form of empowerment that modern-day moralists fear and wish to suppress.... When it comes to the empowerment of women, our Pets have, needless to say, *total* jurisdiction. The ancient, sacred archetypes of sexuality are reborn in their own modern-day beauty. We really *do* have a lot to be thankful for.

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

The Long and Short of It

Twice in the last two years, you have published articles by Jim Boyd, of the organization the Hung Jury [July 1994, August 1991]. Mr. Boyd's attempt to portray M.W.L.C.s (men with large cocks) as an aggrieved minority is baloney (oops, pardon the expression). On the other hand, his affirmation of women's right to desire and cherish big dicks is appropriate and welcome.

The real issue, however, is not big dicks; it's compatibility. For a variety of reasons, women with small vaginas might well find difficulty in achieving satisfaction from one of the denizens of the Hung Jury. They might actually prefer a man with a smaller member.

I therefore call your attention to Small, Inc., P. O. Box 294, Bayside, N.Y. 11361, an organization for M.W.S.C.s. I hope we will see an article about it in your publication soon.

To keep this discussion grounded in reality, it is also worth noting that millions of couples whose sexual organs significantly mismatch in size have fully satisfying sexual relationships.—*Name withheld, California*

Monochromatic Enthusiasts

In recent issues, our photographers have increasingly been using black-and-white photography to capture the essence of our beautiful models in new and exciting ways. We have received a deluge of letters supporting this experiment in aesthetics, not to mention appreciation for the Pets themselves. A few samples: Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! And *it's about time!* Ever since I saw Melissa [Wolf] live onstage, I have been hoping to see her grace your pages again. I'm happy to see it was worth the wait! Earl Miller did an outstanding job photographing her in your July issue. Melissa's rock-hard body was made even more erotic by the black-and-white medium, and her poses were definitely ones that demanded attention! I hope you will consider Melissa for future layouts, as she is definitely one of the best Pets you have uncovered for your grateful readers!—*B. P., Tennessee*

Wow! Wow! Wow! Such exquisite beauty. No one has ever captured me the way your August cover did. I'm in love! Pipi, oh so beautiful. All the words from page 119 through 129 were about the photographer and none about this mysterious, beautiful person. Only the name Pipi.... I'm in love! Is there any chance for her and me? I would settle for a moment with her. Just a mere moment for this dream. I'm in love! Love, love, love! I'm in love with an angel. I'm in love with this oh-so-beautiful human being. Let me close my eyes once again and dream.... Dream of Pipi. —*M. K., New York*

Thanks again for a great August issue. This is your best issue of the year. You've shown me once more why you're top drawer when it comes to pictorial erotica. —*A Big Fan, Michigan*

A Feminist Fan

I have enjoyed your publication for many years and have been pleased with the maturing of the content, primarily the inclusion of women's points of view. I have always enjoyed the "Forum" section, especially those letters written by women, and I would like to see the return of "Women's Forum." In the past year, you have added "Bedtime Stories," an immediate favorite to stimulate the senses while reading alone or with a literary friend. I have always been enamored of the splendidly brilliant women featured in the most provocative magazine of our time. Some of my favorite intriguing pictorials have been the encounters of two (or more) lithe and adventurous ladies with an interesting tale

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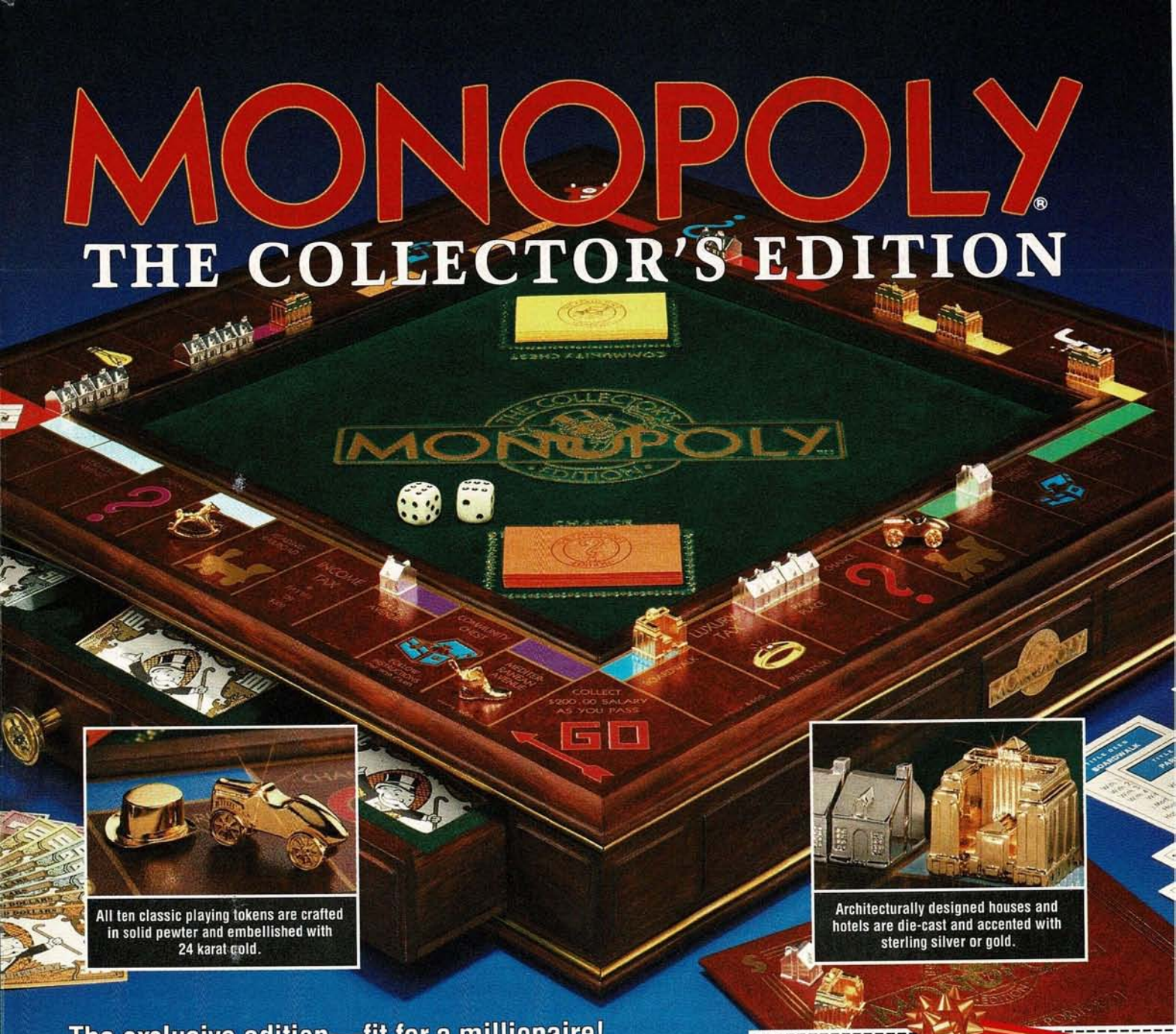

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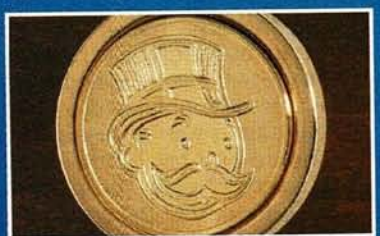

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Founded March 1965

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NOVEMBER

to unveil. You have recently released a video of "Forum" letters. Perhaps a corresponding pictorial and subsequent video of "Bedtime Stories" could become an intrinsic part of your magazine.—*E. H., Indiana*

Thank you for your suggestions. Our video producers are considering "Bedtime Stories" for future production. As soon as we hear something, we will be sure to let you know.—The Editors

TAKING EXCEPTION

In our August issue, investigative reporter Sharon Churcher wrote that Nirvana's deceased lead singer, Kurt Cobain, might have been bisexual, sparking this criticism: I do not appreciate the article referring to Kurt Cobain's sexuality. There is no doubt in my mind that Kurt was heterosexual, and I find the article childish and ridiculous. It's bad enough that he ruined things by killing himself, but you try to make things worse. Even more stupid is the fact that you tried to pursue the subject by calling [Cobain's widow] Courtney [Love]'s lawyer numerous times." —*Rachel French, South Carolina*

THE OTHER SIDE

In our April issue, Kenneth G. Cender wrote to "Forum," decrying the lack of AIDS awareness and prevention in our prison system. That was quickly followed by a curt reply from Russell Harvey (July 1994), who felt that sympathy for the incarcerated was a waste of time. Harvey's letter brought about this response: In reply to Russell Harvey's letter lambasting Mr. Cender on AIDS in the prison system: From what I read in his letter, he is more interested in putting down criminals than in stopping the spread of AIDS, which is becoming a major problem in the prison system. Mr. Harvey states that it is comforting to know that a disease is picking up where our judicial system has left off. Well, Mr. Harvey, last I heard, burglary and other such crimes are not punishable by death. This is what happens when someone comes down here on a short or long sentence and contracts the disease by either willing participation or forcible rape. I would be willing to bet that over half of those in here are doing so because they are scared or weak or are being forced to participate. As I am presently incarcerated myself, I have witnessed this personally.

If your beef is with criminals, maybe you should run for office under a "tough on crime" slate. You will fit in really well with most of the small-minded people we already have in public office. Otherwise, keep your mouth shut about something you know nothing about. Just because someone has made a mistake and been placed in prison to pay for their mistake does not mean he deserves AIDS, which is what I got out of your letter. If you got AIDS because you made a mistake, you and everyone else would have been dead a long time ago.—*Richard Redd, Texas*

SHORT STROKES

My straining erection pointed north in the salty air as she softly licked the underside of my glistening cock, then slowly parted her lips and took it into her warm mouth. It was all I could do to keep from coming as her expert mouth worked up and down the length of my shaft. I reached around and stroked her perfect ass. She pushed herself closer to me, allowing me a magnificent view of her womanhood. I parted her sweet lips with my fingers and gently stroked her moist clit. When I inserted a finger into her tight hole, she gushed in her first orgasm. She drenched my hand as she came, and I continued to finger her, my hand soaked with her musky wetness. —*S. E., Florida*

I reach under my legs and surprise you by taking your balls in my hand and squeezing gently. They are sucked up tight to your body, which tells me that you are getting close. I tell you I want you to explode all over the inside of my pussy. Spew that white come into me. Let me feel your dick jump and throb with every orgasm. My pussy is sucking and sucking, trying to draw the come right out of you. You start to moan and groan. Come on, babe, give it to me! Show me how much you like my pussy. Show me with your hard rod exploding in orgasm. We grow closer and closer. You hold your breath, trying to relax, which will eventually lead to the best feeling known. I get to create that feeling and, knowing that, I want every drop of come you have to offer. With your back arched, you let out an aggressive groan and your dick explodes. Oh, oh, ooh! Your stomach tenses with every flex of your dick, and when your come starts shooting, your balls jump so hard, they hit me in the clit. What a fucking turn-on!—*W. D., Nevada*

"He's fucking me, David, he has his hard cock in my cunt. Can you see it? Are you getting it on video?"

With a catch in my voice, I replied, "Yes, and it looks so good. How does it feel?"

"God, it feels good! His hard cock is going to make me come. Can you get my come on the video? I want to see my come gush out from around his cock!"

As I zoomed in after dropping to my knees, I could see the sweet nectar pour from around his veined cock. Then I said, "Greg, come inside her. I want to film your come oozing out of her cunt when you pull out of her."

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At that moment, Greg cried out, "God, I'm coming!" With a bellowing roar, he began to fill my wife's snatch with his spunk. As he kept filling her, Sandra whimpered, "Not yet, I'm not ready yet," but he just kept filling her love hole.—*D. C., California*

Deciding it was time to heat things up a bit, I spread her legs wider, placed a pillow under her ass, and pressed my lips against her now dripping cunt. I gently licked and sucked her pussy lips while making sure I didn't put my tongue inside her. She moaned for me to give it to her, but I declined the invitation.

I slowly worked my way around the edge of her pussy in one direction, then the other. Then I focused on her clit, touching it ever so gently. When I could see that she was really getting worked up, I told her to use her hands and to wrap her legs around me tightly, but she had to keep the blindfold on. I went at her pussy with a fervor—licking, sucking, and driving my tongue deep inside her. She was grinding her cunt into my face and arching her body to meet my every move. Within a minute she began screaming in erotic pleasure.—*P. N., California*

CELEBRITY FANTASY

Judging from the letters we receive, most of us dream about having intimate encounters with our favorite celebrity. If you have—and who hasn't?—write it down and send it to us. If your celebrity fantasy is hot enough, we'll print it here. And remember, even though the celebrity is real, what transpires is created entirely in our readers' imagination.

RING MY BELL

It all starts with my new job as a night watchman for a fancy hotel in Florida. Because the hotel is so luxurious and most of the guests are so well-behaved, there's usually very little trouble to deal with. Therefore, it is quite surprising to walk into the courtyard and see someone violating the rules by using the Jacuzzi after midnight.

Actually, I hear her before I see her. She's making loud noises, and I think, *Whoever she is, she might be in pain.* But as I get closer, I realize the young woman is alone. Then I see her arm moving back and forth, and it suddenly dawns on me that she's masturbating.

Still, rules are rules, so I approach to tell her that she'll have to leave. Imagine my surprise when she turns around and reveals herself to be none other than my favorite actress, "Saved by the Bell" star Tiffani-Amber Thiessen! Imagine my further surprise when—after she studies my muscular torso—she suddenly gasps, "I need to be fucked!"

A moment later, we're in her hotel room, stripping with a frenzy, pausing for a kiss each time an article of clothing is removed. As soon as I see this square-jawed lovely in the nude, blood surges through my cock, making it swell to rigidity. By the smile on her face, I know she's impressed with my hard-on. With such an erection, I don't need to tell her how I feel about her, but I do anyway. "You're so beautiful, I could shoot off right now!"

"Oh no, you don't," she grins. "Not till we have some fun first." I watch her gorgeous ass as she goes over to the refrigerator, bends over, and takes out a small can of strawberry cake frosting. "A fetish," she explains as she motions me toward a chair. After I sit down, she slowly and tenderly covers my entire organ with the cool pink frosting. To my delight, she proceeds to lick and suck off every last bit.

"Now it's my turn," she says, stretching out on the furry carpet. She dabs frosting on her erect nipples and smears it all over her small, neatly trimmed bush. I get down on all fours and crawl toward her, until she hooks her legs over my shoulders and pleads, "Eat me!" I eagerly devour the creamy icing from her sexy young body. Cake frosting never tasted so good! "Oh God, I love being licked," she squeals as I tongue her spongy clam. I sink one finger, then two, into her misty gate. "I'm going to come before you even get inside me!" she squirms.

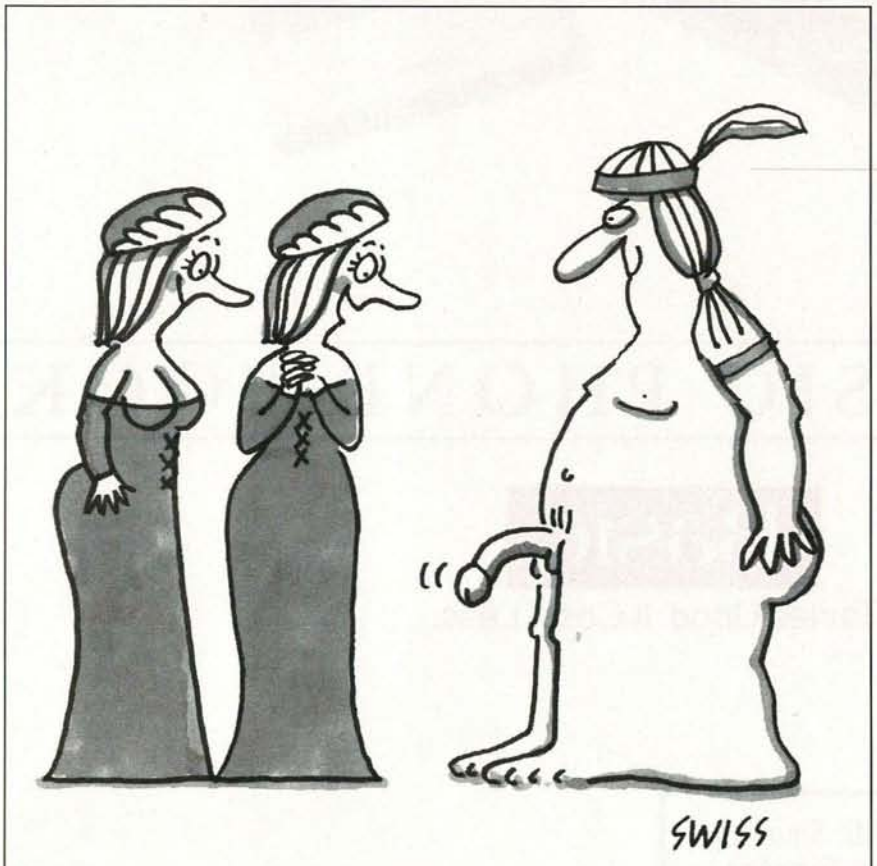
"We can't have that, can we?" I reply, moving forward and pinning her to the floor with the weight of my body. She reaches between us to guide my cock. "Get that monster in my pussy," she groans. "I love older men," she sighs as I move slowly, savoring each inch of her moist tunnel. She's so wet that my repeated penetrations make loud, juicy, slurping, sucking sounds.

Within seconds we reach a lustful pace. I'm sweating as I ram her with so much intensity that her pelvis bucks up off the floor with each deep, hard plunge. "Yeah, fuck me inside out, you beast!" she screams.

I quickly put my arm around her waist and flip her over onto all fours. "Quick, get back in me!" she gasps, reaching back and pulling her tiny lips apart for me. I grab her by the shoulders and surge forward, and we are once again humping with an animalistic fury. I reach down and clutch her soft breasts, using them as handles as I ride her like a bucking bronco.

Our tanned bodies are drenched with sweat, and she tosses her head wildly from side to side, shaking sticky drops from her damp hair. She gyrates violently as I slam my huge organ into her little pussy. "Please, oh, please, don't stop!" she cries out. "I'm coming!"

As she squeals and shudders, I realize I don't ever want to leave her hot love nest, but my stiff hose is now full of seed, so I quickly pull out, ready to



"Look, Priscilla! An Indian uprising!"

stroke myself to a finish. But Tiffani-Amber isn't about to let my jizz go to waste. She spins around and pulls my cock toward her waiting lips just in time to catch the first spurts of semen on her tongue. She takes me all the way down her throat and swallows every blast of come I give her.

"God, there's nothing better than fucking like animals," she grins. I ask her how long she'll be at the hotel, and she tells me that she's just decided to extend her stay.—*N. N., Florida*

PHOTO SESSION

Tom, a mutual friend of my wife's and mine, came over one day for a visit. Jodi teased him constantly—bending low so he could see down her shirt or up her dress and talking suggestively. Tom and I had talked about her teasing once, and I told him that he should suggest that she put up or shut up. Jodi had told me that Tom turned her on, so I gave her the okay to make a move on him.

She was wearing a pair of blue-jean shorts and a sleeveless shirt with a half-bra underneath. As usual, she began to tease Tom, making sure he could see her tits by unbuttoning the top three buttons of her shirt. I excused myself, telling them I had to go to the store.

I came back 15 minutes later, and Tom and Jodi were nowhere to be seen. When I looked into the bedroom, I could see that they'd started without me. Tom was stretched out on the bed, and Jodi was straddling him, her pussy mashed firmly against his face and his hard cock in her hand. She heard me and looked up with a wicked grin as she wiggled her hot cunt on his tongue. I smiled at her and went into my study, quickly coming back with my camera.

Jodi was stroking Tom's thick cock with one hand and planting kisses along its shaft while he was busy licking her freshly shaven cunt lips. I began to take some pictures, zooming in on her delicate mouth stretching to accommodate his fat knob, then getting a shot of her widespread pussy lips as he flicked her clit with his tongue. I took several pictures of them sixty-nining before Jodi rolled off and grabbed a condom from the bedside table. She unrolled it over Tom's cock while I bent and sucked one of her hard nipples into my mouth. Taking up my camera again, I got a shot as she lowered herself onto his prick, moaning as the thick shaft filled her hungry cunt.

She rode him hard, sucking in her breath each time she plunged down on his cock. I could feel my own cock drooling in my shorts as I viewed Jodi's pussy through the camera. I captured Tom's cock on film as it pushed deep into Jodi's quim. Her exquisitely tight cunt soon brought Tom's come rushing out of his balls, and with a grunt, he climaxed.

Jodi rolled off his softening cock and onto her back. Before she could catch her breath, I had my shorts off and was buried to the hilt in her juicy cunt, holding her legs against her tits as I pounded her willing snatch. Tom grabbed the camera and took several shots of us, with the grand finale being my come shooting across Jodi's stomach to coat her tits and belly while she writhed beneath me.

Now that the ice has been broken, Jodi is eager to have some more fun with Tom ... and maybe others!—*B. P., Tennessee*

THE STIRRUPS

The last woman I dated told me of a fantasy she had of doing it with her feet up in the stirrups in a doctor's office. Well, it just so happens she worked in a doctor's office as a receptionist. This, of course, meant that she had the keys and security codes. I decided to seize the opportunity. After much thought (and masturbation) on the idea, I had a pretty good plan. Late one Sunday, we set out to fulfill her little daydream. We had been talking about it for a week, so she was plenty wound up for it. After a once-through in the parking lot, we decided that it looked empty—no doctors working. While I stood outside, she went in to check it out. Audry came back from turning off the alarm system with a big smile. "We're in! Pick a room, any room," she said, waving at the row of examination-room doors. We picked No. 5 and looked around.

She turned to me and said, "My juices are already flowing." This is not how I'd wanted it to happen—not just up on the table and in—so I stopped her and started to open drawers. She asked, "What are you looking for?" I just smiled. The next drawer had it. I pulled out one of those white examination robes, the kind that is open in the back, and plopped it down on the table. The sanitary paper strip on the table crinkled softly. I was already hard. "Put this on, and I'll be back."

I went in search of one of the doctor's offices. A few wrong turns later, I found one and was taking off my underwear. I put my pants back on, leaving the fly open. Then came a surgical scrub shirt that I'd brought along, with one of the doctor's white lab coats, and I was almost finished. I took off the name tag and checked the pockets—bingo, a stethoscope. On the way back to the room, I grabbed a clipboard from the nurses' station. When I came into the room, she was sitting on the edge of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 131

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FAST FORWARD

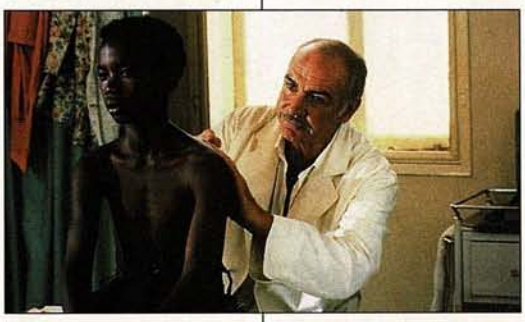
In *Only You*, Norman Jewison refines innocence and makes *Cinderella* work for the nineties; *Clerks* finds innocence unappreciated; in *Hoop Dreams*, innocence is stolen from babes; and Bruce Beresford has simply lost it.

Film

By Marcia Pally

• America is making love stories again, like it did in the studio days, when men and women fell in love with one another as they fell in love with the stars on-screen. That era is gone, and it seemed that the nation was too cynical to fall for innocent romance. Yet this past summer, we saw the buoyant *It Could Happen to You* (★★★½), a love story about a cop and a waitress, and an homage to Preston Sturges. This month we have ***Only You*** (★★★½), a cross between 1934's *It Happened One Night* (Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert) and *Cinderella*. Directed by **Norman Jewison**—who with *Moonstruck* showed his gift for turning potentially trite scripts into fairy tales—*Only You* stars **Marisa Tomei** as a woman looking for the man who is fated for her. **Robert Downey, Jr.**, plays a guy who picks up her shoe on a street in Rome and spends the rest of the film trying to convince her that he's Prince Charming. From there the film is about the beauty of Italy and women (cinematography by **Sven Nykvist**). Downey, playing a fellow who appreciates both, is becoming a brilliant leading man. Supporting actors **Fisher Stevens** and, especially, **Bonnie Hunt** add sweet sarcasm to this film's grace.

• **Bruce Beresford**'s ups and downs are steeper than many. After directing the powerful *Tender Mercies* in 1983, he made the sweet but ... sweet *Driving Miss Daisy* and the silly *Rich in Love*. Now he directs ***A Good Man in Africa*** (★), a misguided effort all around. Beginning with a script by **William Boyd** (*Chaplin*), Beresford collects an esteemed cast and sends it adrift in a comedy wannabe that is neither satire nor slapstick and should have been both. The abused acting team includes **Sean Connery, John Lithgow, Diana Rigg, Louis Gossett, Jr., Colin Friels,** and **Joanne Whalley-Kilmer**. About doddering Brits and corrupt local politicians in Africa, *A Good Man* has subplots that begin and end without purpose. One, about a junior diplomat with gonorrhea, is particularly puerile. Another, about British extramarital cavortings, reduces every woman in the cast to a ninny and is beneath all of them, especially the commanding Rigg. The main story isn't much better, if you can find it. Connery plays the selfless-doctor-and-moral-authority role and gives the film its (very) few graceful moments. Cinematographer **Andrez Bartkowiak** (*Prizzi's Honor* and the recent tour de force *Speed*) does his best, but the overall sensibility is so botched, it doesn't matter.



• The recruiter promises a full scholarship, perks, and a chance at the N.B.A. ... to sixth graders on playground basketball courts. *Hoop Dreams* (★★★), an impressive documentary by **Steve James, Frederick Marx,** and **Peter Gilbert,** looks at the pressure and mad money that is pro ball, but it begins with black kids whose moms struggle to put food on the table. It makes its political points softly, through the many days of two high schoolers between freshman and senior year. You see a lot of life in *Hoop Dreams,* but you also see a lot of great ball.

• *Clerks* (★★½), a shoestring-budget black-and-white film by newcomer **Kevin Smith,** has been drawing notice at film festivals, and it deserves every bit of praise. A send-up of contemporary America as seen by two convenience-store clerks (**Brian O'Halloran** and **Jeff Anderson,** in performances not quite as deadpan as Jim Jarmusch would have directed), it steers firmly through quick takes on the national health craze to the meatier issues of men, money, and malaise. Oh yeah, and women. Like the young antiheros of the cult hit *Slacker,* these guys haven't exactly taken command of life, but then, in this Reagan-hangover recession, neither have most of us. At least in Smith's world, the shambles are funny.

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Faith Hill—the Academy of Country Music's Top New Female Vocalist—is every teenage girl who sang into her mirror, a hairbrush for a microphone, and dreamed of being great.

Sounds

By Alanna Nash

Country newcomer Faith Hill may hail from the flyspeck of Star, Mississippi (population 2,500, counting stray dogs and cats), but at 26, she's no babe in the woods. She toughed it out in Nashville for seven years waiting for her big break, and last year she and her husband, music publisher Daniel Hill, pulled the plug on their five-year marriage. Still, it's the little things that get her unglued. Like when she went to make the video for "Wild One," her record-breaking debut single, and accidentally happened upon the set of "Little House on the Prairie." "I was in this van going to the Big Ranch, where they made a lot of movies and TV shows," Hill begins in an accent that knows few one-syllable words, "and I looked out the window and said, 'Wow! That looks like Laura Ingalls's house!' The driver said, 'Well, that's where they filmed the series.' "

Hill widens her green eyes to saucer-size and lays her hand across her heart. "I yelled 'Stop!' because I *had* to have a *picture*! I *loved* those shows. When I have kids, I want them to see 'em. They teach you so much about values and morals and stuff."

Like the rebellious free spirit in "Wild One," Hill is "a woman-child in a state of grace." The first time she heard the song, she knew it would be a hit, mostly because she could relate to the idea of being young and restless, liking a little bit of trouble, and struggling to find out who you are. "I knew that kids were looking for that freedom," she says.

Hill figured right. The record soared to No. 1 and stayed there for four consecutive weeks, the first debut single by a female country singer to do so in 30 years. Like "She's in Love With the Boy," Trisha Yearwood's 1991 hit, "Wild One" became an anthem for the 15- to 18-year-old girls who usually bought records by country's muscled young hunks. And largely because of that hit, Hill walked away with the Academy of Country Music's Top New Female Vocalist trophy in May.

Christened Audrey Faith Perry, the adopted daughter of Ted and Edna Perry, a staunchly Baptist, blue-collar couple with two older boys, Hill is

every teenage girl who sang into her mirror, a hairbrush for a microphone, and dreamed of being great. Yet she is the one in a zillion who had her dreams come true. Letterman. Leno. A summer tour with her idol, Reba McEntire, in whose office she once worked handling merchandising. Her looks—five feet eight inches of blond ambition and girl-next-door charm—went a long way, but what clinched it was an exceptional album, *Take Me as I Am,* which tackled such topics as self-esteem and spouse abuse, and another No. 1 hit, Janis Joplin's psychedelic "Piece of My Heart" recast to a two-step beat.

"The drive to sing," Hill says, "was to touch on feelings I couldn't find anywhere else. It's hidden mysteries." At 19, after years of singing gospel and leading a country cover band, Hill dropped out of junior college and moved to Nashville, her hair piled on top of her head like Pebbles Flintstone's. When stardom didn't happen overnight, she went on secretarial interviews, ending up at singer Gary Morris's publishing company. Then a songwriter overheard her singing to the radio, asked her to demo one of his songs, and played it for an astounded Morris, who instructed Hill to get out from behind the desk and get busy on her music.

"You can't believe how hard she worked," remembers Steve Small, Morris's former manager. Not only on her voice, but on learning the mechanics of the business, from finding and writing songs to watching how record labels make careers to dealing with obsessive fans. When a "less than sane" woman broke into Small's apartment and terrorized his female roommate, it was the levelheaded Hill who went over and talked her out.

Nashville is predicting that Hill will be as big and as lasting a star as McEntire, not only for her talent, but for her industry savvy and her insistence on strong songs that mean something to an audience. "When I look back at the end of my career, I want to feel like I changed people's lives in a positive way," Hill insists, her trademark giggle packed away. "It's one thing to be an entertainer, but to really make a difference, well ... that's something."

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158FPE1

FAST FORWARD

Beyond Valpolicella—the new breed of Italian reds provides an extensive choice of excellent bottles at all prices.

Wine

By Alexis Bespaloff

So much attention is lavished upon the progress made by the so-called New World wines—such as those of California, Australia, and New Zealand—that it's easy to overlook the equally dramatic changes that have occurred in a country that has been making wine for 3,000 years. Italy, too, has adopted vinification techniques that have considerably improved the quality of its wines—crisp, lively whites and rich, supple reds are now the norm, and consumers have responded with enthusiasm.

It wasn't so many years ago, after all, that most American restaurants offered just Soave, Valpolicella, and Chianti in a straw-covered fiasco, plus one or two other Italian wines. Today, it's not unusual to see a wine list that displays two dozen Barolos and almost as many Barbarescos and Brunellos, along with a dozen Chiantis from small estates and a range of unusual wines from throughout the country.

The quality of Italy's red wines is one reason they have experienced a contemporary renaissance. Another is that the best Italian restaurants in this country, as well as those inspired by the cuisine of Italy, are now among the best anywhere. Good restaurants must offer a variety of well-chosen wines, and it's likely that many consumers who now enjoy Italy's finest wines—some quite esoteric and difficult to find—first encountered these bottles when dining out. What makes many Italian reds especially attractive with food is their lively acidity (a quality they share with red Bordeaux), which enables the wine to refresh the palate.

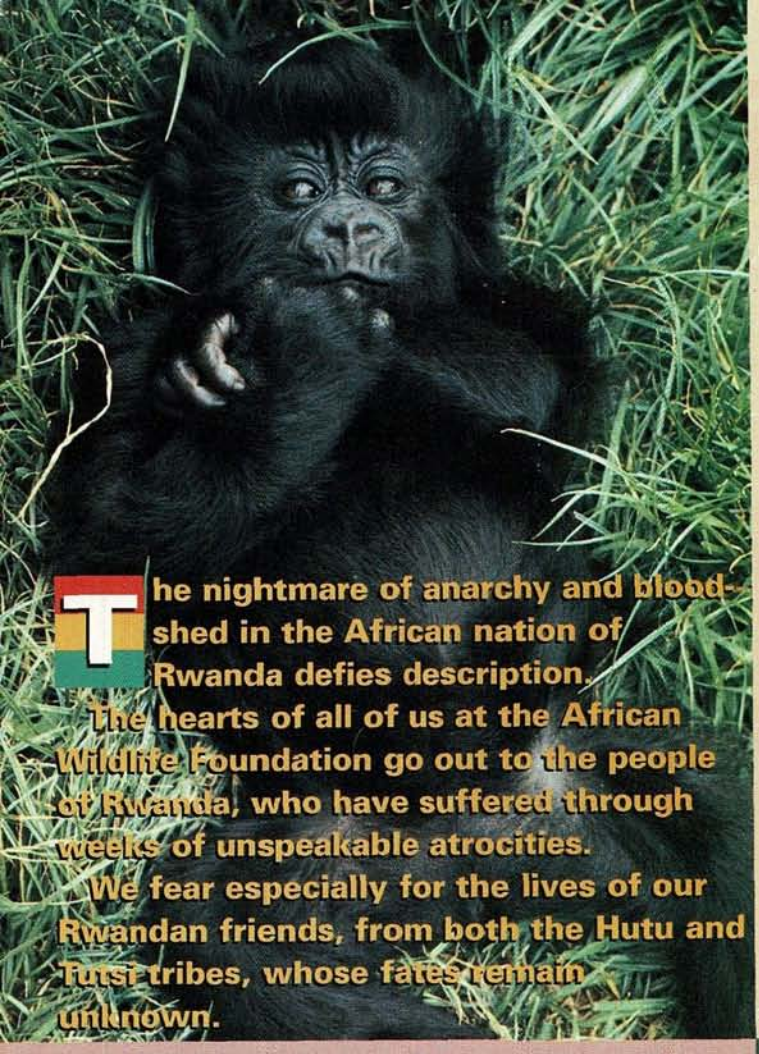
Improved cellar techniques provide a particular benefit to less expensive wines, which have to be made well to be appealing, and Italy now offers a range of reds under $10 that are quite enjoyable. Most of the firms that produce the popular Chardonnays and Pinot Grigios also make attractive Cabernet Sauvignons and Merlots, varieties that are extensively planted in northern Italy. Bolla, Bollini, Cavit, Folonari, and Mezzacorona are labels to look for. Also, the Sangiovese grape of Tuscany is now seen on labels as a varietal wine. Two good examples are Santa Cristina of Antinori and Torgaio of Ruffino.

Moderately priced Chianti, once rather coarse and sharp, is now a good value from such leading producers as Melini, Brolio, Antinori, Frescobaldi, and Ruffino. Excellent Chianti at a somewhat higher cost ($12 to $15) can be found from such estates as Castello d'Albola, Badia a Coltibuono, Castellare, Monsanto, and Rocco della Macie.

Chianti may be the best-known wine of Tuscany, but there are several others. Those who enjoy powerful, concentrated reds will enjoy the sturdy, long-lived Brunello di Montalcino (at $25 to $35) from such firms as Castello Banfi, Castelgiocondo, Altesino, and Caparzo.

The Piedmont region, southwest of Milan, also produces a range of fine reds from such grapes as Dolcetto, Barbera, and Nebbiolo, and so labeled. The finest examples of Nebbiolo, however, are labeled with the name of the village from which each one comes—Barolo and Barbaresco. At their best, these two outstanding reds reveal deep, complex flavors and aromas that suggest mushrooms, faded roses, and other elusive nuances that often mark fine reds. Among the leading Piedmont producers—some make a full range of wines, others focus on one or two types—are Gaja, Ceretto, Pio Cesare, Vietti, Ratti, Conterno, Prunotto, Batasiolo, Giacosa, Elio Altare, Marchesi di Gresy, and Michele Chiarlo. Expect to pay $10 to $15 for Barbera and Dolcetto, two or three times that for Barolo and Barbaresco.

Other distinctive Italian reds that have made a name for themselves include Corvo and Regaleali, from Sicily; Rubesco of Lungarotti, from Umbria; Taurasi of Mastroberardino, from a region east of Naples; and Breganze of Maculan, from the Veneto.



RWANDA'S BESIEGED MOUNTAIN GORILLAS NEED YOUR HELP

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The nightmare of anarchy and bloodshed in the African nation of Rwanda defies description.

The hearts of all of us at the African Wildlife Foundation go out to the people of Rwanda, who have suffered through weeks of unspeakable atrocities.

We fear especially for the lives of our Rwandan friends, from both the Hutu and Tutsi tribes, whose fates remain unknown.

We also fear for the lives of the mountain gorillas, popularized in the Hollywood movie "Gorillas in the Mist," for whom Parc des Volcans in war-torn Rwanda is a last refuge on Earth.

Understandably, many of the park's workers fled the fighting, leaving Rwanda for neighboring Zaire. But, against all odds, other brave Rwanda wardens and guards remained at their posts, monitoring the gorillas' whereabouts and well-being.

It is imperative for the gorillas' safety that the guards and wardens in Parc des Volcans receive the food and basic equipment they must have to remain in the park, protecting the gorillas.

That's why the African Wildlife Foundation has established the **Mountain Gorilla Emergency Fund.**

Our goal is to raise $85,000 to provide park personnel food, equipment, and money to live on for six months.

Please, help African Wildlife Foundation safeguard Rwanda's besieged mountain gorillas — just 600 of which remain in the world.

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Together, we can ensure the survival of one of Earth's true wildlife wonders — the magnificent mountain gorillas of Rwanda.

Gorilla Photographs by von der Becke; Park Rangers Photograph by Hitesh Mehta.

reply form

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AFRICAN WILDLIFE FOUNDATION

XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

PLAYING POSSUM

My wife and I enjoy reading Penthouse *every month, and we especially like your column. We're not sure how many of the letters are real, but they're fun, and we've picked up a few interesting ideas from them. I should mention that my wife is a terrific-looking lady, with a 36C top on a lean, trim figure. She has killer legs, and she likes to show them off in shorts, minis, and high heels. We added a workout room to the basement last year when we renovated, and she likes to join me for workouts wearing skimpy exercise outfits or bathing suits—and sometimes less. It turns me on, and we usually finish up our workouts with some hot sex.*

A month ago, I was using the weights and my wife was hanging from the gravity boots. Maybe I should tell you what they are—strap-on boots that attach to a crossbar at the top of a frame. You strap your feet into the boots and hang from the bar. It's like standing on your head without the strain. She was wearing a thong bikini, and it was just barely enough to cover her pussy. I couldn't resist. I untied the top and bottom and began to lick and suck her. She got hot fast and came in no time. After she recovered, she said it was fantastic to have sex that way.

I stripped, got into the boots and rack, and let her suck me off. It was fantastic. Being upside down made my climax intense as hell.

We did it a lot, until last week when she was talking with a nurse friend of hers, who told her that it's dangerous to have sex upside down, because the explosion of blood pressure in the brain could cause a stroke during climax. The sex isn't worth the risk, but we've been wondering if you've heard of or done anything like this. Is it really dangerous?—P. S., California

If it's fun it's either immoral, illegal, or fattening. If you are foolish enough to spill the intimate details of a satisfactory sex life, someone is bound to tell you that it's wrong.

However, your nurse friend may very well be right! Bats, sloths, and opossums hang head down. Human bodies are designed to function with their brains uppermost. I believe that if you hang upside down for long enough, you may become unconscious and eventually die. I remember those gravity boots. I always thought they were a dangerously silly idea, but I could be wrong. I suspect that the accumulation of blood in the brain may induce a feeling of euphoria. In other words, you get stoned.

Americans are the only people I know who start worrying about having a heart attack before they are 40, and I can guarantee that no matter what anyone says, you will always continue to worry that making love opossum-style may be dangerous, which will effectively take all the joy out of it. You might as well give up this variation now and try to think up something new.

I have made love in the ocean, on the back of a donkey, in a canoe, and I even tried it the hard way—standing up in a hammock. I once joined the Mile-High Club by doing it in the toilet on a plane, which I suppose dates me, because nowadays only Tinkerbell or a pygmy couple could manage to make out in a plane's washroom.

I suspect that a lot of the iron-pumping machinery that's around these days could be used for sex. I suggest you visit a fancy gym in your neighborhood and test out their equipment. See how far you can get before they ask you to leave, then you can buy whichever machine gives you the best orgasm and have it installed at home.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48

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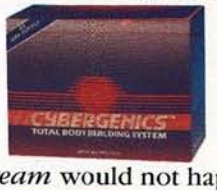

Before giving up hope, a friend introduced him to the Cybergenics® Total Body Building System™. Although Joe had heard a lot about Cybergenics®, he didn't think that anything could work for him. After a little prodding by his training partner (who had made magnificent gains on Cybergenics®), Joe relented, and began the 60-Day Cybergenics® Total Body Building System™ cycle.

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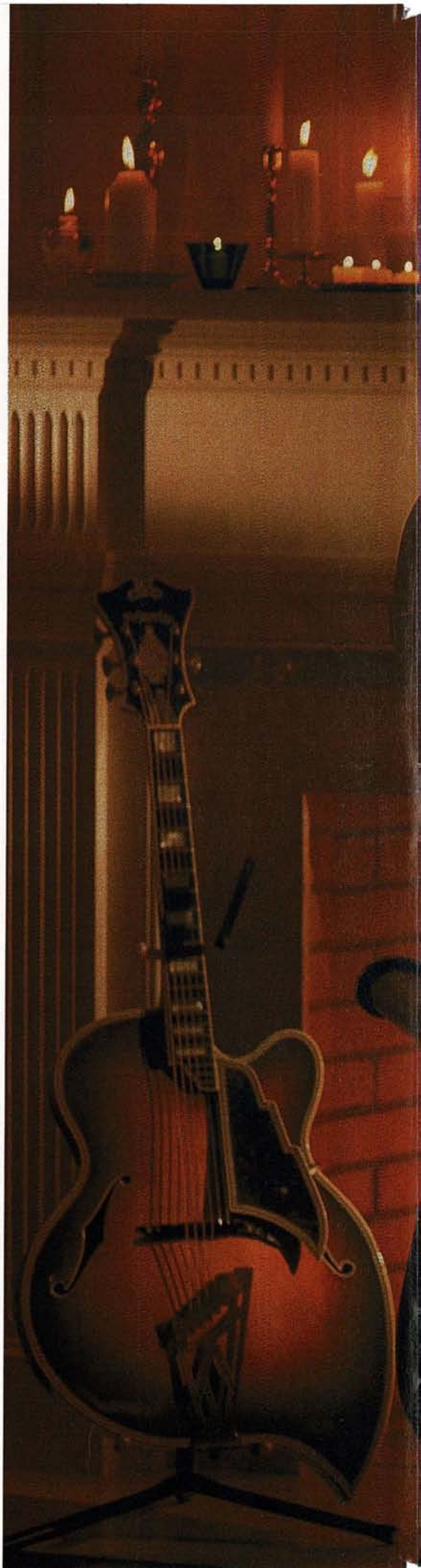

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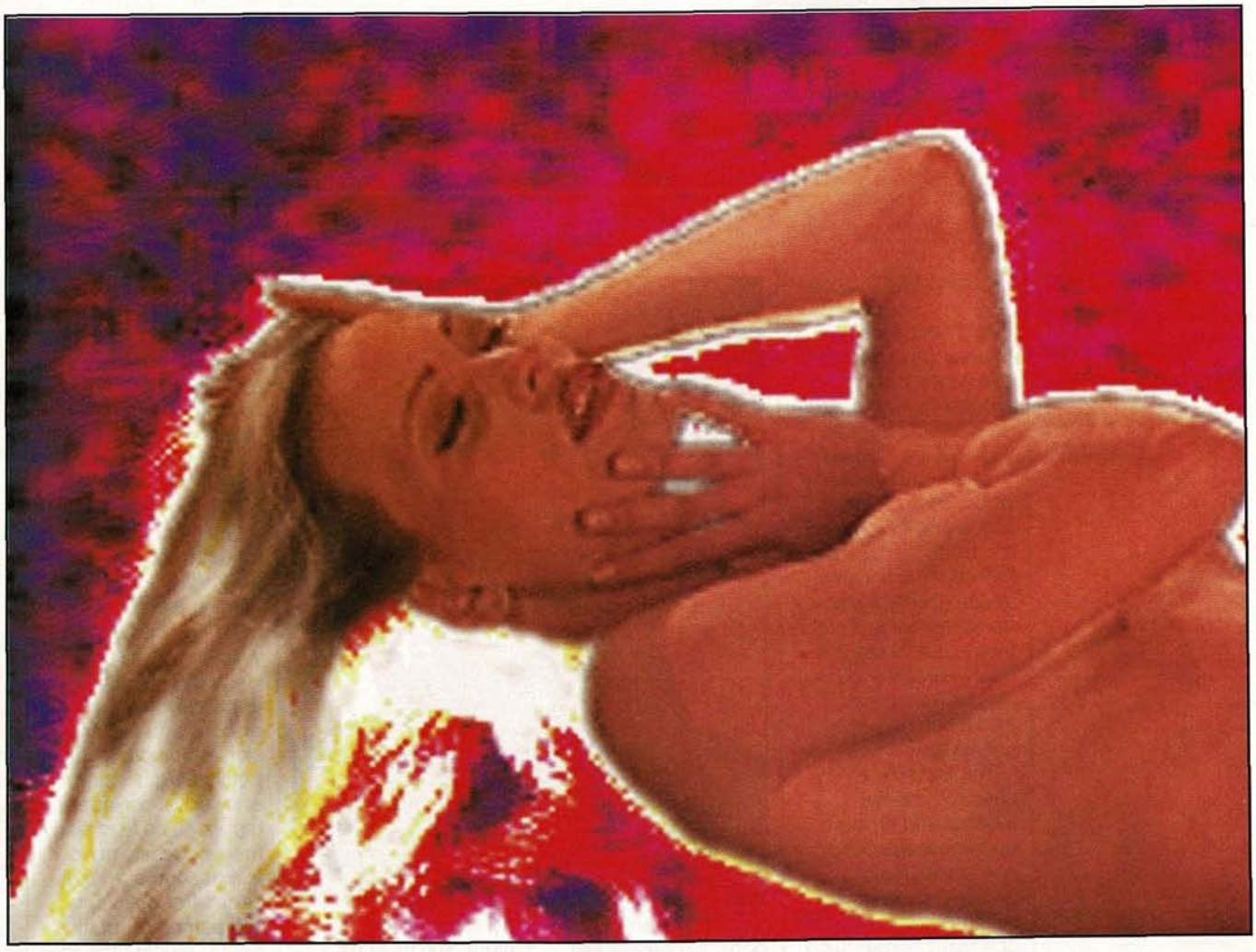
After you've worked your digital magic, save your creations as .gif or .pct files and submit them on disk to: Penthouse Interactive Virtual Photography Contest, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y., 10023-5965. Specify Macintosh or Windows.

The grand prize is $2,500 and the chance to create a *Penthouse* cover. Secondary winners will receive $500 and the chance to see their work in the pages of *Penthouse*. For more information, see official rules on page 58.

If you've always wondered what it's like to be a *Penthouse* photographer, our Virtual Photo Shoot gives you the chance to find out. And now you can find out if you're good enough to work with Bob Guccione himself.

See you in *Penthouse*!



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Action!

The Penthouse Interactive Virtual Photography Contest Lets You Find Out.

CYBER SPACE

What is it about cyberspace communication that brings out the worst in some people?

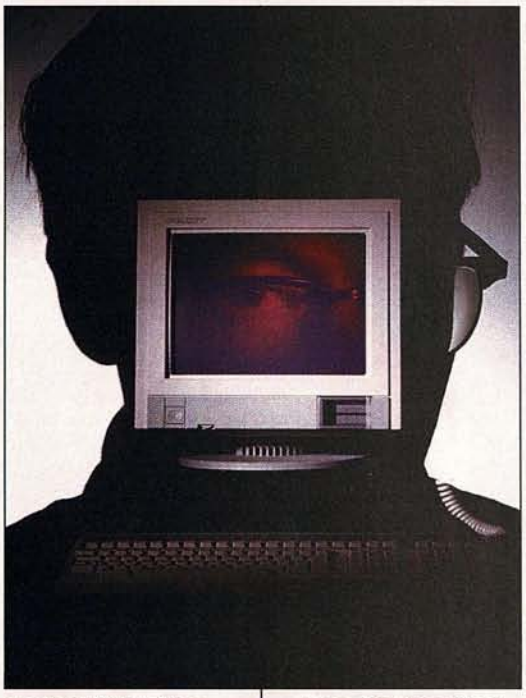
By John DeChancie

Every night tens of thousands of people in this country and around the world, ordinary people from all walks of life, "log on" to computer networks, where they pay to argue and be abused. It sounds like a Monty Python sketch. Cyberspace, the new electronic frontier in which these people are the hardy pioneers, can be just as surreal. And it can be very unpleasant.

The first time I checked into the Internet and brought up a message out of one of the "newsgroups," i.e. discussion groups, I got this charming billet-doux: *I do not recall ever having encountered your malodorous presence on this network before.*

It was not addressed to me, but to a group participant. Just a passing phrase, and the rest of the message was mild compared to others I saw later, but it set the tone for me. Unmistakably. What were the parties arguing about? It doesn't matter. People on computer services argue—a lot. About everything—politics, art, music, the weather, current issues. Anything, trivial or not, controversial or not.

They argue and debate, they parry and riposte, they sally forth and cut one another up. They scrap, they brawl—and that's when they like one another. When they don't, the battles are called "flame wars." When you are subjected to a dressing-down in phosphor (a message on a phosphor C.R.T. screen), you are "flamed." A good flame will sometimes be obscene, but often it is not. The flamer might simply express an abysmally low opinion of your intelligence, morals, or politics.



Political flaming is common. You will be called a fascist or a communist or a racist or a liberal pantywaist. Your position on the political spectrum will be fixed as slightly to the right of Genghis Khan or a red pubic hair to the left of Pol Pot. Or you will simply be insulted. Sometimes one word will do it ... *twit.*

I saw this the other night. You must be a master of concision to make it effective, but if you're like me, an on-line junkie who spends endless hours typing messages to his fellow addicts on several networks, you'll get plenty of practice.

Twit. You'll get the hang of it. It's all in the rhythm. (Note, no exclamation point. Understate, always understate.) *I do not recall ever having encountered your malodorous presence before.*

Beautiful, in a way. An offhandedly masterful put-down. There are worse things that happen on computer services, and the media has given some play to them. There is electronic stalking, the persistent sending of electronic mail (e-mail) to a person who does not want it (you have to distinguish this carefully from junk e-mail, but set that aside). And it can grow extreme—there have been instances of death threats and other felonious doings.

But what I'm talking about here is the workaday drill of incessant on-line hand-to-hand combat. What I wish to give a sense of is the general air of unpleasantness, of discord and dissension, of the constant potshotting, sniping, and verbal enfilade that goes on from early morning to late at night, in message after message after message.

It can be off-putting. Some gentler networkers are intimidated out of ever actually posting a message, for fear of the reprisals. They merely "lurk"—i.e., read only—watching without replying.

There is plenty to watch. Most of the time, the battling goes on between individuals, but sometimes alliances are forged and sides are taken. Then a donnybrook breaks out and rages up and down the lines.

The Jekyll-Hyde syndrome is in play here. Many of those who come across as monsters on-line are the proverbial mild-mannered sorts in person. Over and over again, I've heard the same thing from people who have met their phosphor adversaries face to face. "But he

wasn't at all like he is on-line. He was actually quite pleasant!"

What happens to otherwise normal people when they sit down at their computer keyboard? Well, the lack of physical presence is an obvious factor. You don't mouth off to a 250-pound galoot if he's standing in front of you, but you might be tempted to send a nasty message to a person who only exists as a name or handle.

Sometimes it's too much for me. After a few passes through town, I never checked into the Internet proper. Always one to duck a showdown at high noon, I spend most of my time on other, less wild and woolly networks. It's safer there.

Not all the undesirables are shootists, however. Some people are merely obnoxious, overbearing, and noisy. A type that tends to bother me personally is the long-winded know-it-all who is forever correcting people's grammar and spelling or explaining at great length some point or another on a subject on which he is the world's foremost authority. These people ramble on and on, filling your screen with floods of boring verbiage, making it all the more difficult to wade through to things and people you want.

Then there are those who are merely fatuous, whose tedious posts are the ballast of the networks, endless chitchat that is of no consequence whatsoever but crowds out the worthwhile.

Worthwhile? Is there anything worthwhile on the computer networks? Of course. "A computer modem is like a gun," a friend of mine said the other day, "very useful and very dangerous." You can have endless hours of interesting discussion. You can make good friends. You can do business. I've done all three and don't regret it. But the going has sometimes been rough.

One might ask if anything can be done to make the new electronic frontier towns more comfortable for us pilgrims. For starters, the networks themselves can do something. They can—and do on occasion—banish the worst offenders. But this is not always possible, and it smacks of censorship.

But there are more palatable alternatives. Computer networks can make a certain type of software more available—the "twit filter." These programs allow a user to filter out unwanted verbiage emanating from designated people. If you find someone so unpleasant that you don't ever want to read another post from that source, you simply enter the person's name or handle into the filter. The offender becomes, in effect, a non-person. You won't see or hear from him ever again. All e-mail and every other sort of communication is blocked permanently.

This way, a particularly offensive user will gradually, over time, come to realize that he has no one left to talk to or at. The effect is the same as censorship—it is ostracism pure and simple, but it is the result of a democratic process, not a high-handed fiat by the authorities.

There are other approaches. I would suggest that the services spruce up their software to make it less easy for people to hide behind "handles" or cryptic designations. There should be more of a sense of personhood on the phosphor screen. You should know what kind of person you are talking to, what age they are, what sex, et cetera. Eventually, increasingly sophisticated software will make this possible. Perhaps a more civilized atmosphere will then settle in automatically. The more accurate a sense of physical presence and face-to-face confrontation—runs my theory—the more people will act like themselves ... and behave themselves.

But perhaps not. Maybe there is something about the very nature of cyberspace that is raw and primitive and cannot be refined. If so, I fear for the future, when cyberspace hooks up to virtual reality and we all become immersed in it. Why stop at cutting someone up verbally when, through the magic of computer software, you can cut up someone's simulacrum and graphically act out your most violent aggressive tendencies, with complete impunity, with no ensuing consequences whatsoever (aside from having terrorized your victim)?

The possibilities are unsettling. One day, when we are all wired into the same ultimate machine, we might simply perish, unable to bear the malodorous presence of our naked personae for even a single night.o

Mild-mannered milquetoasts go through a Jekyll-Hyde transformation when seated at their keyboards.

$2,500 CYBERSPACE COVER CONTEST!

Have *you* entered the Penthouse Interactive Virtual Photo Shoot Cover Contest yet? Why not? All it takes is a copy of our Virtual Photo Shoot CD, a digital paint program, and some talent and imagination. Maybe you have what it takes to impress Bob Guccione himself, winning big bucks and the chance to see your work appear in *Penthouse*—maybe even on the cover.

So take a virtual photo—and take a chance on winning! Full contest rules and details appear on page 58.

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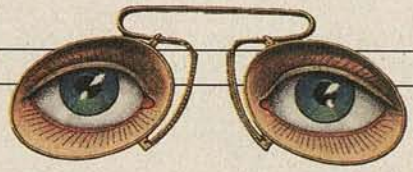
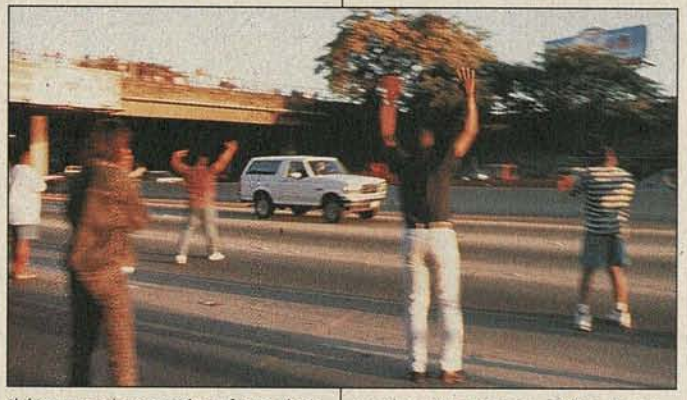


MASS WATCHING

By Emily Prager

Last summer, during the O. J. Simpson hearings, a newspaperwoman called me up and asked me the question, "Do you think we're a nation of voyeurs?" It was a familiar sentiment, but one that I hadn't thought about in a while. "No," I replied, feeling quite definitely that mere voyeurism was a thing of the past. "National watching is a way of life now. It's just something we do together from time to time. There's no longer anything odd about it."



Real voyeurs were watching O.J. on the spot, but most of us were far away, somewhere in the odd dimension of TV-land.

Actually, I thought as I hung up, tele-voyeurism is more like it. For real voyeurism, you have to be on the spot.

I was particularly struck by the twisted nature of televisual reality at the end of the O.J. chase. There I was in Simpson's yard, hovering above the Bronco, listening to Peter Jennings, thrilled to be on the spot, when suddenly Jennings said that the chopper must pull up because no one on the ground could hear over the sound. *What sound?* I thought. Then I realized that the chopper sound, the terrifying beat of the propeller, the wind it creates, all were removed from the picture I was seeing. All I was hearing was the calm sound of Jennings's voice. In short, a most important element of the event—the sirens, the choppers, the honking horns, the hysteria and terror—was absent from the reality I was experiencing at home. So much for television truth.

The idea that television experience is not as simple as we think was further evidenced by a series of interviews with Buzz Aldrin, the former astronaut, on the subject of the moon landing. Aldrin described being in the containment facility back on earth and seeing tapes of the landing for the first time. He turned to Neil Armstrong and said, "We missed it. We were out of town for the most important event." By which he meant, he said, that the global watching, the mass concentration, the mass togetherness, was, arguably, the most important part of the moon landing. "My life changed," he added, "because in the minds of other people around me, I went to the moon, and not because I went there."

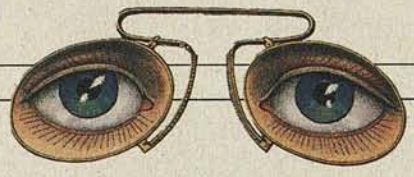
Mass watching is, therefore, as Aldrin explains it, a matter of physics. Those watching an event have an effect on the event, and thereby not only change it but create an entirely new event. The TV people—those filming, taping, editing, and commenting—change and re-create the event in their way, and those writing and reporting about it change and re-create it also. I think at this point in technology, instead of whining about it, we must just accept it: The mass watching of a TV event is many experiences, not one. When it comes to television, there is no absolute truth.

And then, of course, mass watching is just a way of life for us now, the way that we as a society commune. We used to do it at churches or town meetings; now we do it to watch selected events on television. Then we talk about these events to our intimates, and when we gather, these events provide a barometer of what we are feeling and thinking about moral and sometimes political issues. They give us a way to talk to one another indirectly about emotional questions, to keep us thinking and learning, to keep up our chops.

What is sad is that since the moon landing, we have not watched an event together that is pure triumph. Pure wonder and joy. Pure astonishment. Aldrin says that as a nation we have a "withered sense of adventure," which is a brilliant way to put it. Only space exploration, he says, can give us hope.

He may be right. And at the very least, we must now begin being conscious of televisual space. The Internet has begun to make us aware of cyberspace, that we can enter the TV monitor and participate, that we are not passive, as we had thought. So the next time you watch O.J. on TV, put some mental energy into him. Concentrate, focus, and think, *Tell the truth.* You might just be surprised at the effect you have.

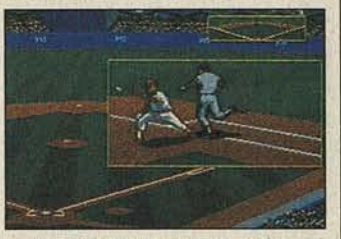
VIEW FROM THE TOP



POWER PLAYS

By Gregg Keizer

Not even ESPN can keep me interested in sports this time of year—it's the dog days. Football's still struggling through the regular season, baseball's done, college basketball's not even started. All that's on TV are tractor pulls and beach volleyball. The only difference between the two is that there are fewer clothes at the beach.



That's why I unplug cable for a couple of months and use the TV for my own sports palace. In one evening I'll own a baseball team, crash hundreds of cars, and talk golf with a pro. All I have to do is slam another video-game cartridge into the Super Nintendo or Sega Genesis or drop another CD into the 3DO.

Sports games let you jam a basketball, own a baseball team, crash cars, or take golf lessons —with all the comforts of home.

The Genesis still rules when it comes to sports, and nothing is better proof than **Virtua Racing** (Sega), a $100 cartridge that delivers most of the action of the coin-op game. It doesn't come with the side-by-side seats and funky shakiness of the machine in the arcades, but Virtua Racing has everything else: three Formula One courses, split-screen action for multi-driver play, and some of the smoothest animation you'll ever see in a Sega game. That last comes from the special S.V.P. (Sega Virtual Processor) chip inside the cartridge, which makes for some screaming graphics. It's tough to get tired of this one, especially if you can corral a friend into racing against you.

I like baseball. I'd kill to own a team. That's not gonna happen, so instead I turn on **World Series Baseball** (Sega) or **HardBall '94** (Accolade), two round-ball games for the Genesis. World Series is the most like the real thing, with an ultracool catcher's crouch view from behind the plate. Unlike other baseball games, you can actually see the ball break as it gets close. HardBall '94 is a bit more cartoonish but nearly as good. You can watch from behind either the pitcher or the batter, keep the base runners in sight within small windows, and view close calls in replay. Even better, you can change the game to suit yourself, modifying the pitch selections and even the player stats. Both games use real players (with 1993 stats) and feature the new three-division alignment.

It's not the newest basketball video game, but last spring's **NBA Jam** (Acclaim) remains the best. Available in versions for the Genesis and Super Nintendo (and this fall, one for the SegaCD), the $60 Jam takes you on a whirlwind two-on-two tour of all 27 N.B.A. teams. Little more than a run-and-gun game, Jam has a limited number of offensive and defensive moves: You shoot, block, steal, pass, and rebound as your twosome of real-name pros goes against another pair. Jams are Jam's specialty, of course, with each player having his own special move. The animation is terrific, the play sharp, and the action nonstop. It's a classic.

Unless you live in the Sunbelt, golf's about gone for the year, but I'm brushing up on my game with **Lower Your Score With Tom Kite Shot Making** (Intelliplay), a CD-ROM instructional title for the Panasonic 3DO video-game machine. This three-CD set has Kite giving on-screen advice on making tough shots and improving your mental attitude, but unlike a videotape, you can skip to any section in just seconds and even search through an index. If you want to actually swing a club inside the house, check out **TeeV Golf** (Sports Sciences, [800] 860-4727), a $150 gizmo that connects to your Genesis. You swing a shortened club over a small pad on the floor; that translates into your drive or putt in

any Electronic Arts golf game for the Genesis. It's not the real thing, but it's fun.

By the time you finish playing all these games, you'll be ready for some new sports. Keep an eye peeled for **Super Punch-Out** (Nintendo), a boxing game for the SNES; for **Tommy Moe's Winter Extreme** (Electro Brain), a skiing and snowboarding game for the SNES; and for **Madden NFL '95** (Electronic Arts), the next version of E.A.'s Genesis football game.

HEALTH

By Gary Null

When it comes to detoxifying the body from a lifetime of abusive eating habits and environmental assaults, you have to be realistic—it's not going to happen overnight. You have to be very careful about programs that promise immediate rebalancing through the use of powders, potions, magnets, or any particular medical therapy. This is not to suggest that these do not have some benefit when used properly, but for the mainstay of your detoxification program, your best bet is a sensible dietary plan—one that will fortify you with vitamins and minerals to give you lasting energy and boost your immune system to greater health.

The key to a healthy, cleansing diet is eating plant-derived foods and staying away from all animal proteins, saturated fats, sugars, pesticides, and processed, fried, pickled, or salted foods. After the first week of the cleansing diet, you can rotate fish into the plan and increase the amount of grains and legumes. It's a good idea to start the day with fresh juice and a hot grain cereal, to give your body the essential nutrients it needs to build itself and keep itself clean. Such a program will keep you satisfied and fit instead of leaving you with cravings for unhealthy foods.

Your Vegetable Arsenal. Be sure to include cruciferous vegetables in your health regime on a daily basis. These are known for their powerful healing benefits and include broccoli, cauliflower, brussels sprouts, and cabbage. Then you want to add asparagus, dandelion greens, mustard greens, watercress, buckwheat, and sunflower-seed sprouts. This is not to say that other vegetables are not good, too—but these are *extremely* good.

Garlic, which has been used throughout history as the most healing food herb there is overall, should be served at least two to three times a day.

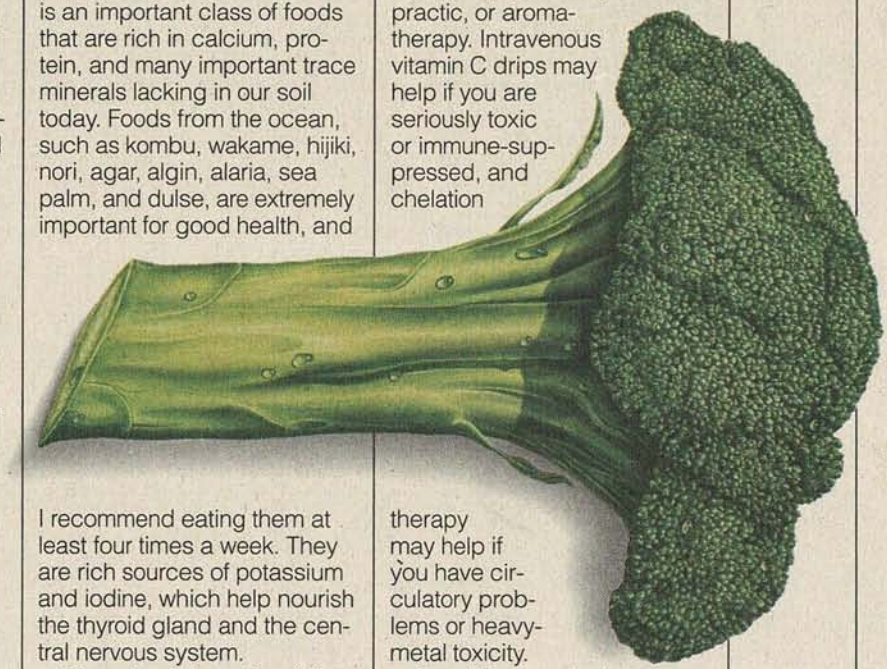
For the digestive system, eat blueberries, strawberries, and cinnamon. Papaya also helps with digestion. Pears are a wonderful cleanser, and prunes help eliminate constipation. Apples are a wonderful colon cleanser and an overall tonic as well. Watermelon is an excellent blood purifier and a natural diuretic.

Health from the sea. Don't overlook sea vegetables! This is an important class of foods that are rich in calcium, protein, and many important trace minerals lacking in our soil today. Foods from the ocean, such as kombu, wakame, hijiki, nori, agar, algin, alaria, sea palm, and dulse, are extremely important for good health, and I recommend eating them at least four times a week. They are rich sources of potassium and iodine, which help nourish the thyroid gland and the central nervous system.

Cleansing juices. Raw juices are extremely beneficial to your health. Some of the best juices include a combination of dandelion, kale, arugula, Swiss chard, and parsley. Generally, use only an ounce of these darker juices and dilute them with milder juices and spring water. The milder juices are made from cabbage, apple, beet, carrot, celery, and cucumber. You can also try wheat grass for its cleansing properties, but don't use more than an ounce a day of this powerful chlorophyll drink.

Some of my favorite juice combinations include carrot-pear, kiwi-pineapple-tangerine, and fresh ginger–apple.

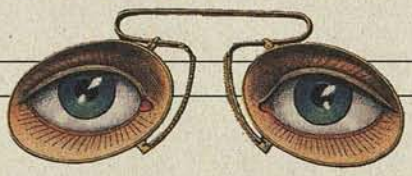
Other detoxification approaches. With a good diet as the underpinning of your inner-cleansing plan, you can consider other aids to help foster detoxification for greater health. You may consider taking saunas (unless you have high blood pressure) or looking into homeopathy, acupuncture, mineral baths, reiki therapy, massage, chiropractic, or aromatherapy. Intravenous vitamin C drips may help if you are seriously toxic or immune-suppressed, and chelation therapy may help if you have circulatory problems or heavy-metal toxicity.



Beneficial to relieving stress are exercise, yoga, meditation, guided visualization, and the isolation tank. There are books available on each of these topics to help you familiarize yourself with these nontoxic ways of rebalancing your body chemistry.

Detoxing the body after years of abuse doesn't happen overnight, but with the right diet, it can be done.

VIEW FROM THE TOP



JUSTICE

By Alan M. Dershowitz

From the time Adam and Eve tried to blame the serpent, human beings have invoked excuses for their misconduct. In the Middle Ages, it was "the devil made me do it." In the first part of this century, it was "poor upbringing" and the "unconscious." Now a new excuse seems to be capturing the public's attention. A number of defendants, charged with crimes ranging from mass murder to mayhem, seek to justify their conduct by claiming a history of abuse. I call this "the abuse excuse," and I've just written a book on the subject that was published by Little Brown this October.

The highly publicized success of the abuse excuse in the Bobbitt and Menendez cases has spawned an assortment of copycat excuses, ranging from the "adopted-child syndrome" raised by accused serial murderer Joel Rifkin to the "black rage" insanity defense raised by Colin Ferguson, who stands accused of murdering commuters on the Long Island Rail Road. Among the recent additions to the growing list of excuses are "roid rage," "computer addiction," "premenstrual syndrome," and "urban-violence syndrome."

"Roid rage" is an excuse offered by bodybuilders who use large quantities of steroids and then experience uncontrollable outbursts of anger and violence. Police think Gordon Kimbrough, who killed his girlfriend after learning that she intended to end their four-year relationship, may blame his rage on steroids. There is some evidence that heavy steroid use may increase aggression, but the majority of steroid users do not kill.

"Computer addiction" is the defense that was raised by Kevin Mitnick, a computer nerd whose exploits inspired the film *War Games*. Mitnick was charged with a wide assortment of crimes, ranging from stealing software to breaking into computers. His lawyer persuaded a judge that Mitnick's addiction to computers was similar to drug or gambling addictions, and he was placed in a treatment program. He is now being sought after by the F.B.I. for stealing data from phone manufacturers.

Defendants now seek to justify their conduct by claiming a history of abuse.

The "premenstrual syndrome" defense was successfully raised by a surgeon who was charged with drunken driving and assault on a policeman. After a Virginia judge bought her P.M.S. excuse, other women began to use it, with varying degrees of success. Feminists have criticized this defense as stigmatizing all women who suffer from P.M.S., very few of whom engage in criminal conduct while afflicted with the condition.

A similar criticism can be directed at the "urban-violence syndrome," which recently earned a hung jury for a young inner-city African-American who killed two other blacks who, he claims, were out to get him. His defense was that since violence is endemic to the inner city, the governing rule should be the law of the jungle—kill or be killed. This defense, like the P.M.S. excuse, stigmatizes all inner-city blacks, most of whom are not violent.

Indeed, all these new excuses have a common flaw as legal defenses; they fail to explain why other people with the same condition do *not* break the law.

The proliferation of excuses in our criminal-justice system raises serious questions about individual responsibility. It is ironic that at a time when most Americans favor tougher penalties for crime, more and more judges and jurors appear to be sympathetic to the kind of sob-story excuses that are the fare of daytime-TV talk shows. And among the casualties of this change in our justice system may be defendants who have such *legitimate* defenses as insanity or self-defense. Sadly, they may now find their defenses carrying less weight, having been trivialized by the recent flurry of phony excuses.

"View From the Top" looks at health, travel, justice, and other topics. We encourage you to let us know what subjects you would like to see more coverage of. Call ***1-900-772-2223****. For more details, see page 135.*

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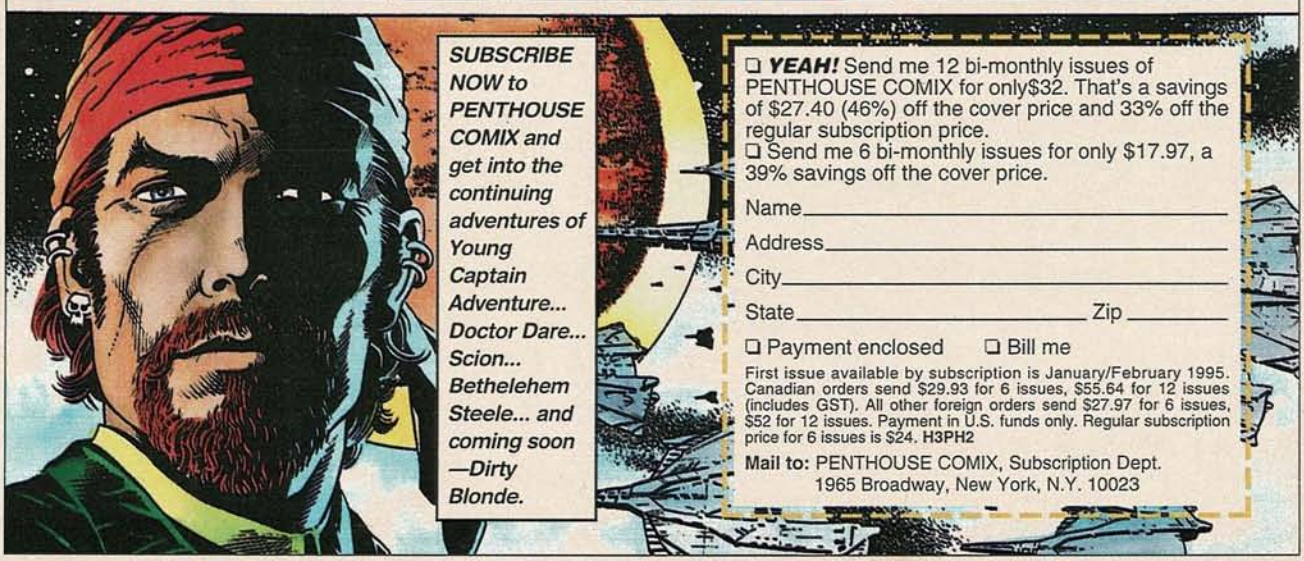

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A SYSTEM OUT OF CONTROL

THE EPIDEMIC OF FALSE ALLEGATIONS OF CHILD ABUSE

Before 1973, child abuse—particularly sexual abuse—was rarely reported to authorities and frequently covered up. But that year, then senator Walter Mondale sponsored legislation that took a new approach. Federal matching funds became available to states that set up child-abuse detection, prosecution, and prevention programs. The results were startling. From 1976 to 1993, the total yearly number

~ARTICLE BY ARMIN A. BROTT
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ERIC DINYER

of child-abuse reports grew from 669,000 to more than 2.9 million. During the same period, the annual number of reports of sexual abuse grew from just 21,000 to more than 319,000.

Undoubtedly, the increasing number of reports has saved thousands of children from harm. However, there have been some rather disturbing side effects. In 1975, 35 percent of all child-abuse reports were unsubstantiated—a percentage that, although high, was perhaps understandable, given the Mondale Act's emphasis on bringing even *suspicions* of abuse into the open. But by 1993, the percentage of unsubstantiated reports had reached 66 percent. And in divorce cases, many experts estimate that between 75 and 80 percent of allegations of child abuse are completely false.

So what accounts for this alarming rise in false allegations? "There's a complex network of social workers, mental-health professionals, and law-enforcement officials that actually *encourages* charges of child abuse—whether they're reasonable or not," says Dr. Richard A. Gardner, a clinical professor of child psychiatry at Columbia University. In effect, the Mondale Act, despite its good intentions, created—and continues to fund—a virtual child-abuse industry, populated by people whose livelihood depends on bringing more and more allegations into the system.

In divorce cases, allegations of abuse can come up in a variety of ways. For some women—and studies have shown that nearly 95 percent of the accusers are women—making an accusation of child abuse is the perfect weapon. "It's simple, fast, and guaranteed to achieve the desired result," says Anne P. Mitchell, a defense attorney in San Jose, California. "In one fell swoop, she can get her husband completely out of her and the children's lives and assure herself complete custodial control. And in one fell swoop, she can completely destroy the man's life, and any semblance of a normal relationship between him and his children."

Several studies have shown that women who deliberately make false allegations are obsessed with hurting their husbands as much as possible. They'll frequently coach their children into making statements against the father, and they will shop around until they find a therapist, a doctor, or some other professional who will support their claims. But not every accuser is determined to destroy her spouse's life. Today child abuse is on everyone's mind, and under the stress of a divorce, people frequently overreact to ordinary symptoms—like diaper rash and bruises—and jump to premature conclusions. In this type of situation, the concerned mother will usually try to get some advice from a therapist, physician, or child-protective-services worker.

But whether a false allegation of abuse is made maliciously or out of genuine concern for the welfare of a child, the result is the same for the accused. Unlike the usual "innocent until proven guilty" thing you hear about on "Perry Mason," when it comes to child abuse, the accused is guilty until he proves himself innocent. "And that's not easy," says Peter Firpo, a Walnut Creek, California, attorney who specializes in divorce and child-abuse cases. "By the time a man hears he's been accused, his children have probably been seen by therapists or child-protective-services officers who see their role as to 'validate' the accusation." And things move pretty quickly from there: The instant the allegation is made, the father's contact with his children is cut off completely and an investigation begins.

WE HAVE INADVERTENTLY CREATED A SYSTEM THAT ITSELF ABUSES THE VERY CHILDREN WE'RE TRYING SO HARD TO PROTECT.

In most states, child-abuse investigations are supposed to be handled jointly by law-enforcement officials and by local child-protective-services workers (they're called different things in different states, but for consistency, we'll use the abbreviation C.P.S.). In general, police officers have received extensive training in investigative techniques and, at least ostensibly, are neutral. Most C.P.S. workers, on the other hand, don't even make a pretense of neutrality. "They're advocates who seek to promote the welfare of their patients," says Dr. Lee Coleman, a child psychiatrist and frequent expert witness in child-abuse cases. "They're taught to believe and support their clients—no matter what those clients say."

Dr. Gardner, who has more than 30 years of experience evaluating allegations of child abuse, notes that many C.P.S. workers refer to themselves as validators—a word that, at best, raises questions about their objectivity. "They, of course, hold that 'children never lie about sexual abuse,' and they accept as valid every statement a child makes that might verify sex abuse."

The "believe the children" idea was popularized by Dr. Roland Summit in an influential article in the journal *Child Abuse & Neglect* in 1983. Summit wrote that "children never fabricate the kinds of explicit sexual manipulations they divulge in complaints or interrogations." (Dr. Coleman has written that "such a belief never had any data to support it, but it nonetheless became codified by phrases like 'children don't lie about sexual abuse' or 'believe the child.' ") Summit also claims that *denial* of abuse is itself frequently a sign of abuse. "If a child suspected of being abused is unable to volunteer information, it must be elicited with warm reassurance and specific, potentially leading questions."

But victims are worthless without perpetrators. So to tie the two together, Summit offers this observation: "Unless there is a special support for the child and immediate intervention to force responsibility on the father, the girl will follow the 'normal' course and retract her complaint."

These approaches to child-abuse allegations are based on the *assumption* that abuse took place—an assumption incompatible with the role of investigator, who is supposed to be neutral and determine whether a crime was committed. Nevertheless, despite their biased orientation, C.P.S.'s role is to determine the guilt or innocence of an accused father. This unfortunate scenario is further complicated by the fact that the police—the one potentially neu-

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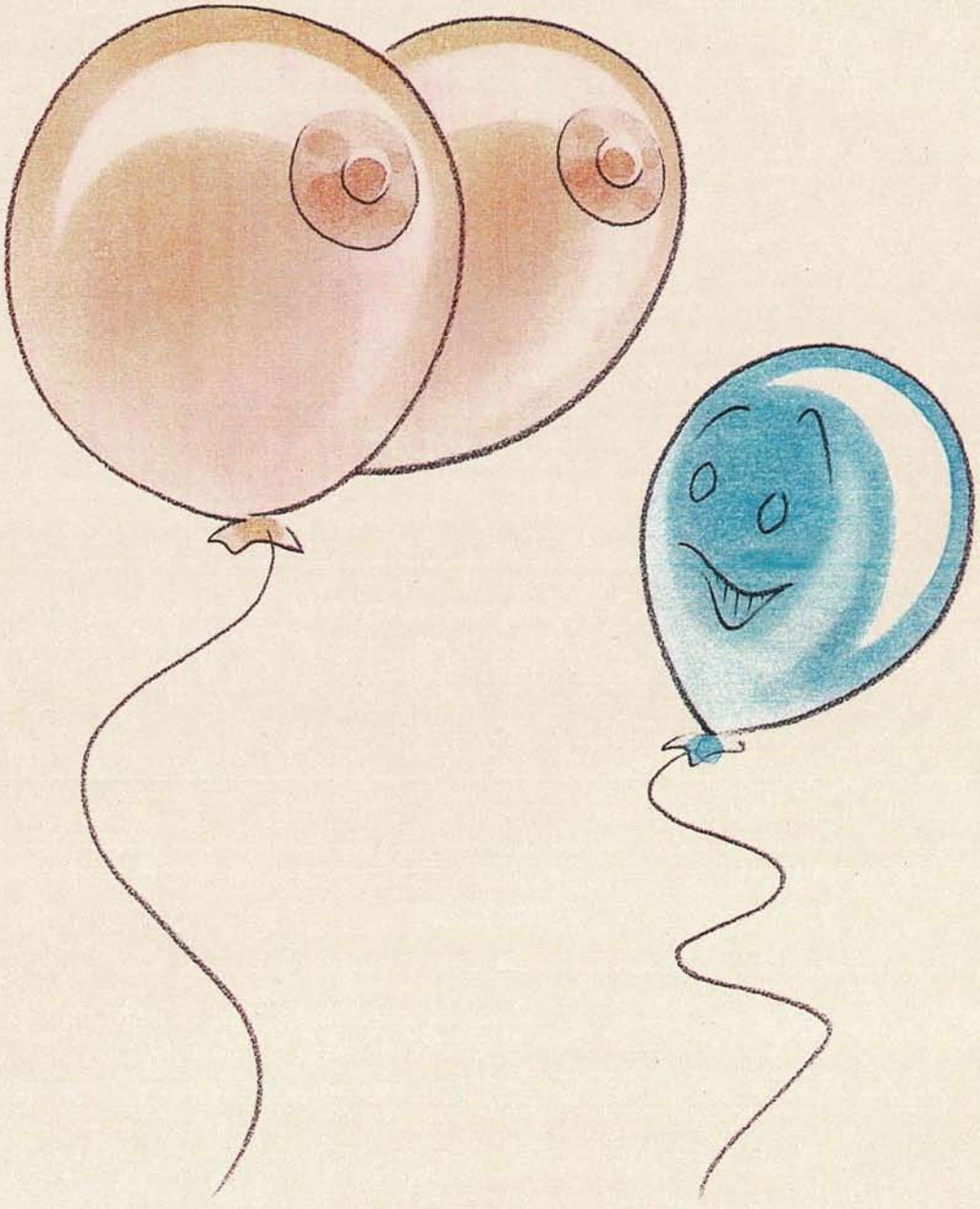

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tral voice in an investigation—often rely heavily on C.P.S.'s conclusions. In San Diego, for example, a grand-jury probe found that detectives "will integrate elements of the social workers' investigation into their own reports, instead of performing an independent investigation."

In 97 percent of the cases in which the police conduct an actual child-abuse investigation, they are not able to substantiate the allegations, so no criminal charges are filed. But to the dismay of the thousands of men falsely accused each year, this doesn't mean that the investigation will end or that they'll be able to see their children again anytime soon. Even after the police drop the criminal investigation, C.P.S. can still conduct its own. And to help them do so, the courts have given them incredibly broad powers.

For example, C.P.S. workers—armed with nothing more than an allegation and without a court order or a hearing—can force parents and children into therapy for an unlimited amount of time, can compel an accused man to take lie-detector or other "diagnostic" tests, and can deny a father access to his children—even if he has a court order allowing such access. "These are people who, at least for a limited amount of time, are given an enormous amount of power over somebody else. And they routinely abuse that power," says Dr. Melvin Guyer, a psychiatry professor at the University of Michigan and a practicing attorney.

As part of their "investigation," C.P.S. will frequently send a child for evaluation to an outside mental-health professional selected from a court-approved list. While a skilled therapist should be able to weed out obviously false charges, by and large, the therapists to whom C.P.S. refers children are all too willing to confirm what may actually be false reports.

In some cases, they are simply *afraid* to rule out abuse. To be eligible for federal funding under the Mondale Act, every state has passed laws requiring certain people (doctors, therapists, teachers, et cetera) to report suspected abuse to the proper authority. To back up this requirement, these "mandated reporters" are subject to fines or imprisonment for not reporting. "As a result, everyone's on the defensive," says Dr. Gardner. "They're afraid that if they don't make a report, they'll be deemed criminals if they inadvertently put a child back in the hands of a real abuser."

This fear often leads child-abuse evaluators to outlandish—and tragic—conclusions. In a series of studies, Dr. Guyer and several other University of Michigan researchers presented to a panel of mental-health professionals the synopsis of an actual case—one in which the researchers knew the allegation had been false. The following facts were presented: The mother had alleged abuse based on her discovery of a bruise on her two-year-old daughter's leg and of a single pubic hair (that she thought looked like the father's) in the girl's diaper. Four medical exams of the girl had shown no evidence of abuse. In addition, two lie-detector tests, a police investigation, and even a C.P.S. investigation had cleared the father. Based on this evidence alone, 76 percent of the professionals recommended that the father's contact with the daughter be either highly supervised or terminated altogether. Several of these "child-abuse experts" even managed to conclude that the girl had been sodomized as well as subjected to cunnilingus.

In other cases, a false report of abuse is quickly confirmed because the therapist, like the referring C.P.S. worker, is a validator who has already made a decision *before* hearing what all the parties—including the father—have to say. When Dr. Gardner, who has reviewed hundreds of cases of alleged child abuse, asked various "validators" why they did not interview the father as part of their evaluation, he was frequently told "[the father] would deny it anyway, so there's no point in my seeing him." Or, "My job is not to do an investigation; my job is only to interview the child to find out whether the child was sexually abused."

Validators also tend to rely heavily on "behavioral and emotional indicators of abuse," which include acting out, bed-wetting, changing attitudes about certain foods, nightmares, whining, temper tantrums, thumb sucking, or behavior that is overly compliant or overly fearful. But these supposed "indicators" of abuse are so common, they could apply to just about anyone. "Any normal child might at some point in childhood exhibit one or more of these behaviors and thereby risk being perceived as an abuse victim," writes researcher Ross Legrand. Furthermore, many of the abuse "indicators" can also be attributed to stress and anxiety—exactly what would be experienced by a child whose parents are in a bitter divorce.

But, by far, the most powerful incentive to rubber-stamp an abuse charge is financial. Therapists appearing before the San Diego grand jury, for example, testified that they fear removal from the approved list (and, of course, a corresponding drop in income) if they "oppose the recommendations" of the C.P.S. department. Therapists who do dare to disagree openly with the C.P.S. worker's opinion risk "never getting to see their patient again."

In February 1992, Robert Will went to court to demand that his wife—from whom he'd been separated for several months—allow him to see his children.

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Instead of getting what he wanted, he heard his wife's attorney announce that she and her client had just filed a complaint with the Department of Family Services, accusing Will of molesting his two daughters.

An investigation began, and three outside therapists were brought in to assist. After interviewing Will, his wife, and his alleged victims, two of the therapists concluded that he was innocent. Thereafter, the judge removed one of the therapists, and Will's wife discontinued the services of the other. Then a new evaluator was brought in, who turned out to be the executive director of the clinic that employed the therapist who had already advised against visitation. Perhaps not surprisingly, he suggested that her recommendations be followed.

Private "validators" have additional ways of turning abuse charges into money. In California, for example, the Victim/Witness Assistance program will pay directly to a licensed therapist up to $10,000 per child for counseling—as long as the child was alleged to have been abused. An additional $10,000 is available to counsel the child's mother. The only catch: To get their therapy paid for, the child victim and her mother must see a therapist from an approved list. Guess who directs the mother to a therapist who would be best for her and her child? C.P.S., of course.

All it takes to start the funding process is a police report or a child-abuse report containing an allegation of abuse. *No proof that the allegation actually took place is required.* "Just because there wasn't a conviction doesn't mean a crime wasn't committed," says Curt Soderlund, an official with the California state agency that manages the Victim/Witness Assistance program. "If someone believes she's been a victim, we don't have the right to question that." To collect a regular government paycheck, the therapist need only provide an occasional progress report, claiming that counseling is still necessary because the patient is still suffering from the trauma of having been abused. Thus, a therapist who might otherwise be honest enough to say that a child hasn't been abused would not want to risk killing the goose that lays the golden eggs.

But Victim/Witness payments don't last forever, so some therapists have found other sources of long-term funding—the alleged victims' fathers. About nine months ago, Nick O. called the therapist who was "treating" his daughter to get a status report. "She told me that her work with my daughter was done but that she was going to keep her in therapy 'in anticipation of an unpleasant custody battle.' " Nick's daughter, who was three when he was accused, has been in therapy for more than two years. "If I were some poor schmuck on the street who didn't have a dime to my name," Nick speculates, "this would have been over a long time ago."

A typical C.P.S. investigation may also involve referring the alleged child victim for a medical exam. Some doctors, too, seem inclined to support the "findings" of the C.P.S. workers. Like therapists, doctors may confirm abuse because they're afraid not to. And like therapists, they have financial incentives—if they don't back C.P.S. up, they will no longer be called upon to perform evaluations.

But unlike therapists and C.P.S. workers, who may substantiate an abuse claim based on their opinions, doctors must generally document their reasons. However, "in medicine, statements made by patients or family are generally taken at face value," says Dr. Coleman. "So when a mother or a C.P.S. worker sends a child to the doctor and says, 'I think she's been abused by her father,' the doctor will frequently make a diagnosis of abuse based on this 'history.' "

Because sexual abuse rarely leaves any physical signs, a physical exam is not likely to give a doctor much to go on. However, a typical doctor's report will say that although no indication of abuse was found, the examination was "consistent with abuse." "Technically, there's a kernel of truth there," says Dr. Coleman. "But what gets ignored is that a normal physical exam is also consistent with *no* abuse. Saying 'consistent with abuse' is simply a fraud—it's language designed to help the prosecution without adding anything to the investigation."

Other times, doctors may file misleading or ambiguous reports, with disastrous results. In one disturbing case, Dr. David Gemmill, an assistant professor of pediatrics at the Medical College of Ohio, conducted an examination of a girl alleged to have been abused. In his report, Gemmill claimed to have found a "suspicious-looking scar" in the little girl's anus. However, in a later review of the slides that *he himself* had taken during the exam, Dr. Gemmill admitted that, in fact, "there is nothing that looks suspicious." But the damage had already been done. The girl testified that the reason she believed her father had abused her was because she believed she had this scar.

Gemmill testified that he did not disagree with leading specialists who have shown that the other factors Gemmill relied on to determine the girl had been abused—her recurring urinary-tract infections and an asymmetrically shaped hymen—are common in non-abused children.

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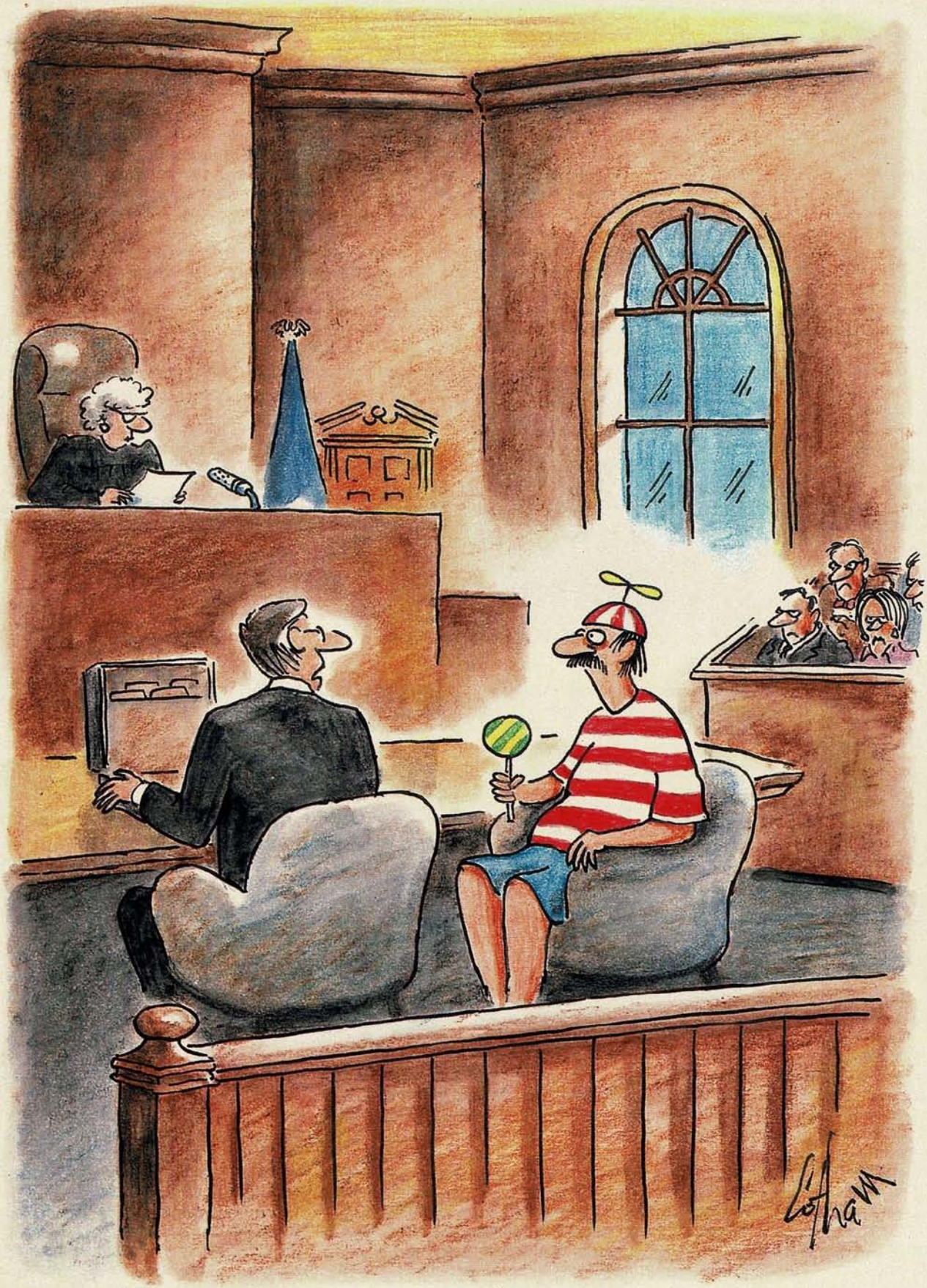

"Nice try, but they're still going to sentence you as an adult."

"Nevertheless, there are doctors still basing their opinions on medical misinformation," says attorney Peter Firpo. "And men are in prison because of it."

Many C.P.S. workers (and other child-abuse evaluators) attempt to conceal their biased methods of conducting investigations. Take, for example, their resistance to video- or audiotaping their interviews with allegedly abused children. "Just a few years ago, C.P.S. actually advocated taping because they never even considered that what they were doing was inappropriate," says Dr. Terrence Campbell, a consulting psychologist to the Macomb County, Michigan, courts. "But when other people finally got a chance to see the tapes, they saw that zealous 'professionals' were distorting the children's memories by asking leading questions. So now there's less taping than there was even five years ago."

But even when tapes are made, they're generally inadequate. "They almost never start at the beginning of the interview, and it's usually clear that a number of interviews have already been done," says Dr. Coleman, who has reviewed more than 1,100 hours of taped interviews in the cases he's worked on. "Sometimes they interview a child until they feel they've got the child ready to say something. Only then do they turn on the tape."

One might conceivably compensate for the absence of a video- or audiotape by keeping complete, contemporaneous notes of the interview. This, however, rarely happens. Kentucky C.P.S. worker Lisa Palmer, for example, says she makes no attempt to record her interview subjects' statements word for word, taking down only the "highlights." Then, after generating her final reports —in which she relies on her memory to fill in the gaps—she destroys her notes. Palmer thinks some of her coworkers do the same.

When C.P.S. workers have finally assembled the conclusions of the outside therapists and medical professionals, they prepare for the court a report that will generally touch on such items as whether the child should be allowed contact with her father and whether continued therapy is required. Not surprisingly, these reports are frequently filled with incorrect, misinterpreted, or even fabricated evidence against accused men.

"C.P.S. workers very selectively look through an enormous amount of data, pick out just those things that are consistent with their opinions, and ignore anything that might show that the guy is innocent," says Dr. Guyer. In San Diego, for example, therapists told the grand jury that C.P.S. workers "frequently distort reports they have been given about patients," and if the therapists disagree with the C.P.S. worker, their recommen-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

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DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

YEAH, RIGHT

Vanessa Williams, when asked in a magazine interview what she would do if her daughter wanted to follow in her footsteps and pose nude, replied, "I'd listen, try to guide her, and maybe find out why she feels she has to do it.... And then maybe I would take her to a therapist who could talk some sense into her."

YOUR TAX DOLLARS AT WORK

Pentagon officials were discovered to be routinely taking military helicopters to nearby Andrews Air Force Base, a 14-mile trip that costs up to $3,000. A taxi to Andrews Air Force Base costs $22.

SIC TRANSIT

Television industry sources report that a TV movie on the life of skater Nancy Kerrigan has been indefinitely postponed and will probably never be produced. Commissioned at the height of the Tonya Harding scandal, the project was postponed, industry sources say, when network affiliates said there is "no interest" in Kerrigan's story.

THE THRILL OF VICTORY, THE AGONY OF DEFEAT

Officials of a Los Angeles sports league for high school athletes have reinstated the tradition of post-game handshakes between competing teams. Originally meant as a gesture of sportsmanship, the practice was ended for a while after it often led to fistfights.

ONLY IN AMERICA

A Philadelphia novelty company offers a line of gifts keyed to the caning of a young American in Singapore. The line includes boxer shorts with a design of four cane lashes across the backside and a five-foot-long rattan cane. The cane carries a label warning FOR DISPLAY USE ONLY.

WITH ONE, YOU GET EGG ROLL

A Chinese restaurant in Manhattan features a staff of waiters composed entirely of Asian drag queens.

BROADCAST NEWS

Informed that his station had been granted permission to witness the execution of a murderer, the anchorman of a Chicago TV-news show said, "This is just the kind of break we needed for our ratings."

WELL, IT PLAYS BETTER

To the shock of the playwright, a New York rehearsal of his new play revealed that the director had made a few changes in the script without bothering to consult him. Most upsetting of all, the playwright said, was the change in a scene showing a wealthy woman kidnapped by two ex-convicts. In the original script, the woman attempts to win her freedom by seducing one of her captors with a kiss. But the director, who feels she has a much younger outlook than the playwright, changed the kiss to an act of oral sex.

ANNALS OF FANDOM

Although several hundred fans showed up at a Dallas bookstore for a book-signing ceremony by David Cassidy, he was not about to establish any sort of intimate contact. He refused to let any of the fans pose with him for photographs, and he ordered that anyone wanting a signed copy of his book, *C'mon, Get Happy: Fear and Loathing on the Partridge Family Bus,* had to write their name on a Post-it note first so he could simply copy it down.

OUR BOSS TWEED PUBLIC-SERVICE AWARD TO ...

... Jeanette Smith, a member of the city council of Vista, California, who told colleagues uneasy about holding a dinner meeting at the public's expense, "You're so damned concerned with what the public thinks that it gets in the way of what's best for us."

A CUSTOM-TAILORED HOOD AND WHITE SHEET TO ...

... Pennsylvania State Congressman Terry Van Horne, who called a fellow legislator an "inner-city nigger" during a debate on an appropriations bill. Van Horne later apologized for the remark.

YOU DONE GOOD, DAVE

A sign in many Wendy's fast-food restaurants extolling the value of education reads as follows:
BE COOL IN SCHOOL! GOOD GRADES HAS ITS REWARDS.

OUR NATION'S PUBLIC OFFICIALS AT WORK

Criticized for allowing members of Congress, the Supreme Court, and diplomats to park for free at reserved parking spots at Washington airports, the Senate finally voted to end the freebie. But the vote was apparently symbolic—signs that previously announced reserved parking for Congress, the diplomatic corps, and Supreme Court justices have been replaced by ones reading simply, RESERVED PARKING/ AUTHORIZED USERS ONLY. The only authorized users are members of Congress, Supreme Court justices, and members of the diplomatic corps.

SOUVENIR OF THE MONTH

The owner of a Florida memorabilia shop who paid $200,000 for the gun used by Jack Ruby to kill presidential assassin Lee Harvey Oswald is attempting to recoup his investment by charging $250 to fire a bullet from the gun. He ultimately plans to fire 5,000 bullets, for a profit of more than $1 million.

PUT BRAIN IN GEAR BEFORE ENGAGING MOUTH

According to a new compilation of the stupidest things ever publicly said by celebrities, sportscaster Terry Bradshaw and actor Kevin Costner are ranked right up there on the list for utterances that surpass all standards of dumbness. Bradshaw, discussing his decision to become a born-again Christian, described the seminal moment this way: "I found Christ. I had a revelation while I was watching 'Monday Night Football.'" Costner, describing his youthful escapades with the opposite sex, said, "In my youth, I used to pick up sluts. I don't mean that nastily. It's a term of endearment."

OUR NATION'S MUSICAL ARTISTS AT WORK

Rap singer Ice-T, in a magazine interview, nostalgically reflecting on his life as a Los Angeles pimp before he became famous: "Bein' a pimp was real cool, rollin' around with 20 Gs in my pocket, fly perm dipped, and gold jewelry hangin' down, because I was like a psychiatrist to the prostitutes."

BULLETIN FROM THE P.C. FRONT

The manufacturers of Coppertone suntan lotions have redesigned their famous ad that shows a little girl wearing only a bathing-suit bottom that is being tugged on by her pet dog. The new ad, showing the girl fully clothed, is in response to what the company described as a new awareness of the danger of the sun's ultraviolet rays. Company officials said the fully dressed little girl would be a "powerful educational tool for better sun protection."

GREAT MOMENTS IN JOURNALISM

The New York Times ran a feature in its "Styles of the Times" section featuring pictures of Rwandan and Somalian thugs and praising their dress as "warrior fashion." One Rwandan killer's outfit of a long camouflage scarf and hood was described as "horribly stylish ... and most chillingly effective." A Somali gunman's waist clincher was called an "odd, Madonna-ish feminine accoutrement."

Interesting quotes, celebrity factoids, peculiar people, a series of facts that are stranger than fiction. That is what "Dreams & Diversions" is all about. Call and let us know what you think of our collection of clips, and tell us about other interesting tidbits that you've heard of. Call 1-900-772-2223. For more details, see page 135.

SYSTEM

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dations "may not even appear in the report to the court."

As part of his attempt to prove his innocence, Robert Will subjected himself to a lie-detector test, extensive psychological evaluations, and a penile plethysmograph (an exam that purports to determine whether a man is a pedophile by wiring his penis to a machine and measuring his responses while he's looking at pictures or listening to recordings of various sexual scenarios—some involving children, some not). All these exams concluded that Will had done nothing wrong. In fact, one examiner reported that based on the evidence, Will "may have been falsely accused." He recommended that C.P.S. "look for possible motives for falsely accusing Rob, such as protecting some other perpetrator ... or an attempt on the part of his ex-wife to secure total control over their children and preclude Robert from any contact with them."

In her report to the court, the C.P.S. worker completely ignored the examiner's recommendation and the reports of the two outside therapists who believed Will was innocent. Instead, she relied exclusively on the daughter's "disclosures made to others" and on the daughter's "behavioral and emotional indicators."

Confidential progress notes from the daughter's therapy, however, reveal that these "disclosures" included such comments as "nothing really happened," that she was "sad" about not being able to be with her father, and that "Mommy" had told her to tell things to the therapist. These "disclosures" were absent from the C.P.S. worker's report to the court.

The case of Alicia W., a girl who was allegedly raped by her father, provides an even more disturbing example of the lengths to which C.P.S. will go to "prove" that abuse occurred. During one videotaped interview, Alicia is asked by a C.P.S. worker, "With whom do you feel safe?" She clearly answers, "My mom, dad, and brother." But in the official transcript of the tape, her response appears as, "My mom and brother." Later, Alicia's "statement" was used by several other people—including the C.P.S. worker and the head of the medical clinic that examined the girl—to "prove" that she didn't feel safe with her father. "The best that can be said is that these people heard what they wanted to hear," say independent investigators who recently reviewed this case. "The worst is that they committed perjury."

C.P.S.'s influence also extends to the courts. Because of the huge backlog of cases family-law judges usually deal with at any time, many counties allow "referees"—temporarily appointed officials (usually attorneys)—to listen to the facts of a case and present their findings to a judge for signature. But many referees owe their jobs—and their $200- to $300-an-hour fees—to the continued support of C.P.S. workers. The San Diego grand jury found, for example, "there is a strong perception that referees are hesitant to go against the recommendations" of C.P.S., and that evidence contrary to C.P.S.'s position "is either excluded or ignored."

Clearly, the fear of making a mistake, combined with the financial incentives and total immunity provided by the Mondale Act, go a long way toward explaining the high number of false charges of abuse and the child-abuse industry's willingness to go along with them. But some people feel that perhaps the most compelling explanation is our society's deep-rooted anti-male bias.

"There's this feeling out there that men are inherently violent and abusive and that women and children need to be protected from them," says Dr. Guyer. "There's also an expectation that if a man hasn't already abused his children, it's only a matter of time until he

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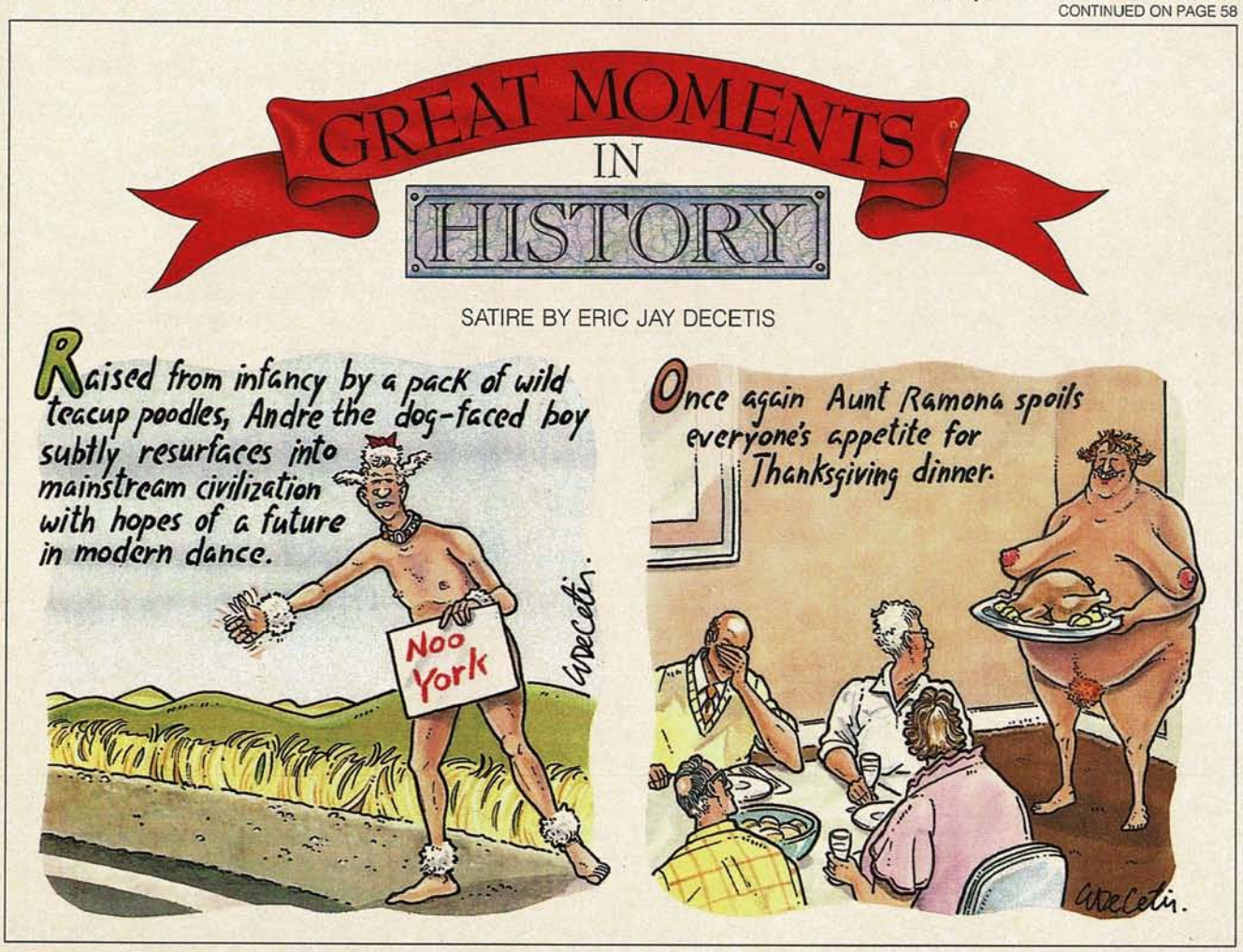
GREAT MOMENTS
IN
HISTORY
SATIRE BY ERIC JAY DECETIS
Raised from infancy by a pack of wild teacup poodles, Andre the dog-faced boy subtly resurfaces into mainstream civilization with hopes of a future in modern dance.
Noo York
Decetis.
Once again Aunt Ramona spoils everyone's appetite for Thanksgiving dinner.
Decetis.

11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.
Brought to you by Camel Lights
CAMEL
Genuine Taste
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.
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XAVIERA

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NIPS TO TOUCH

I'm a guy in my mid-twenties, and I'm having a problem with my girlfriend regarding nipple sensitivity—my own. I've always had extremely sensitive nipples, to the point where, at least as a teenager, I could come with no direct stimulation to my cock. My girlfriend back in high school would bring me off by doing nothing more than tonguing, nibbling, rubbing, and squeezing my chest. This produced a very intense orgasm, as hard and pleasurable as fucking or getting blown. As the years have gone by, the sensation in my nipples has diminished some—I can't ordinarily come with nipple stimulation alone. Still, I get off best if there's plenty of nipple nuzzling during foreplay.

My current girlfriend, Sue, who is also in her mid-twenties, steadfastly refuses to do it to me. Frustration city. Otherwise, she's a good lover—ardent, passionate, and without other hang-ups. Sue likes oral sex, receiving it and giving it to me. I like going to bed with her, but the truth is, I'm not really completely satisfied without the sensation of a woman lavishing attention on my chest. This is a real problem, because there's no way in hell I'm going to give her up. I love her as no other and have no desire to cheat on her.

Sue's refusal has led—as you've probably guessed—to some minor arguments. When I've pressed her, she's gotten pretty testy, saying things like, "Men aren't supposed to want that," or, "If you want your tits rubbed, go find a lesbian." I've found her attitude completely unreasonable, maybe even a little bizarre, given her generally free-thinking ways.

The other night I pressed her somewhat harder on the subject and got an answer I hadn't been looking for. She broke down and told me she'd been sexually abused. This abuse was not done by a man, but by a female friend of her mother's. This woman lived nearby and was called on to keep an eye on Sue when her parents were away. Not surprisingly, the woman was especially fond of having her breasts squeezed and tongued and kissed.

When Sue finally told me, it was the first time she'd let it out, other than with a therapist she'd seen a couple of years ago. Of course, everything made sense then. I felt like an incredible shit, thinking of how I'd pushed her. I held her tight as she cried, telling her how sorry I was and that I loved her.

Since that night she's been quieter than usual. I find myself treating her more gently, speaking to her more softly. We've spent the evenings in, just sitting together and reading instead of going out or spending time with friends. It's been nice, and I think we're closer now than we were before. At bedtime we make love gently—still with passion, but more gingerly than usual. Actually, that's kind of nice, too.

My question is this: Now that everything's out in the open, how do I get Sue to get over what that woman did to her? I still need the nipple stimulation to really get off the way I should. Doing it myself doesn't work. Of course, I don't dare bring it up so soon after her telling me. It would hurt her, I know. But I need her to please me this way. It's important, and I don't know how to handle it.—D. B., Florida

Abuse is a word that we are constantly hearing. Drug abuse, child abuse, even masturbation used to be referred to as self-abuse, but what it really means is "to use incorrectly." The word *abuse* is misused in the same way.

> *MY GIRLFRIEND WOULD BRING ME OFF BY TONGUING, NIBBLING, RUBBING, AND SQUEEZING MY CHEST. THIS PRODUCED A VERY INTENSE ORGASM.*

I suspect that what Sue has to get over is not so much being coerced into what she obviously regarded as a lesbian activity and therefore wrong, but the fact that her parents were not there for her when she needed them.

One thing that is certain is that anything a man and a woman do together as part of lovemaking, which we call sexual intercourse, is okay, as long as it doesn't hurt. There is a simple rule: If it's fun, not painful, and not dangerous, it must be all right, despite advice that the do-gooders delight in handing out.

Some women are revolted by the idea of sucking cock, others (like me) can't wait to get that rosy-red candy stick into their mouth. But I honestly cannot see how anyone can refuse to titillate a man's nipples. Various men have told me that it does nothing for them, but more than a few have changed their mind after my expert touch (or tongue). Tell your girl that it is time she faced up to the fact that what happened to her is in the past.

HEADACHE

I am writing to you about an erection problem I'm having. I have no difficulties in getting a full erection, but the problem is that when my penis gets close to a full erection, the head hurts. The discomfort goes away when I lose the erection. The pain isn't severe, but it hurts nonetheless. I'm 21, and this has been going on since I was 13. Is this something I should be concerned about? When I said "full erection," I meant that my penis is ready to be put into a woman's vagina. Some of my friends didn't understand that when I asked their advice.—P. L., Virginia

Pain is nature's danger signal telling you that something is wrong. If your feet hurt, it may mean that your shoes are too tight, in which case a shoemaker could advise you on the exact cause of the problem. If you ache all over because your girlfriend beat you up yesterday, then the problem is sexual or psychological, but in either case, it is within my province, and, armed with the facts, I can hopefully give you advice.

If, however, some part of your body hurts for no apparent reason, then you need a doctor to find out what is the matter. It is no use asking your friends, unless they are qualified, and if they do not understand what you mean by a full erection, they clearly don't know enough about the facts of life to advise you out of a paper bag.

Some people—in particular, most of the men I know—are scared to go to a doctor with a sexual problem, because in this supposedly enlightened country, sex is still considered a taboo subject by too many people too much of the time. There are even doctors who would treat a problem like yours with a don't-worry-leave-it-alone-and-it-will-go-away type of treatment.

You do not mention whether or not you are circumcised. If not, it is possible that your foreskin is too tight, in which case it does not necessarily have to be chopped off, but it can be stretched or slit. Only a doctor can tell you what to do, so do not hesitate, go to see one right away.

GAMACOS

It has been said that you don't print readers' letters, but you print your own to suit your needs. Well, this is your chance to redeem yourself.

My name is Delila, and I belong to a group of 15 women (and still growing) who call ourselves the GAMACOS. I'll get into what this means later. We are a diverse group that ranges in age from 25 to 45. We're all attractive. We come from different backgrounds. Some of us are married, with and without kids.

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JANINE & C.J.

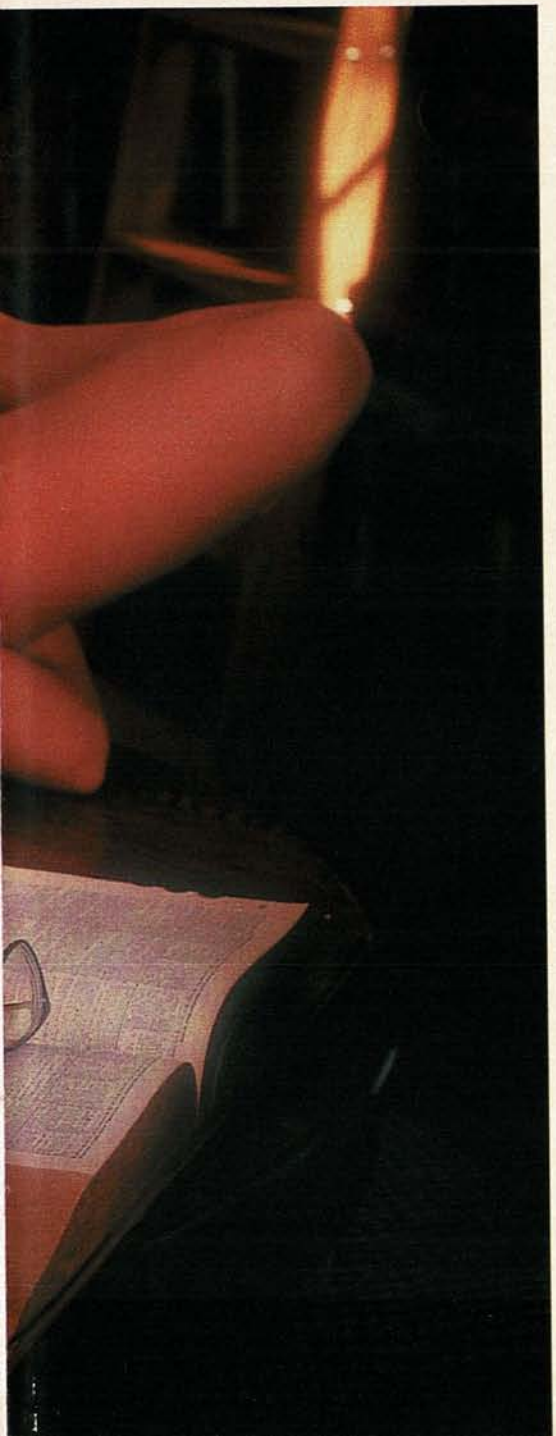
C.J. and Janine were a study in contrasts, but both exuded glamour and passion. Janine highlighted her silky blond hair and luminous skin with flowing, feminine fabrics in pale shades, while C.J. leaned toward more masculine, structured garments in colors that played off her raven hair. But once the clothes came off, their differences dissolved.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

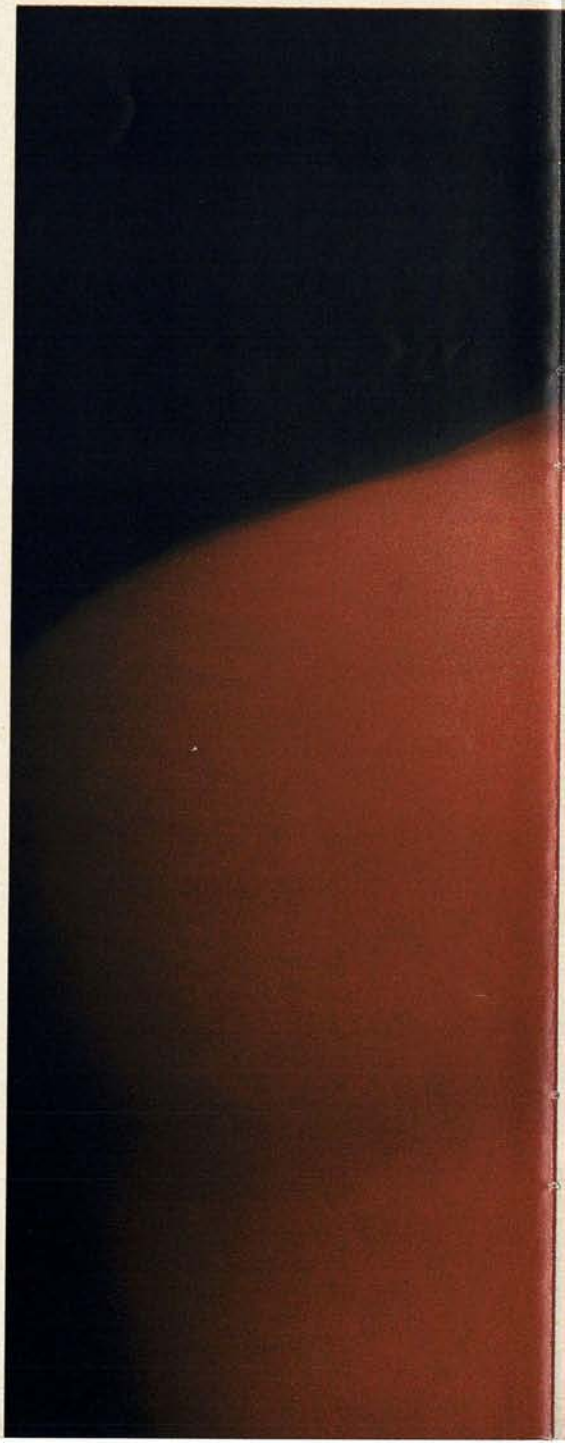
An intimate knowledge of each other's body deepened their bond. "You have an uncanny grasp of my sexual desires," C.J. purred.

"It's as though you have a map of my most sensitive spots," C.J. continued, stroking Janine's soft, shiny hair.

Janine expressed
the same sentiments about
C.J.'s expertise.
"You know my body almost
as well as I do.
Obviously, you're a very
caring student."



"A little learning is a dangerous thing," murmured C.J. "That's the kind of danger that gets me off," replied Janine.



SYSTEM

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does, and therefore, he shouldn't have access to them. To people who think that way, making a false allegation of abuse doesn't seem so outlandish."

Given the obvious corruption and even malicious nature of some C.P.S. investigations, one might expect that they'd be sued quite often. But this is not the case. To be eligible for federal funding under the Mondale Act, states must pass laws protecting their mandated reporters from prosecution. "This was a pretty well-meaning provision, and it gave many people the confidence to come forward," says Dr. Gardner. "But the same immunity protects people who are making frivolous and even completely fabricated accusations."

OFFICIAL CONTEST RULES—PLEASE READ CAREFULLY!

1. Not open to residents of Ariz., Md., Que., or Vt., or wherever restricted or prohibited by law.
2. Use Penthouse Interactive's Virtual Photo Shoot to select the Pets you wish to photograph and save your photos on disk. Then, using a digital paint box or photo-manipulation program, create your own images.
3. Your enhancement must be the original work of the person identified as the owner below, and have never been published, recorded, embodied, or broadcast in any medium.
4. By completing the entry form, the owner assigns all rights for all purposes in the entry or entries, in all media, throughout the universe in perpetuity, to Penthouse International Ltd. and its affiliates for use alone or together with any other material of any kind as they see fit, subject only to compensation as provided in these rules.
5. Your entry will be judged by a panel of experts, and the winner personally selected by Bob Guccione. Entries will be judged on the basis of creativity, skill in image manipulation, and aesthetic and artistic sense.
6. Penthouse will pay each selected winner whose work is published in *Penthouse* a prize of $500, and the possibility of their work being used as a cover for *Penthouse*, for which they will be paid $2,500. By entering, all contestants agree to accept the decision of the judges as final. However, Penthouse reserves the right not to select any winners and not to include any or all portions in the published version.
7. Taxes are the winner's responsibility.
8. Penthouse reserves the right to utilize any entry for any purpose, including advertising, promotion, and other commercial uses, upon payment of its standard fee for such use.
9. Penthouse is not responsible for change of address, mail delays, or misdelivery. All entries will become the property of Penthouse; none will be returned. Mail to Penthouse Interactive Virtual Photography Contest, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965.
10. Winners may be required to execute further releases and will grant Penthouse the right to use their names and likenesses for advertising, promotional, and public relations purposes in all media in perpetuity, failing which, Penthouse shall have the right to select alternate winners.

Release and Assignment

Name:

Social Security No.:

Address:

Home Tel.:

Work Tel.:

Name to be used in credit:

I hereby certify: That I am over 19 years of age and the creator and owner of the computer enhancement submitted herewith, and that this enhancement is original and has never been published. In consideration of my being considered for participation in the Penthouse Interactive Virtual Photography Contest, I hereby grant and assign to Penthouse International Ltd. and its affiliates all rights of every kind in my entry as more fully set forth in Rule No. 4 above. I warrant and represent that I have complied with all the conditions of and agree to all the rules published above.

Signed:_____

A recent court case demonstrates what a powerful protection this immunity can be. One of the respondents, Dr. David Chadwick, examined a one-year-old boy and failed to recognize that the child was exhibiting symptoms of a congenital brain defect. Instead, the court report reveals that Dr. Chadwick diagnosed that the child was suffering from injuries of a non-accidental nature that could only have resulted from a violent shaking or fall. When the boy died a few days later, the autopsy report said that the death had been caused by a blunt injury to the side of the head.

A few weeks later, the respondents sent a letter regarding the infant's death to the district attorney's office, urging that the parents' other child be removed from the home. The district attorney agreed. Outraged, the parents hired a lawyer and an independent medical expert to review the autopsy. As a result, the parents were cleared of all charges.

When the parents sued the doctor, however, the judges threw the case out, finding that even if Chadwick had committed "malicious acts" in filing his reports, he could not be held liable for doing so. The court concluded that the absolute immunity from civil or criminal liability enjoyed by mandated reporters applies not only to mistaken or negligent reports, but even to "reckless or intentionally false reports."

Unlike mandated reporters, ordinary people (such as vindictive ex-wives) who make false allegations can be fined or imprisoned. But as a practical matter, this rarely happens. "You have to prove malice, and that's almost impossible," says Kim Hart, the director of the National Child Abuse Defense and Resource Center in Holland, Ohio.

While anyone wrongly accused of a crime may suffer (legal fees, incarceration, et cetera), those wrongly accused of abusing their children suffer far more. Nick O., for example, has spent more than $150,000 so far defending himself. Bankruptcy, unemployment, stress, health problems, and even suicide are not uncommon. Once accused, many men are often afraid to be alone with their—or anyone else's—children. Even men who haven't been accused, having heard about the devastation an abuse charge brings, have become afraid of being affectionate with their own children out of fear that somehow, someone will misinterpret what they're doing and they'll be dragged into the system.

Most falsely accused men find themselves in a kind of catch-22. Despite never having been charged with any crime, they're kept away from their children because C.P.S. continues to believe that they're guilty. The only possible way to get to see their kids would be to be exonerated in court. But because they've never been charged ...

Not being able to clear one's name in court has other effects. Whenever a child-abuse report is made, the alleged offender's name is entered into the Child Abuse Central Index, a national data base of sex offenders. Anyone applying for a license (real estate, child care, et cetera) or undergoing a background check will show up in the C.A.C.I. as a *suspected* sex offender. "And when it comes to child abuse, suspected is as good as guilty. Unless a man is found not guilty in a criminal trial, or unless C.P.S. reports that the allegation was false, the accused's name will stay on the list *for life*," says Hart.

Obviously, if a child has really been abused, he or she has suffered horribly. But the child put in therapy to deal with the trauma of abuse that never happened may suffer at least as painful a fate. "Often the therapist actively fosters expressions of hostility and vengeance against the innocent parent, which may result in permanent alienation," writes Dr. Gardner. And even those rare men who are able to prevail against the false allegation may never be able to reestablish a loving relationship with their children.

Child abuse is a terrible crime, and those who abuse children should be severely punished. But in our zeal to pursue offenders, we have inadvertently created a system that itself abuses the very children we're trying so hard to protect.

We want to know what you think about our articles. Call 1-900-772-2223 and make your opinion count! It's the best way to let our editors know how you feel. For more information, see page 135.

If you or someone you know has been falsely accused of molesting a child, get yourself a lawyer immediately. If he or she advises you to plead guilty to the offense (or to a lesser crime) "just to get things over with," *find another lawyer immediately.* You should also contact one of the following groups:

Kim Hart
National Child Abuse Defense and Resource Center
P.O. Box 638
Holland, Ohio 43528
(419) 865-0513

National Congress for Men and Children
P.O. Box 171675
Kansas City, Kans. 66117
(800) 733-DADS

Men's Health Network
P.O. Box 770
Washington, D.C. 20044-0770
(202) 543-6461
fax: (202) 543-2727

Men's Health & Fitness

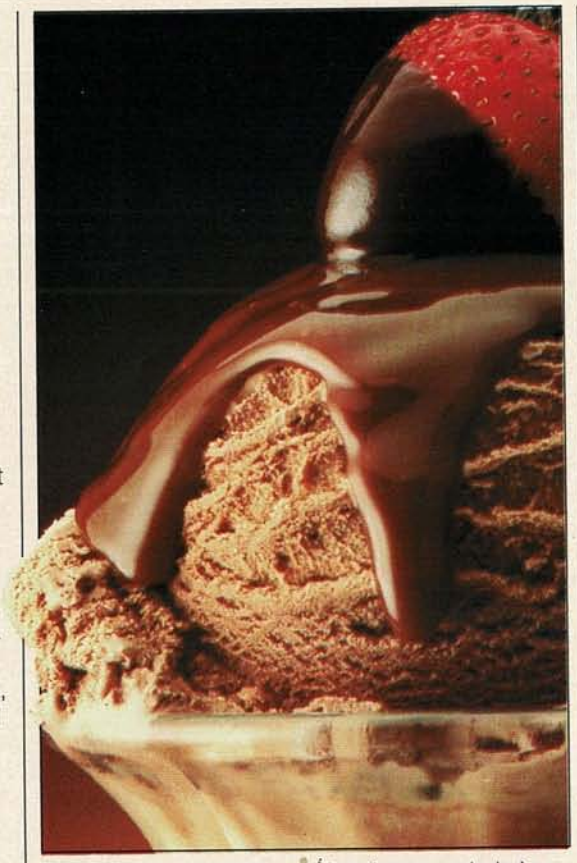
By *Longevity* magazine • Contributing Editor Bill Lawren

How to stay young, vigorous, smart, and sexy for the rest of your life.

EATING SICKNESS

Anorexia, bulimia, binge eating—most of us think of these so-called eating disorders as women's diseases. But experts are beginning to realize that men can fall victim, too. In fact, some estimate that as many as one million men have already been diagnosed with eating disorders, with a great many more afflicted but not yet reported. And the problem is growing—a 1992 survey of Harvard graduates showed that while the number of eating disorders in women had declined by 50 percent, in men the number had doubled.

In young women, eating disorders are often the result of an overwhelming societal pressure to be slim, coupled with an adolescent fear of sexuality. In men, who tend to develop obsessive eating patterns a bit later on in life—in their late teens and early twenties—the reasons are different. Some are overzealous about sports performance, some see self-starvation or binging and purging as a way to fight obesity, while others (about 22 percent) are trying to please a gay partner. And at least one subgroup of



men—actors, models, wrestlers, and jockeys—have jobs that demand slimness as a professional requirement.

For men who suspect that they might have an eating disorder, there are dedicated treatment centers or clinics in most big cities. But according to Dr. Arnold Andersen, of the University of Iowa, very few of these centers have "specialized components for addressing uniquely male needs." In fact, men who enter these centers often find that the overwhelming female majority stigmatizes and isolates them. "It's not unusual," Andersen says, "for men to feel weird and picked on in these situations." Meanwhile, individual therapists may or may not have the specific experience and awareness necessary to cope with the male version of eating disorders.

Treatment, Andersen says, should "deal with the eating disorder per se, and also with the underlying psychology that overvalues slimness or change of body shape." Most of all, he says, "physicians, coaches, and society at large need to recognize that it's not just white, middle-class teenage girls who have these disorders."

HOPE FOR HAIR TRIGGERS

It happens to every man from time to time—sex is just getting under way, and suddenly it's over. For some men, though, premature ejaculation is a chronic condition, rendering sex as much a perpetual embarrassment as an ongoing source of joy.

Now comes word that a pair of drugs can help overcome chronic premature ejaculation. At Case Western Reserve University Medical School in Cleveland, Stanley Althof, Ph.D., gave low doses of Anafranil (clomipramine hydrochloride)—which is usually prescribed to treat obsessive-compulsive disorders—to 15 men who suffered from chronic premature ejaculation. The drug, reports Althof, delayed ejaculation by as much as 500 percent.

Meanwhile, Douglas A. Swartz, M.D., of the University Medical Center at Jacksonville, Florida, tried an anti-

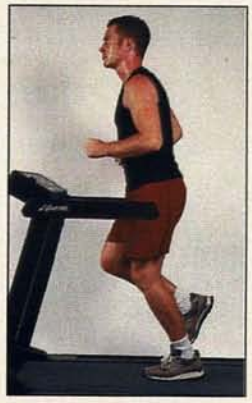
Buyer beware! New low-tech and nonmotorized treadmills are proving that you get what you pay for—common injuries include muscle pulls and strains.

depressant drug called Zoloft (sertraline hydrochloride) on 11 men, all of whom reported immediate success in overcoming the problem.

The drugs were not perfect, however. The benefits of Anafranil ceased as soon as the men stopped taking it, while the men who took Zoloft found that the benefits gradually faded. Still, neither drug had serious side effects, so the researchers conclude that both treatments are promising and worth further study.

TRYING TREADMILLS

Tempted to buy one of those low-tech, nonmotorized treadmills that have hit the market recently? Well, don't be overly persuaded by the bargain price (as little as $200 for some models)—these minimalist machines have some problems. Grabbing a front bar or pulling on "ski poles" can unduly tire your shoulders and put too much pressure on your lower back. Providing the motive power for the treadmill itself can strain knees, ankles, and hips, and the herky-jerky movement between strides invites muscle pulls and strains. The best bet? Spend the $1,000 or more for a motorized machine, or make use of a high-end treadmill at your health club.



DRUG DANGER

Some of our "safest" and most popular drugs may have a dark and insidious side—they may actually stimulate the growth of cancer tumors. So says a group of scientists at the University of Manitoba in Winnipeg, Canada.

Lorne J. Brandes, M.D., and his colleagues have tested two widely prescribed antidepressant drugs—Prozac and Elavil—on mice, and they found that while the drugs did not cause cancer, they did make preexisting tumors grow faster. More recently, the team ran similar tests on five common allergy medications (antihistamines), including Claritin (loratadine), Hismanal (astemizole), Atarax (hydroxine), Unisom/Nyquil (doxylamine), and Reactine (cetarizine). While the latter two drugs passed the cancer-safety test, the first three actually spurred growth of two different varieties of cancer tumors (melanoma and fibrosarcoma).

Brandes would like to see further studies of the drug-cancer relationship, and he hopes that someday, those that are found to promote cancer will be forced to carry warning labels à la cigarettes. Brandes's bottom-line conclusion? "There's no such thing," he says, "as a safe drug."

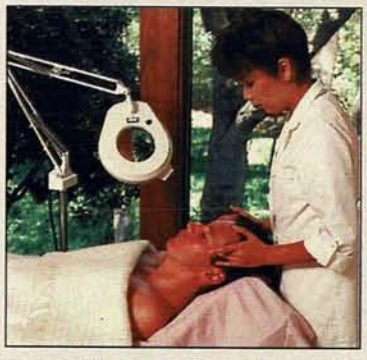
SONIC SURGERY

For clearing clogged arteries, first there was the bypass operation. Then came balloon angioplasty—using a rubberized balloon to open a channel in the afflicted blood vessel—whirring blades that act like a Roto-Rooter, and lasers to melt artery-clogging plaques. The latest

MEN AND SPAS

Do real men go to health spas? You bet. It turns out that women aren't the only people interested in fat farming and mud bathing. The famous Golden Door spa near San Diego offers five men-only and four coed weeks a year, and says both versions are a big hit. And the equally well-known Canyon Ranch in Tucson, Arizona, reports that as many as 35 percent of its clients are men.

Many spas make an effort to include male-oriented features in their programs. Canyon Ranch offers boxercise, basketball, and athletic conditioning, while both Canyon Ranch and Rancho La Puerta, in Baja, California, have stretch classes for men only.



Even better, a number of spas—including the Golden Door, southern California's Cal-a-Vie, and the Doral Golf Resort and Spa, in Miami—give men more of what so many of them like best—food. At Golden Door, for example, men get five more grams of fat, and at Doral, all dishes come in small, medium, or large portions.

thing in artery-cleaning tools, says Robert Siegel, M.D., of Cedars-Sinai Medical Center in Los Angeles, is ultrasound.

Siegel and his colleagues in Sheffield, England, used ultrasound "jackhammers" to pulverize plaques in 19 patients who were suffering from angina—the chest pains that signal clogged arteries. After the ultrasound procedure, these patients' arteries were an average of 20 percent clearer. The surgeons then used balloon angioplasty to complete the job.

But the real payoff of ultrasound comes later. In many cases, standard balloon angioplasty damages blood-vessel walls, and that damage can lead to restenosis—the arteries clog again, this time with scar tissue. Using ultrasound first, Siegel explains, reduces the amount of pressure needed for angioplasty, which may mean less arterial damage and fewer cases of restenosis. Since restenosis occurs after as many as 30 percent of angioplasty procedures, the dawn of the ultrasound era could become big news indeed.

HYBRID HIKERS

Discouraged by the relentless trend toward shoe specialization? Want something that's equally at home on a city street and a wilderness trail? If so, then a number of big-name shoemakers have good news: a new generation of lightweight hiking boots that double as urban everyday shoes.

These new hybrids take advantage of latter-day materials like polycarbonates and silicone-injected footbeds, which help build a shoe that's stronger and longer lasting than a conventional walking shoe but lighter and spiffier than an all-out hiking boot. Some examples:

- Rockport's Discovery Series ($100–$120)
- Nike's Air Mada ($75–$80)
- The Reebok Cliffhanger ($59–$70)
- NaturalSport's Urban Explorers ($50–$72)
- K-Swiss's Husca ($65)

BODYBUILDING: THE CALVES

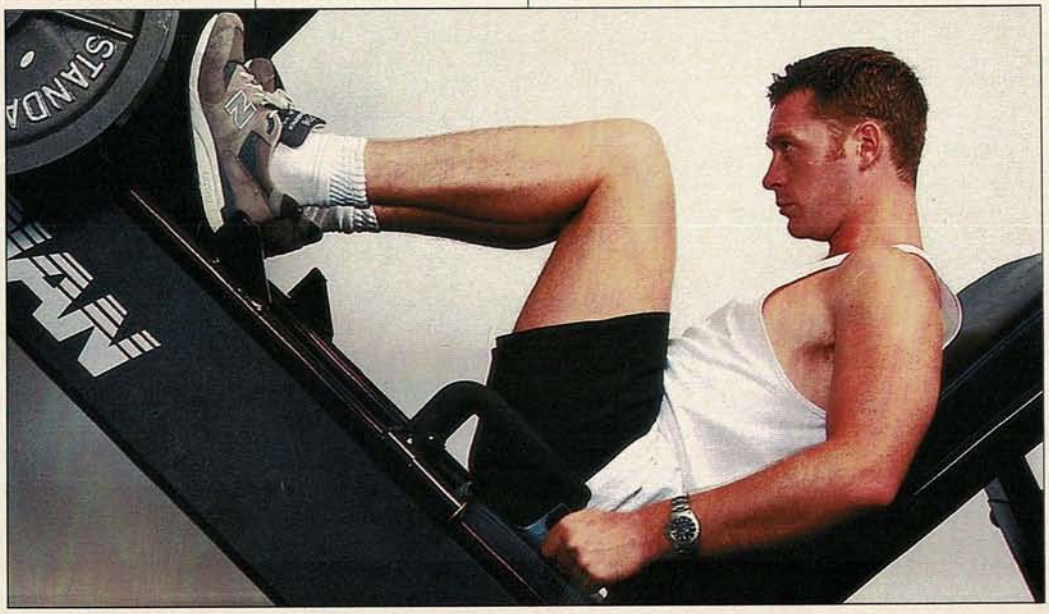
The calf muscles can be among the body's most beautiful—just ask professional bodybuilder Rick Valente, the cohost of ESPN's "Bodyshaping." "The calves enhance any physique," Valente says. "Dancers have beautiful calves because they're always on their toes."

Valente tells us that the well-built calf should look like an upside-down heart, and in a symmetrically built body, the calf muscles should be about the same size as the bicep muscles. Valente adds, "Even though the look of the calf muscle is genetically determined—some men have short, high calves; others have long, sweeping calves—with persistence and a program that's right for you, you can build beautiful calves."

The calf is a stubborn, coarse muscle, accustomed to hard work—"you're walking on it every day of your life," Valente reminds us—so don't hesitate to work it often, even every other day. Valente recommends using both the seated calf machine and the standing calf machine, doing three to five sets per workout on each machine.

At the first weekly workout, Valente suggests using light

Point toes outward to work the inner calf and inward for the outer muscles.



Lengthening our life span will be the No. 1 topic at the Conference on Anti-Aging Medicine and Biomedical Technology.

weights and doing up to 30 repetitions per set. The next workout, try using heavier weights and doing six to eight repetitions. "That works both the slow-twitch and the fast-twitch muscle fibers," Valente says. "It gives you the best of both worlds." If you don't have access to dedicated calf machines, you can work the calves on a leg-press machine, performing the power movement using your ankles and toes. Or you can stand holding dumbbells at your sides and rise up on your toes.

For fine-tuning, pointing your toes outward as you perform the movement will work your inner calf, pointing the toes inward works the outer muscle. And remember to stretch the calves out between each set.

A final reminder: To avoid injury, always do the movements slowly and smoothly, trying to isolate the calf muscle and feel it working. "Get your technique down using light weights," Valente says, "then move up in weight once you find the groove."

Penthouse readers interested in writing Rick Valente directly can do so at P.O. Box 12395, Marina del Rey, Calif. 90295.

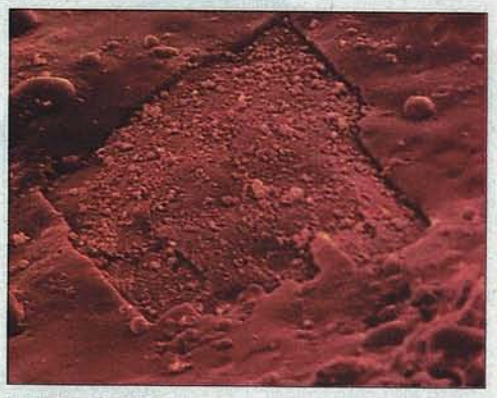
EVERYBODY WINS

Here's a new twist: a bodybuilding contest that's impossible to lose. Cybergenics, a leader in the sports-nutrition industry, is sponsoring its first "Before" and "After" Contest, with more than $100,000 in total prizes—including, as a grand prize, a 1994 Chevrolet Corvette.

To compete, just buy one of five Cybergenics kits—Cybergenics 60-Day Total Body Building System, Cybergenics for Hard Gainers 60-Day System, Phase I Six-Week System, CyberTrim Six-Week System, or Cybergenics QuickTrim 14-Day System. For complete rules, contact Cybergenics "Before" and "After" Contest, P.O. Box 4319, Manhasset, N.Y. 11030-4319. All entries must be postmarked by December 15, 1994.

"In creating this one-of-a-kind Cybergenics 'Before' and 'After' contest," says Scott Chinery, the founder and chief executive officer of Cybergenics, "we hope to inspire and encourage everyone from 18 through 50 years of age to try being the best they can be in terms of health and fitness. Why settle for looking good when looking great may be possible?"

Even if you don't drive away with the 1994 Corvette (or one of the more than 100 other prizes), you're sure to win anyway. Your guaranteed prize? A new and better body, a newer and healthier you.



ANTI-AGING MEDICINE

Next month the slot-machine denizens and poker sharks of Las Vegas will be joined by some unlikely visitors: a group of distinguished scientists and doctors who are bent on lengthening the human life span. Cosponsored by the American Academy of Anti-Aging Medicine and *Longevity* magazine, the Second Annual Conference on Anti-Aging Medicine and Biomedical Technology for the Year 2010 will feature such notables as Biosphere crewman and longevity expert Roy Walford of U.C.L.A., American Aging Association President and renowned dermatologist Arthur Balin, National Institute of Aging researcher Richard Cutler, and Keith Ferrell, editor of *Omni* magazine.

The experts will convene at the Alexis Park Resort to reveal new breakthrough research on, among many other things, reversing atherosclerosis, early detection and treatment of cancer, shoring up aging memory, and the use of diet, exercise, and drugs in slowing down the aging process. All in all, according to its organizers, the conference will "inform professionals and the public on the thrust of preventive medicine to enhance the individual's quality of life and extend the individual's life expectancy." For more information, call (312) 975-4034.

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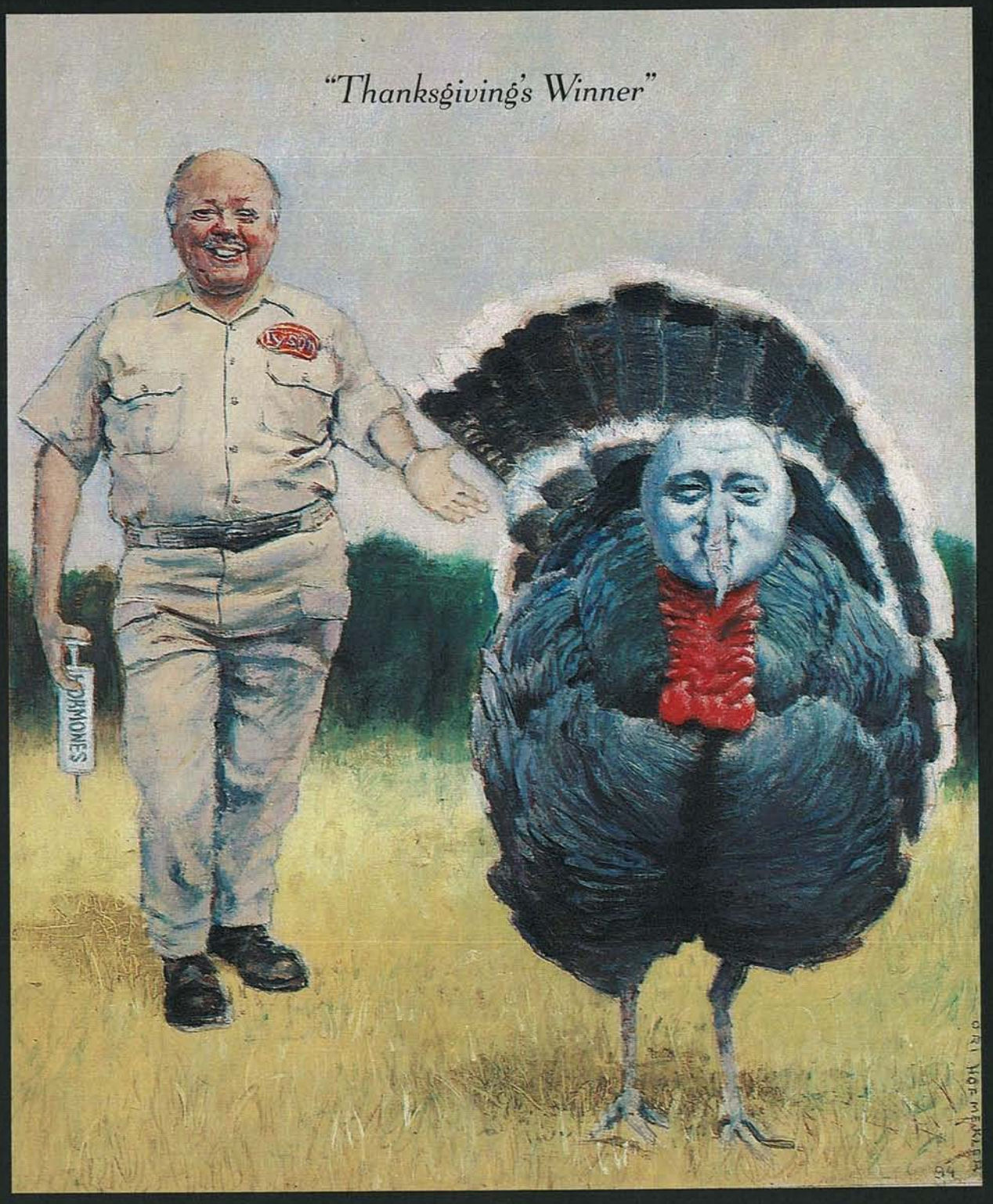
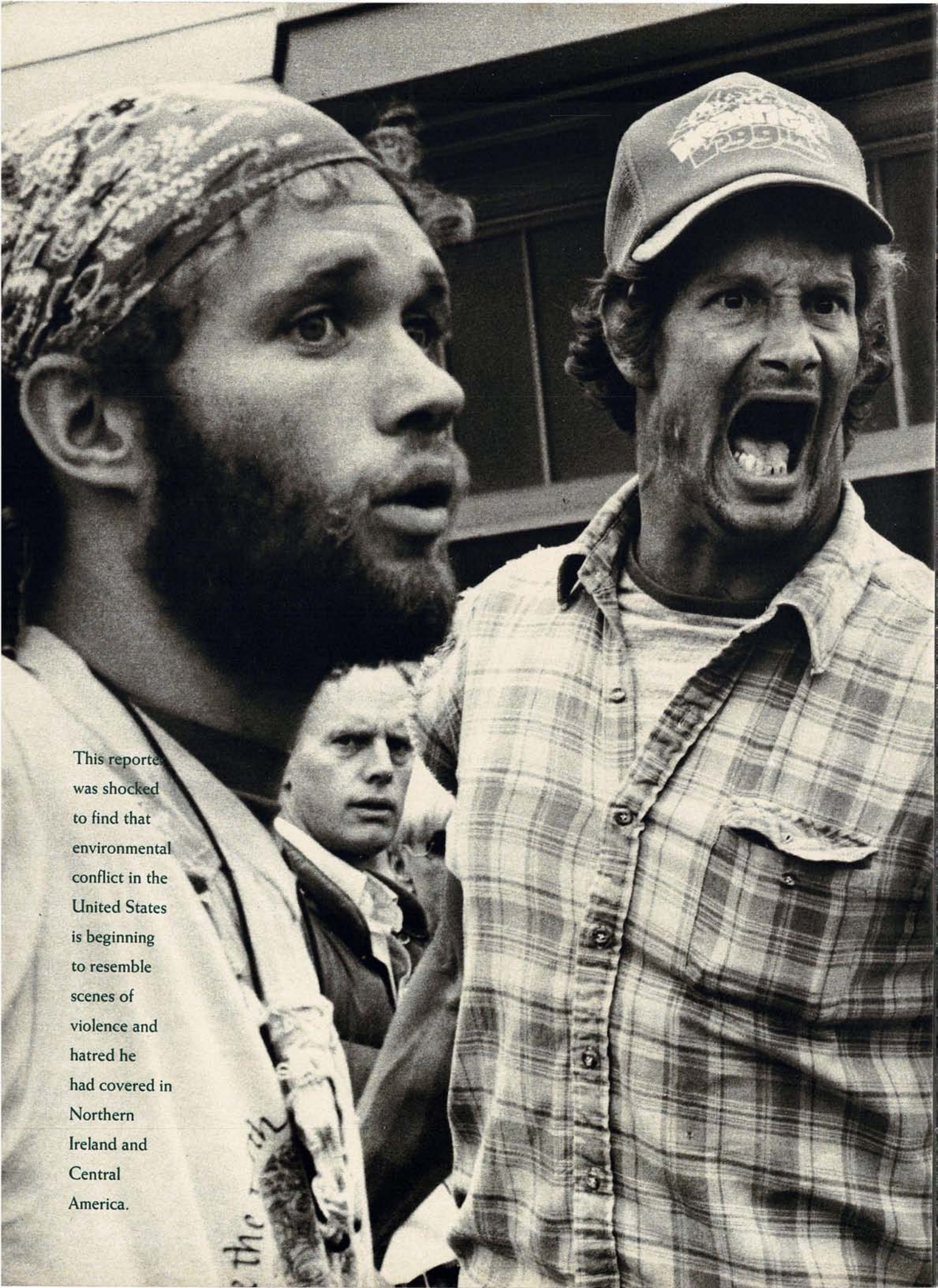
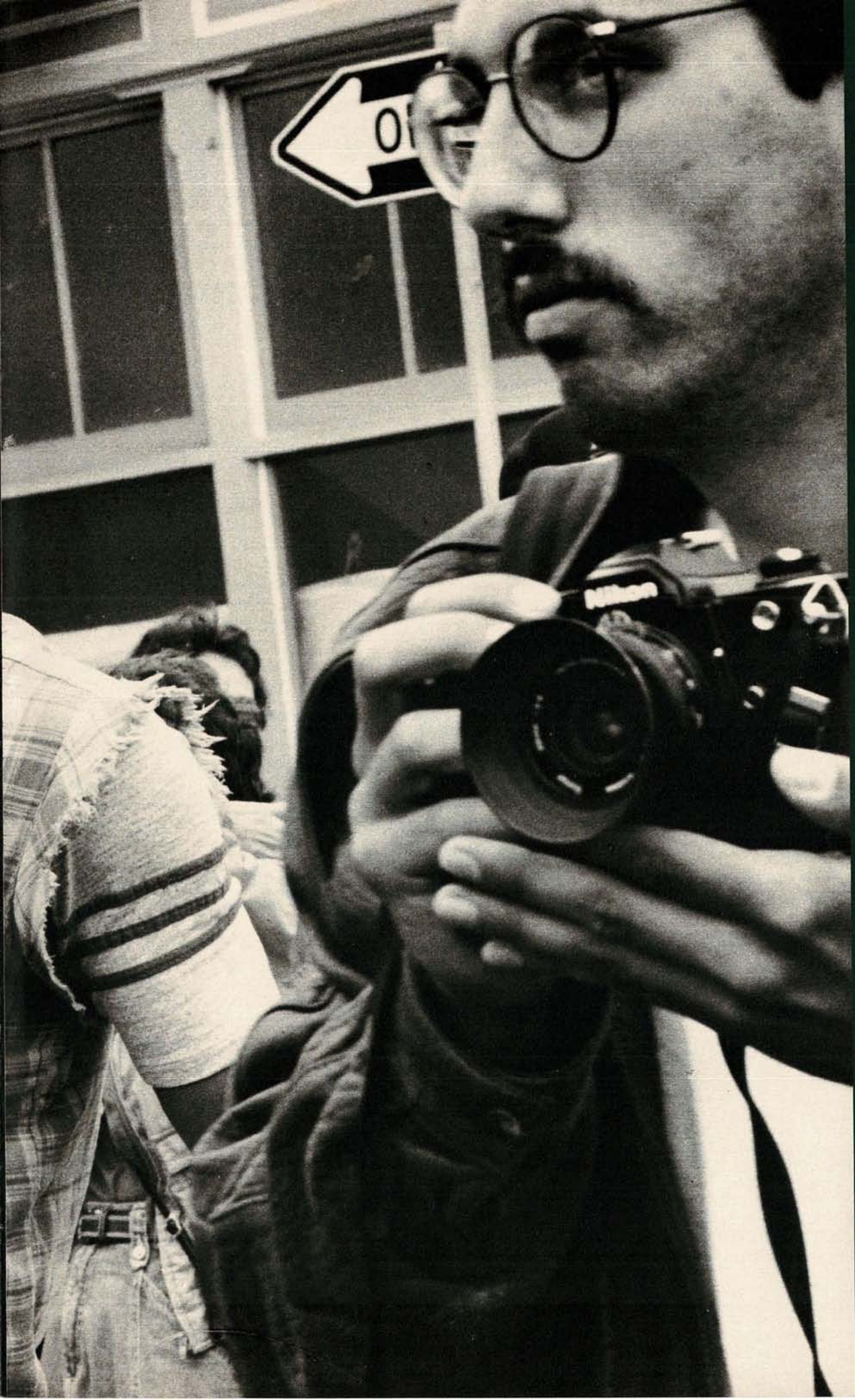
Hofmekler's People

Folk Heroes, Part 137. Poultry King Don Tyson and President Bill Clinton





This reporter was shocked to find that environmental conflict in the United States is beginning to resemble scenes of violence and hatred he had covered in Northern Ireland and Central America.



ARE YOU AN ENVIRON-MENTALIST OR DO YOU **War** WORK FOR A **Against** LIVING? **the** reads the **Greens** bumper sticker on the jacked-up four-by-four flatbed crawling down Main Street. A plastic yellow ribbon flying from its radio antenna, it's

Article by
David Helvarg

Photos by
David J. Cross

Judi Bari (top), after her car blew up; anti-environmental activists (right); Pacific Lumber prepares for a demonstration (below).

one of a dozen pickups in a block-long procession going nowhere fast before making three-point turns at the end of town and heading back up Main Street toward the lumbermill. A couple of hometown patriots waving Old Glory and a portly family of five done up in yellow T-shirts, bill caps, and hair ribbons cheer from the sidewalk. A spirited young woman in a tank top and teased hair streaked an unnatural shade of yellow holds up a hand-printed sign reading GOD BLESS AMERICA.

You'd think Terry Anderson and the other American hostages who were being held in Beirut had been freed or that U.S. troops were homebound from some CNN simulcast war. While the yellow ribbon, a symbol appropriated from a Tony Orlando and Dawn song about a felon returning home from prison, has come to be identified with people trapped in places they don't want to be, this is an entirely different use of the yellow cloth (or polypropylene, as the case may be). These ribbon wavers want to be right where they are, doing what they and theirs do best, which is cutting down trees and turning them into lumber for the Georgia-Pacific mill that blocks their view of the ocean right here in the small coastal town of Fort Bragg, California.

"Fuck you, faggots!" shouts a high school kid with a buzz top as a van full of counterculture longhairs pulls into the empty dirt lot just north of the timber mill. Ben & Jerry's people are passing out free samples of their new Rainforest Crunch ice cream to some 1,500 demonstrators gathered here for an Earth First! Redwood Summer logging protest.

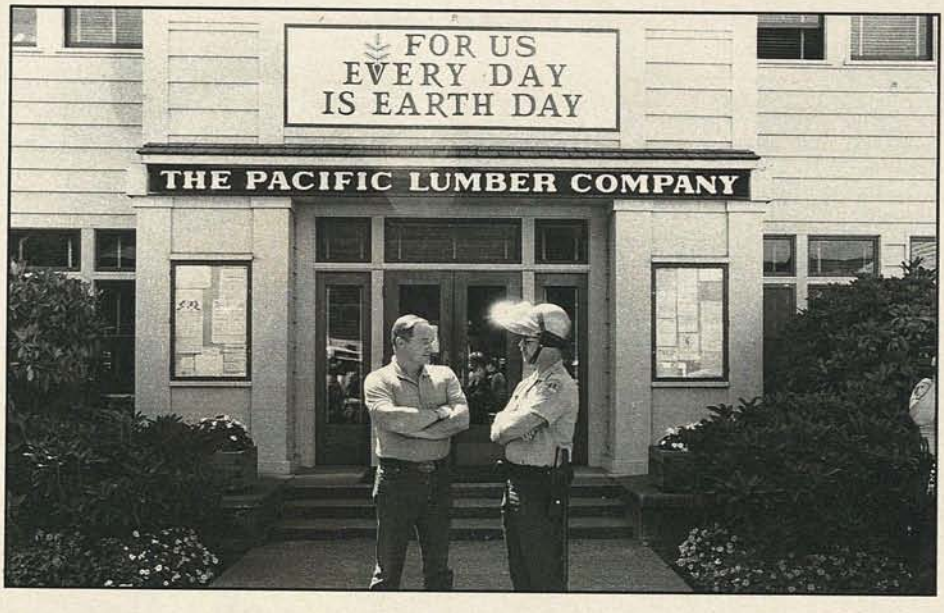
Across town at Green Memorial Field, between 1,000 and 1,500 people, many decked out in T-shirts reading TIMBER FAMILIES ... AN ENDANGERED SPECIES, are attending a community-solidarity rally organized by the anti-environmentalist Yellow Ribbon Coalition. They can buy beer, soda pop, hamburgers, or "fried spotted owl" (southern-fried chicken, actually) at a dollar a body part. On nearby Harold Street, the air horns of mammoth logging trucks bellow like cattle in the slaughter shoot.

Between the two opposing rallies, 425 riot-clad police, sheriff's deputies, and highway patrolmen from throughout northern California keep a wary eye out for any trouble not of their own making.

At the environmentalists' rally, speakers talk about preserving the state's last five percent of old-growth redwood, attack the timber corporations for cut-and-run logging (Louisiana Pacific has opened mills in Mexico and Venezuela while closing mills in California), play fair-to-middling acoustic music, and read some bad poetry.

At the Yellow Ribbon rally, the talk is of jobs and how those who work in the woods are best able to manage them sensibly. Congressman Doug Bosco, a Democrat who thinks he has a keen sense of the political wind drift, plays the crowd like a pro, smirking that the young enviros should go back where they came from—to New York or New Jersey—to clean up their own messes. "We need wood products, not another Woodstock," he thunders to enthusiastic applause. (Bosco will go down in defeat at the next election, in large measure because he's alienated local environmental supporters who see him as too close to the timber industry.)

It's July 21, 1990, and I've driven north from San Francisco for four hours to cover these protests and any possible confrontation that might develop. Tension has been running high in Mendocino, Humboldt, and other northern counties for some time now, as environmentalists move to protect California's ancient-forest remnants. Timber companies—such as Georgia-Pacific, Louisiana Pacific, and Pacific Lumber, which has recently fallen into the hands of corporate raider Charles Hurwitz—respond by accelerating their timber cuts on public and private reserves well beyond what state foresters consider sustainable yield levels. There are competing initiatives on the upcoming November ballot (both will go down in defeat). The environmentalists' Forests Forever proposal would limit clear-cutting, while allocating millions of dollars of state funds to buying up privately held redwood forests for park-



CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

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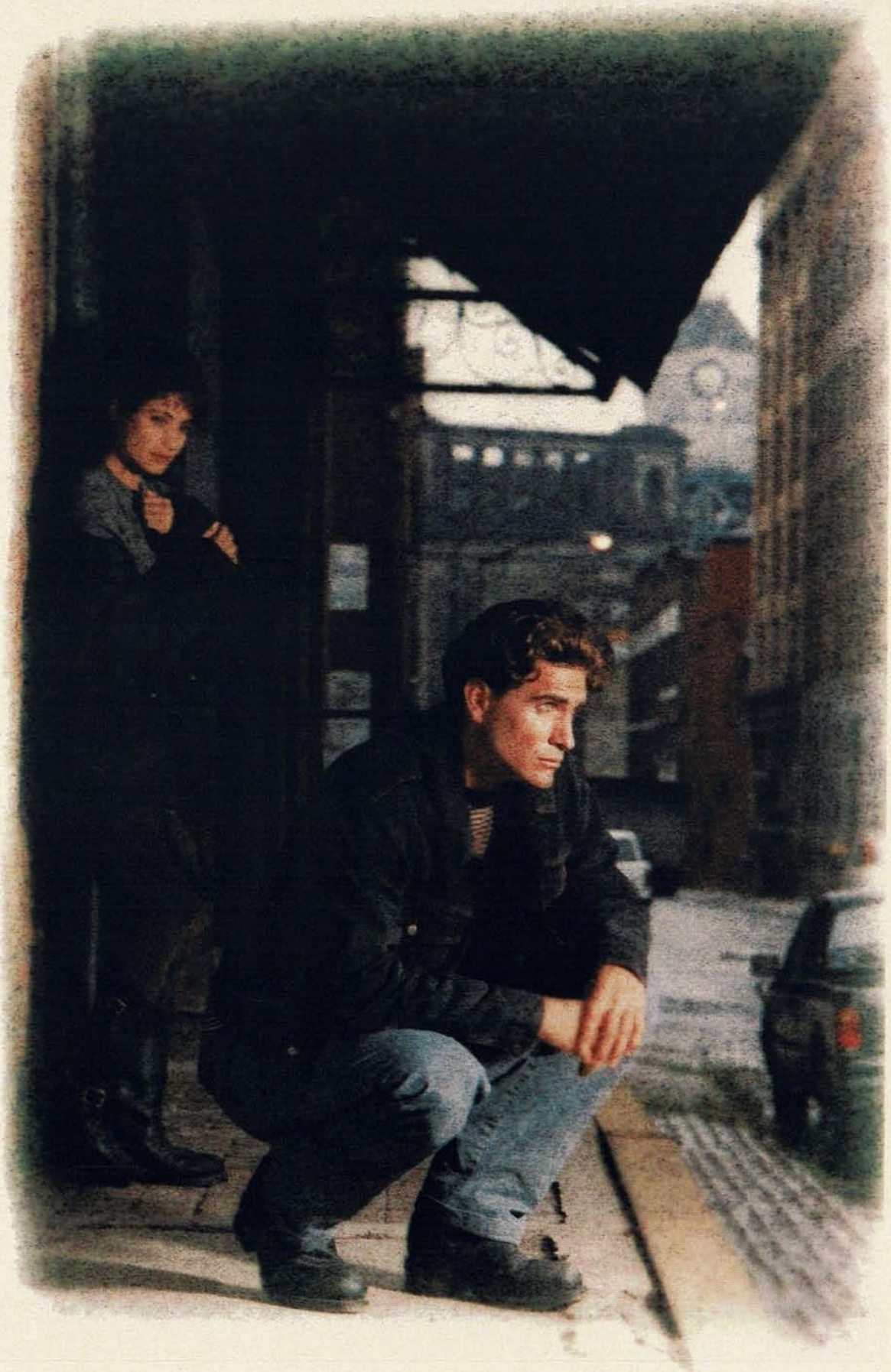
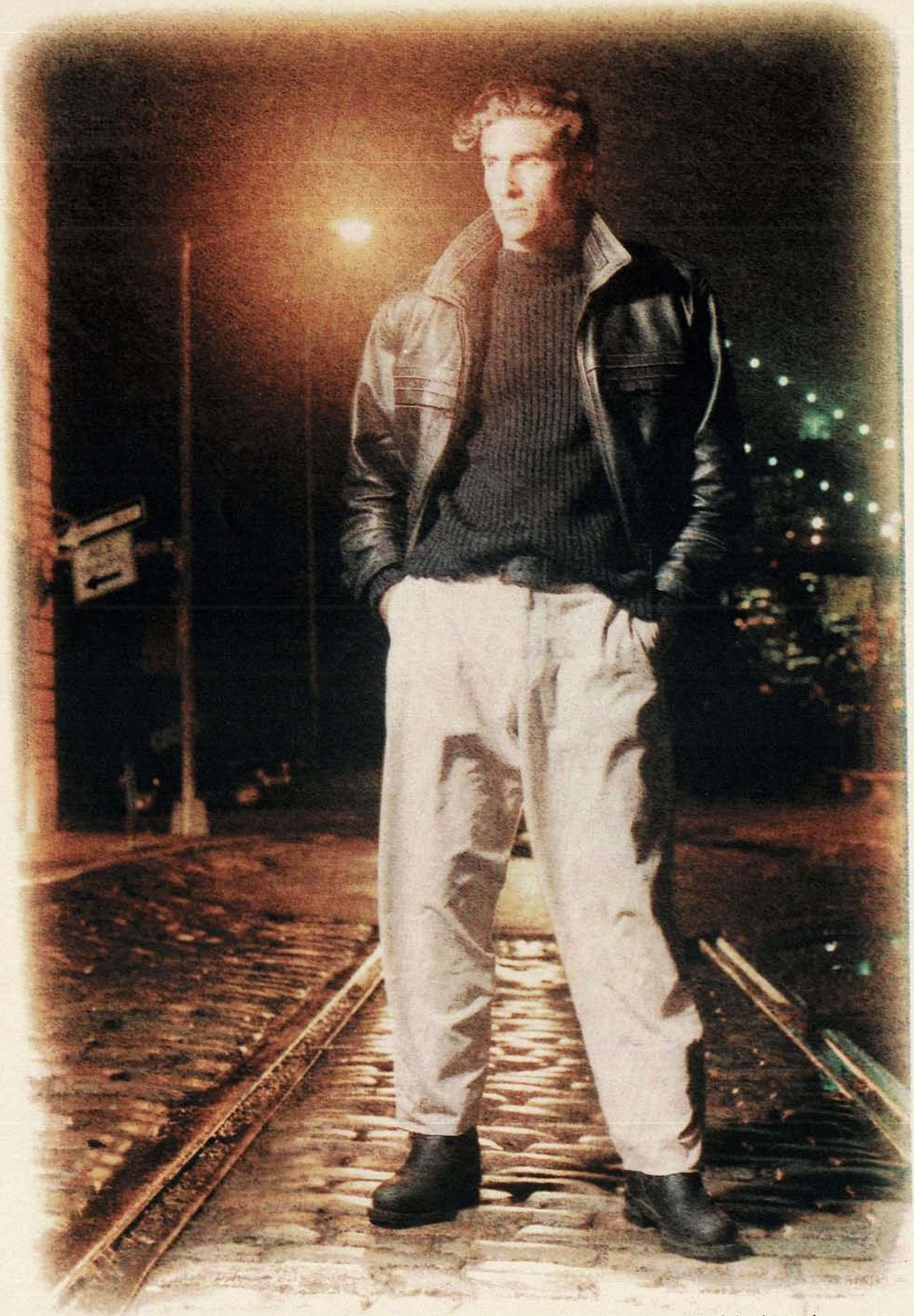


No taxis at dawn this deep into downtown. Waiting it out in a black down puffer jacket from Calvin Klein Jeans over a black denim jacket from Joop! Jeans. Below, hugging the hips, is a pair of DKNY light-blue jeans cuffed one inch and pulled down over the dull gleam of black engineer's boots by Chippewa.



Ready for the swing shift with Colebrook and Company's tough and structured black leather jacket. Underneath this he's wearing a thick ribbed turtleneck sweater in black wool, from Paul Smith. Below? DKNY's classic rendition of the ageless plain-front khakis falls loose and casual over his trusty black Chippewa engineer's boots.

Taking a break and getting some slack in a DKNY blue gabardine three-button jacket. Layered under that he has his Jordache black denim jacket over a collarless corduroy shirt from A/X Armani Exchange. Very casual gray sweatpants, made for comfort if not for speed, fill it all out, also by DKNY.

His smooth brown leather coat? Very cool from Calvin Klein. The tough oatmeal sweater? By Industria. His deep-blue jeans? Jordache. The boots? Black engineer stompers by Chippewa. For additional information on the clothing featured on these pages, see fashion finder on page 149.

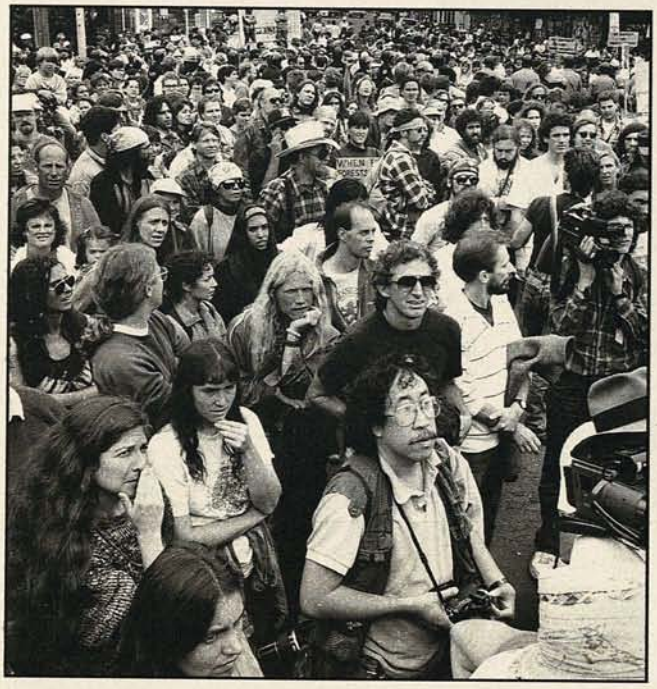
Judi Bari's daughter (top), thanking supporters; passionate protests during the Redwood Summer rally (right and below).

WAR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

land. The industry-backed Californians for New Forestry—Global Warming Initiative would leave the timber companies free to operate as they have been. Supporters of this initiative justify its enviro-sounding title by arguing that since young trees absorb more carbon dioxide than "decadent" old trees, clear-cutting ancient redwood forests and replacing them with new tree farms will reduce global warming.

But the timber wars are not limited to ballot fights and protest marches. On May 24, 1990, organizer Judi Bari, the main force behind the Redwood Summer campaign, was maimed when a pipe bomb exploded below the driver's seat of her Subaru station wagon as she drove down a busy street in Oakland, California, with fellow Earth First! activist Darryl Cherney. They were driving through the Bay Area to recruit college students for these protests. Fire fighters arriving on the scene had to use the Jaws of Life to cut the badly mutilated but still conscious Bari from her crumpled car, where it had crashed into a guardrail in front of an elementary school. (Cherney, who had been riding in the passenger seat, suffered injuries to one eye and his face.) Within minutes, the F.B.I.'s domestic-terrorism squad was on the scene, waving off the Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms agents normally responsible for investigating criminal bombings. Two months later, Bari, still in the hospital and recovering from her near fatal injuries, faced F.B.I.-inspired charges accusing her of knowingly transporting the pipe bomb.



Many of the Yellow Ribbon supporters in Fort Bragg, including some loggers who had been holding secret negotiations with Bari to try to prevent violence, believe the bomb was, in fact, hers, part of a terrorist plot aimed at their work sites, families, and communities. (Charges against Bari and Cherney were later dropped, and they said they would sue the F.B.I. and the Oakland police for false arrest and for violation of their civil rights.)

At 2 P.M., Redwood Summer protesters begin marching down Main Street toward the front gate of the century-old lumbermill. By now several angry men and teenage boys, spillovers from the solidarity rally, have gathered at the corner of Main and Redwood directly across from the gate. Some are slamming six-packs. Others have been drinking throughout the afternoon. One run-down fellow wears a T-shirt reading SAVE A LOGGER, EAT AN OWL.

"A lot of these guys are the same troublemakers we pick up every Saturday night," a local cop confides.

As they head toward the gate, the marchers, accompanied by motorcycle and riot police, are heckled by a couple of leather-vested bikers. (THE ONLY GOOD TREE IS STUMPS is an example of the bikers' poster prose.) As the first line of marchers, 12 across and filling the width of the street, approaches the corner of Main and Redwood, a throaty chorus of boos goes up from the sidewalk, followed by a booming chant of "Go home! Go home!"

"We are home! We are home!" the protest crowd counter-chants. As the marchers' sound truck comes to a halt in the middle of the intersection, people start milling, unsure of what to do next. A line of protesters carrying a 50-foot-long banner reading WE SUPPORT THE TIMBER WORKERS, NOT THE TIMBER INDUSTRY tries to attach their politically correct logo to G.P.'s padlocked security gate. Private guards hired by Georgia-Pacific videotape them from inside the yard.

"Trees grow back, trees grow back," the yellow-shirted crowd starts to chant. A number of young men at the front of the crowd think this is a wussy chant. "Fuck you! Fuck you!" they shout, getting red in the face, flashing the bird at the enviros, and trying to psyche one another up to move out onto the street despite a riot cop's repeated warning for them to keep back. A second cop comes up beside the first. They give each other worried looks. A few more cops move in. A California Highway Patrol motorcycle officer drives slowly into position along the sidewalk. There's some name-calling directed at the police. The officers push the yellow shirts back, holding their long riot batons in two-handed grips and thrusting them out at chest level. Before there's time for any of the local toughs to recover or regain their balance, a line of motorcycle cops, sirens wailing, rolls up the street cavalry-fashion. They're followed by dozens of

quickstepping cops in blue jumpsuits and helmets who form a defensive line facing the yellow-shirted crowd, riot sticks ready. Four men in the still rowdy crowd are arrested, including one guy waving a billy club at the enviros. After that, nobody seriously challenges the cops' authority. A few moments later, a second line of C.H.P. officers marches into position, turns to face the larger but more peaceable enviro crowd, and gradually opens up a corridor between the two opposing factions.

A woman gets up on the sound truck and tries to address both crowds. "Lesbian, lesbian," cries come from the sidewalk as she begins to talk about the biosphere, one of those eco-buzzwords that seems to set off the pro-timber crowd.

The pro-timber crowd begins another chorus of "Trees grow back." Someone on the sound truck starts singing "America the Beautiful." As the environmentalists join in the chorus, the yellow-shirt chant falters and fades into confused silence.

Only two years earlier, Fort Bragg had been the scene of a larger unified protest of some 2,000 Mendocino residents, including fishermen, loggers, shopkeepers, homeowners, and local politicians, along with old-time hippies, rednecks, and hipnecks (the product of two generations of crossbreeding), all united in their opposition to a federal plan to lease the area's salmon-rich offshore waters for oil and gas drilling. Now this same community is split into warring factions. The Yellow Ribbon loggers and mill workers and their white-collar bosses are part of a new campaign, a self-styled "movement" whose members call themselves either wise-use or property-rights activists and support not only unrestricted timber cutting on public lands but also offshore "energy development"; mining and drilling in national parks and wilderness areas; abolition of the Endangered Species Act; a rollback of clean-air, water-quality, and pesticide legislation; and cost-plus compensation from the taxpayer whenever a property owner or corporation is prevented from filling in a wetland, mining a river bottom, or grazing cattle on public rangeland. With deep roots in the political right, the anti-environmentalists aim to undermine and destroy the "radical preservationists" and "pagans" of Earth First!, the Sierra Club, the Nature Conservancy, the National Wildlife Federation, and Greenpeace, as well as small, community-based protest groups and their perceived cohorts in the National Park Service, Bureau of Land Management, Environmental Protection Agency, Army Corps of Engineers, Hollywood, the liberal media, universities, Congress, and the Democratic party.

This is my first encounter with the anti-environmentalists, and although I am

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ignorant of their history, aims, and ambitions, I am impressed by their ability to mobilize grass-roots power on the side of industry. The polarization of the community, open hostility, riot troopers on the streets, and general atmosphere of violence remind me of "Marching Days" in Northern Ireland, when I'd covered Protestant "Orangemen" and "green" Catholic nationalists clashing on the streets of Belfast over conflicts almost as ancient as the California redwoods while the British Army, with its Saracan tanks, rubber bullets, and C.S. gas, got to play peacekeeper for a week.

Of course, that was during wartime, and even with the violence around Redwood Summer (a Labor Day protest greeted with a hail of eggs and rocks, the beating of several activists on local back roads, and the head shaving in jail of four longhairs who had sat down to block a logging truck), it is hard for me to imagine that environmental conflict in the United States might ever begin to resemble some of the haunting scenes of violence and hatred I had come to know as a war correspondent in Northern Ireland and Central America. But today, four years later, having seen the bomb and arson damage firsthand and having met and talked to people who have been beaten, shot at, and terrified, had their dogs mutilated, their cars run off the road, and their homes burned to the ground, I'm not so certain.

"When I say we have to pick up a sword and shield and kill the bastards, I mean politically, not physically," explains Ron Arnold, a founder and leader of the anti-environmentalist movement. "I'll tell you one thing, though. There are people out there today who are ready to pick up guns and form their own armies. I've told them, look, we already fought one civil war and lost. This isn't the way to go." He is trying to reassure me minutes into our initial phone conversation. It's the winter of 1993 and Arnold, who prides himself on his understanding of social movements (he's a big fan of Lenin's, having read the old Communist's 45-volume collected works), is aware that his movement has taken some serious hits in the media because of the parallel development of vigilante violence directed against environmental activists. His rhetorical style—"We're out to kill the fuckers. We're simply trying to eliminate them. Our goal is to destroy environmentalism once and for all."—hasn't helped his cause much lately. So he's reinventing himself, trying to create a new, slightly more centrist image. He's excited about an "inter-movement anti-violence treaty" that he's planning to sign with Scott Trimingham, a dropout from the Sea Shepherd Conservation Society, a small, radical, direct-action environmental group known for ramming pirate whaling ships and Japanese drift netters on the high seas.

"Philosophically, Scott and I are both followers of Gandhi," claims Arnold.

Chuck Cushman, another wise-use leader and close ally of Arnold's, whose organizing style has earned him the nickname Rent-a-Riot, agrees. "The violence issue is just something the preservationists use to try and get at us by implying we want to advocate and promote violence. I've never advocated or called for violence," he insists. "Personally, we've always advocated nonviolence, like Martin Luther King or that guy from India, what's his name?"

Most Americans have probably never encountered the wise-use–property-rights philosophy except in the rhetorical prose of a Rush Limbaugh or Pat Buchanan. Nevertheless, the movement has developed its own social base, idiomatic language, ideological alliances on the right, and support network, which reaches from unemployed loggers, off-road motorcyclists, and rural county commissioners to the top levels of industry and government. On the political spectrum, the wise-use–property-rights movement appears larger than white separatist or militant tax-resistance forces but far smaller than the Christian right or the progun campaigns of the National Rifle Association and the Citizens Committee for the Right to Keep and Bear Arms (whose founder, Alan Gottlieb, is also Ron Arnold's boss).

"WE'RE OUT TO KILL THE FUCKERS,"

SAYS A WISE-USE LEADER.

"OUR GOAL IS TO DESTROY ENVIRONMENTALISM ONCE AND FOR ALL."

While many wise-use–property-rights leaders claim the participation of millions of people (by adding up constituent memberships from anti-green groups, such as the American Farm Bureau Federation, the N.R.A., and timber, mining, and other resource associations), people who pay individual dues or actively participate in ongoing wise-use efforts number far fewer than 100,000. To date, the strength of anti-environmentalism has been not in its membership rolls but in its ability to mobilize a network of core activists to intervene in and politicize local conflicts, creating a perception of power that they hope can be used as a springboard for further expansion. Whenever a local election is turned in favor of a pro-development Republican, or a fax campaign skews a Sunday newspaper poll to suggest that a majority of readers think environmentalism has gone too far, or public land-use hearings are disrupted by hundreds of angry protesters, or *The New York Times* seeks out policy responses from "leaders of environmental, industrial, and property rights groups," such anti-enviro leaders as Arnold and Cushman score it as a victory for their "guerilla-warfare tactics."

At the same time, they and other key members of the cadre find themselves fighting a constant battle against narrow-focus activists who "can't get beyond their own issues." They also view themselves as under the threat of localized agreements between labor and environmentalists or farmers and government-resource agencies that might undermine the fever of indignation and outrage needed to fuel a national movement's growth.

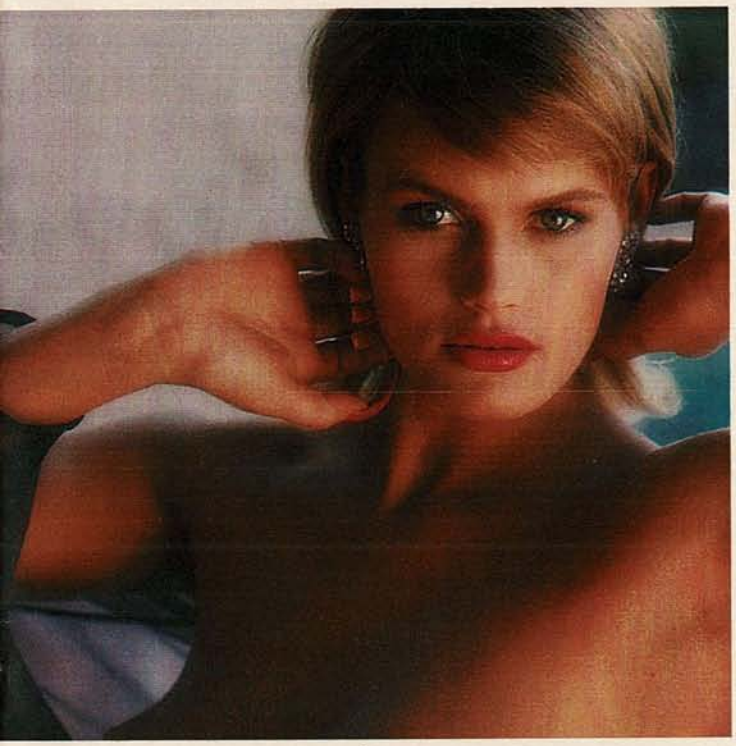
At its core, wise use–property rights is a counterrevolutionary movement, defining itself in response to the environmental revolution of the past 30 years. It aims to create and mold disaffection over environmental regulations, big government, and the media into a cohesive social force that can win respectability for centrist arguments seeking to "protect jobs, private property, and the economy by finding a balance between human and environmental needs." Simultaneously, the movement pushes a more radical core agenda of "free-market environmentalism," "privatization," and the deregulation of industry.

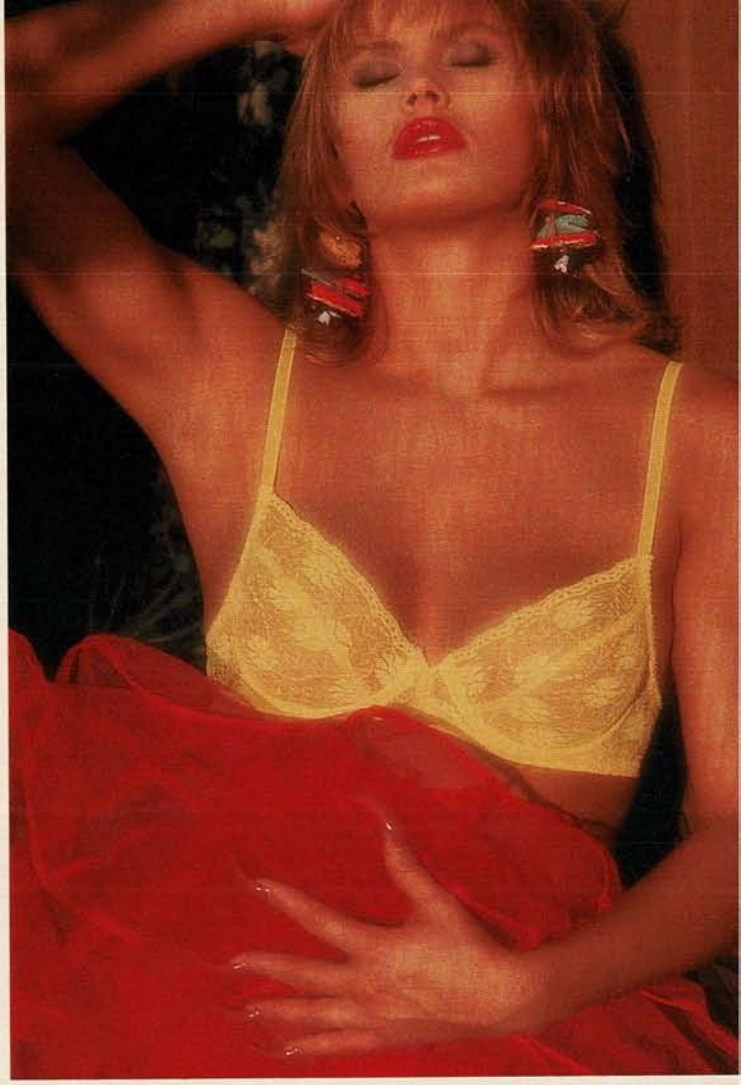
Some anti-environmentalist organizations—such as the Alliance for America, which Ron Arnold defines as "a bizarre hybrid of industry groups and grass roots"—have grown beyond their original corporate sponsorship to take on a fragile life of their own, complete with an internally self-validating protest culture. This culture includes wise-use scientists, who argue that there are no real environmental threats facing the world today; conspiracy theorists who see "environmental hysteria" as part of an "antihuman" agenda to reduce world population through mass starvation; and wise-use political prisoners who have done short jail terms for filling in wetlands or dumping garbage. With direct-mail lists, fax campaigns, meetings, demonstrations, "battle books," lawsuits, and legislation aimed at the destruction of "the environmental establishment," they hope to win acceptance from the media and the public as a mainstream citizens movement. "Property rights will be the civil rights movement of the nineties," argues

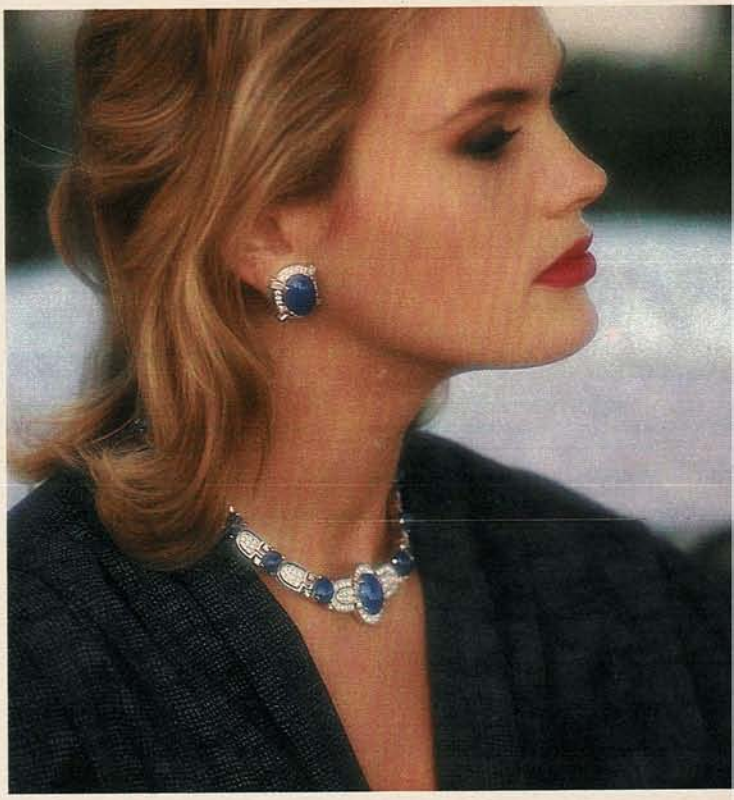
CONTINUED ON PAGE 135

'Patiently waiting for my attention would be the most beautiful woman and the most handsome man....'

VERONICA







A THANKSGIVING TREAT

Thanksgiving is a time to count one's blessings, and in the spirit of the season, *Penthouse* celebrates the beauty and charm of 23-year-old Veronica Gillespie, definitely one of the better things life has to offer. Thanksgiving has always had warm memories for our November Pet of the Month because it's close to her birthday, but it also means a lot to her because of its broader significance as a family holiday. "I'm very family-oriented," she tells us. "One of my goals in life is to be a good mother. I've always been interested in watching the development of children, and family interactions fascinate me. When I was young, the high point of my week was watching 'Little House on the Prairie,' and during my teens, I never missed 'The Cosby Show.' "

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID SCHOEN

Veronica would like to continue her study of personal relationships by majoring in psychology when she continues her education. "I want to learn why people act the way they do," she says with a laugh.

"But since I'm a dancer, plenty of people want to know why I do what I do! To me, it's a great feeling to capture the attention of my audience, whether it's one person or 100.... It's that simple."

Veronica keeps her 36-24-34 body in shape by working out, surfing, and boating. "I like the risk-taking and the excitement of surfing," she explains. "In fact, I've pushed my risk-taking up to another level by skydiving. The first time I went, I thought it was crazy, but now I'm hooked." Veronica's penchant for sky-high adventure led to another one of her most exciting experiences. "A boyfriend and I made love at the top of a mountain when the sun was beginning to set. There's nothing like love alfresco!"

When asked about her favorite fantasy, Veronica responds without a moment's hesitation. "I think a trip back in time would be an exciting idea," she says. "Maybe an Egyptian setting, with a silk, fluffy couch surrounded by candles, pillows all around, and lace netting draped from the ceiling.... Patiently waiting for my attention would be the most beautiful woman and the most handsome man...." Snapping out of her reverie, Veronica comes back to earth with a laugh, adding, "That sounds like the setting of a *Penthouse* shoot that I could really sink my teeth into."

"My American Indian ancestry gives me an exotic look," Veronica says, "and my Irish-Swedish side provides an interesting contrast. I've always been comfortable with my looks, my body, and myself, so

posing for *Penthouse* is a thrill. I would love to do more work with *Penthouse*—and other *Penthouse* models—in the future." Given Veronica's idea for her next pictorial, that's an encore we'll eagerly anticipate.

MISS VERONICA GILLESPIE/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

MILITARY affairs

Although the rhetoric of this year's Veterans' Day celebrations will automatically invoke the memory of the sacrifice of Americans in our nation's past wars, it will have something of a hollow sound. It will also echo the sounds of this year's congressional election, with its members' inflated claims of having carried out 1992's election mandate to do "something" about defense and other problems afflicting the nation. None of this bunkum is particularly new or more insincere than in years past; however, what *is* amusing is the fact that this kind of overblown, nonsensical campaign rhetoric continues to sell.

The overwhelming majority of those Americans whose military service we should honor were individuals who answered their country's call—served, and if they survived, returned to civilian life to pursue their own personal goals. However, the era of the American citizen soldier, which began in 1775, probably ended in 1973 when Congress opted for a standing, professional, so-called all-volunteer force. A return to the pre-1973 era seems increasingly unlikely, since the demise of the former Soviet Union and the toppling of the Berlin Wall have substantially lessened the likelihood of a large-scale war. Although the selective-service system is ostensibly maintained in a standby condition to support the all-volunteer force in a national "emergency" (however that elusive term might be defined), the idea of a military draft in this regard has little relevance to America's current military strategy. What drives this strategy is wonderment—about where the Clinton administration might take a stand next or where we might militarily intervene. All this is very confusing, especially to those who might actually have to fight an unknown enemy someplace, sometime, for some reason yet to be determined. Leaving these absurdities aside, the essentials of this so-called strategy simply call for short wars and few casualties.

How we reached the present deplorable state of military preparedness is to be found in the cautionary tale that we have ignored at least three times during the twentieth century. These include the conditions and conventional wisdom *prior* to our involvement in World War I, World War II, and the Korean "conflict." In each case there were powerful forces that opposed the involvement. More clearly, the individual miscreants of our military debacles have been able to hide among the members of their collective herd—that is, Congress. The point being that, although Congress's name belongs on the bill of particulars for these repeated failures, the actual indictment should be placed squarely in the lap of the individual members who, through their positions of individual power, did not act to provide for the "common defense."

Admittedly, some appointed members of presidential administrations—such as cabinet members and secretaries of the military services, as well as "political" admirals and generals—should also be placed in the dock along with the culpable congresspersons. These individuals, however, are lesser-included co-conspirators.

The Senate Military Affairs Committee will be retained in office this year despite the degree of its idiocy.

Short of a nuclear-weapon Pearl Harbor–type attack someplace where the question of a "vital" U.S. national security could not be waffled by politicos, there is a need to put the members of Congress who are responsible for the sorry state of America's military preparedness on notice; that is, they can't hide out in the herd, and they will be held accountable. These congresspersons, of *both* political parties (i.e., the members of the House and Senate Military Affairs Committees), will be retained in office this year no matter the degree of their idiocy or culpability. They won't be voted out, nor will they change their way of "easy living" due to a letter-writing campaign. We believe the only way to get the attention of these armchair warriors, who are captives of the defense contractors, think tanks, et cetera, is to *vote against them—across the board*. This symbolic shot across their bow will get their attention and maybe even nudge a few of them onto paths of righteousness for the sake of those who must do the fighting.—*William R. Corson*

We want to know what you think about the state of our nation's armed forces. Call ***1-900-772-2223*** *and make your opinion count. For more details,* *see page 135.*

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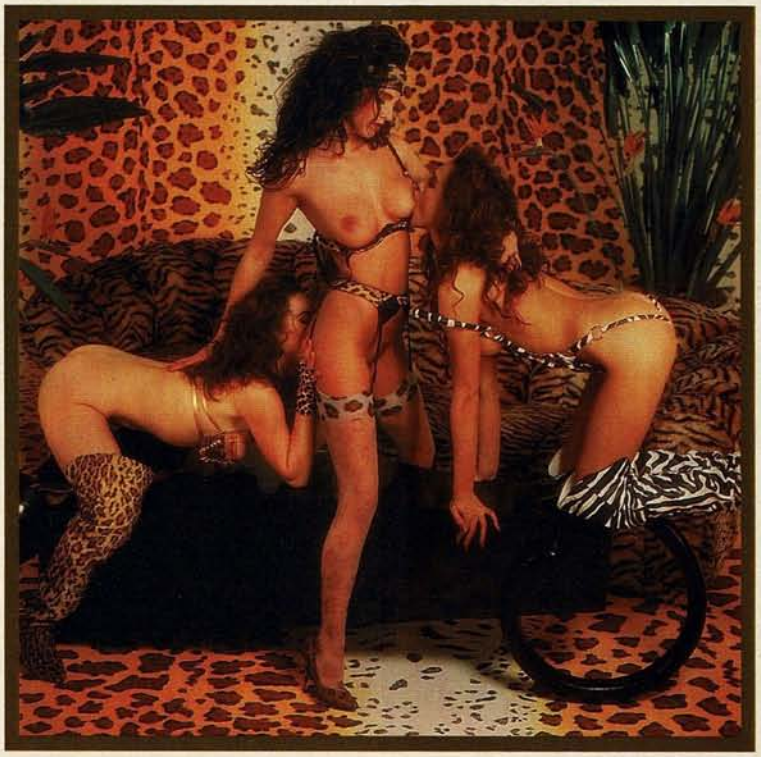
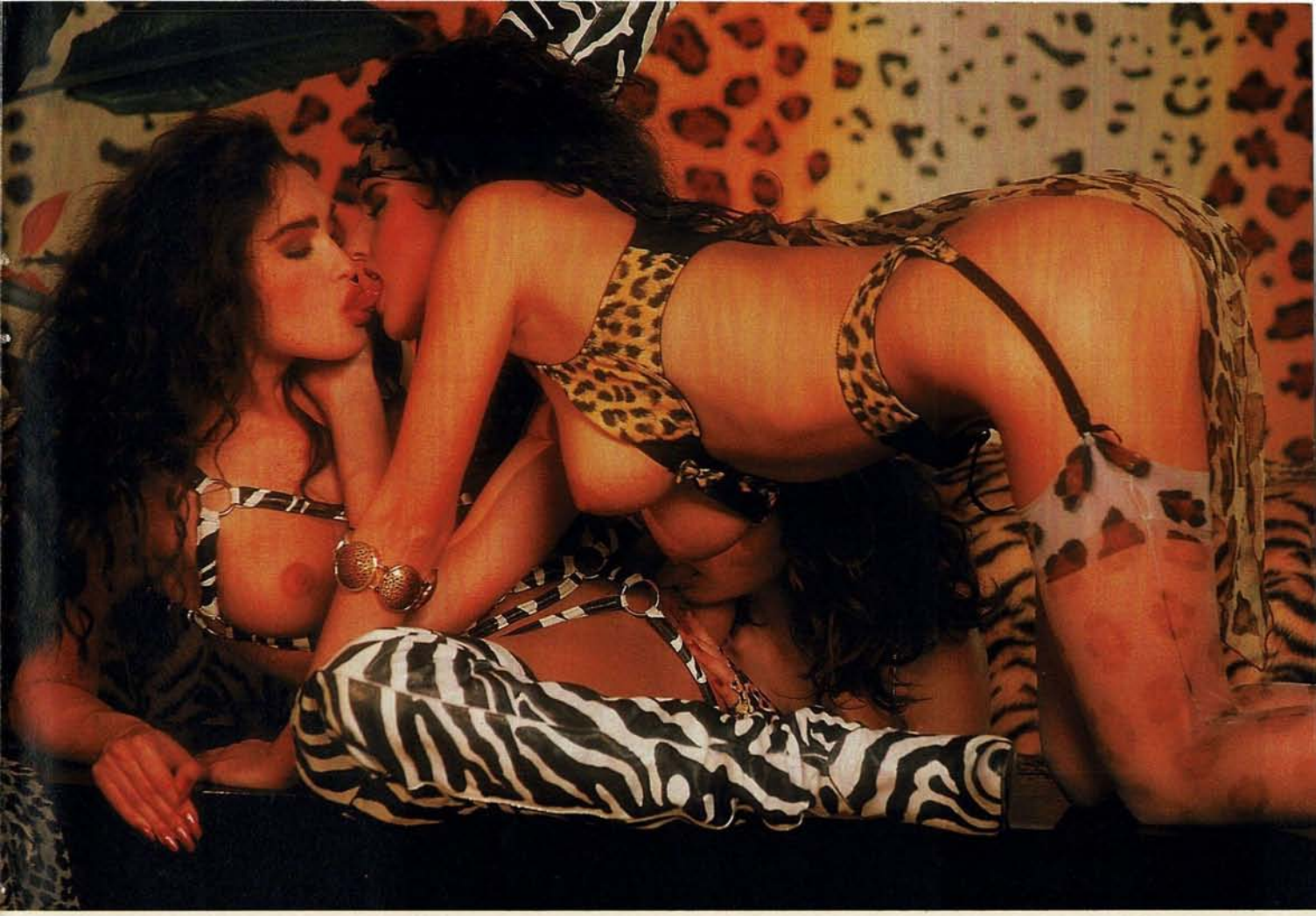


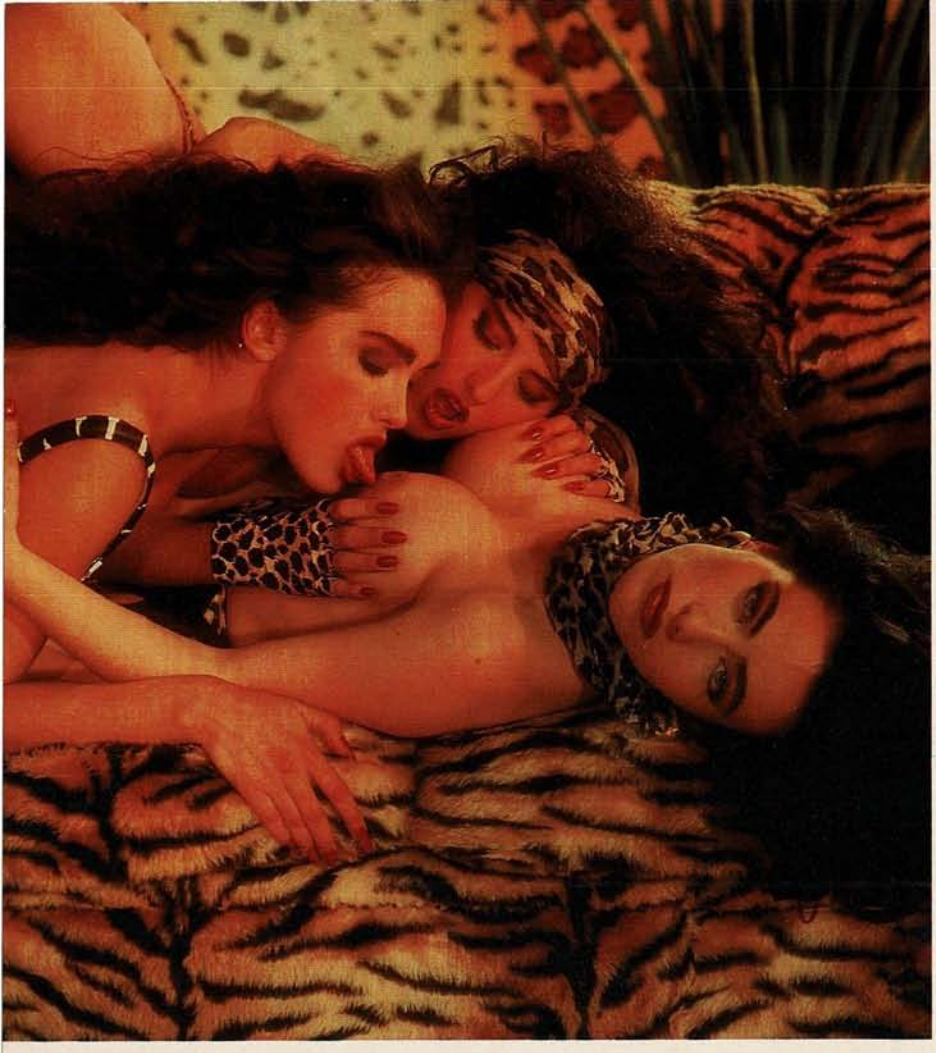
SANDRINE, DIANA, AND SASHA

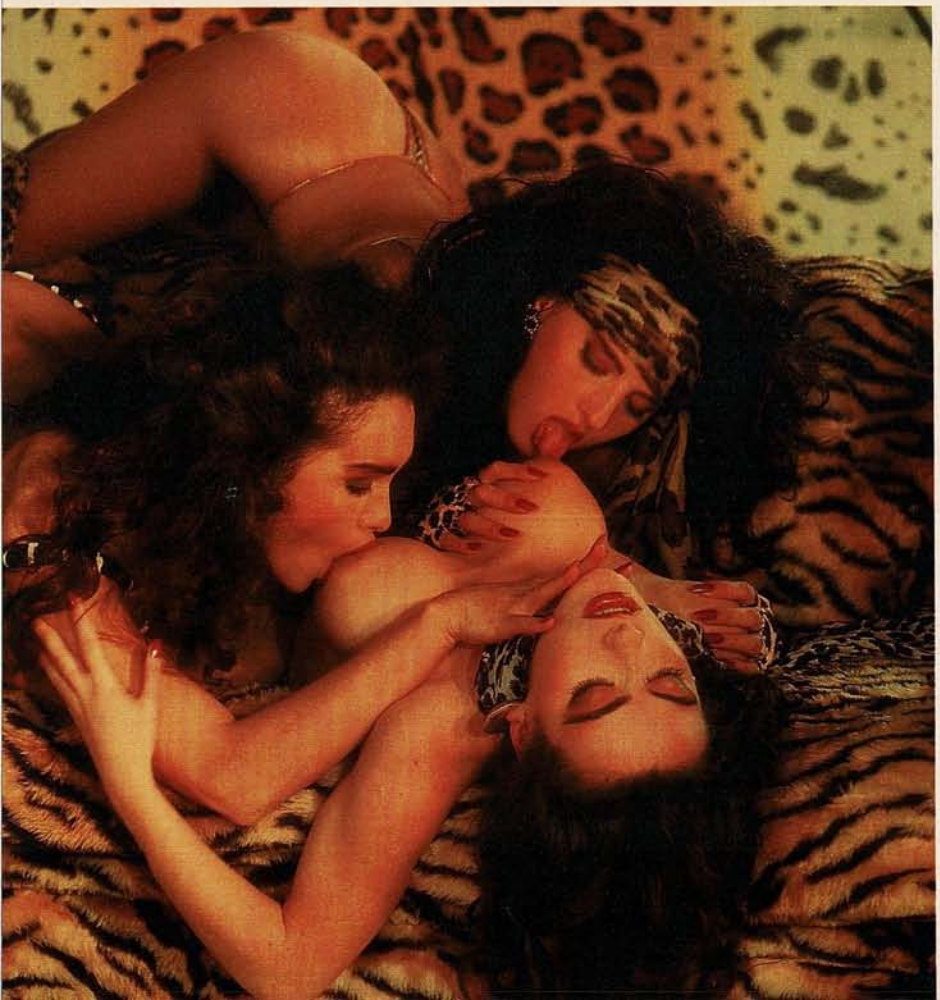
Sasha, Diana, and Sandrine worked hard all day in the asphalt jungle, lithe and dangerous in slim blue business suits, outfoxing competitors with cool grace in offices high above the streets of New York City. No one knew how hot these girls could *really* get. They could barely wait to get into something more ... comfortable, for the night to come. Complex, multifaceted deals waited on the table, gasping for their attention—all they could think about were full and high breasts, erect nipples, arching backs, and secret places that were wet, silky, and open to touch, sighs, and quickened breath. At last at home in their penthouse lair, the girls dressed for excess in their skimpiest skins and let their wild sides on the loose. Sasha was the soft-skinned green-eyed tigress, tongue lashing, smelling of musk, and hunting the jungle for juicy prey. Diana, the gorgeous leopard princess, purred huskily as Sandrine, the voluptuous lynx, brushed her soft fur hungrily against the others' long, luscious feline limbs. "Who's first?" growled Sasha. "I want something sweet." Her friends stretched their taut, smooth muscles in luxurious abandon and opened themselves wide for the night to come.

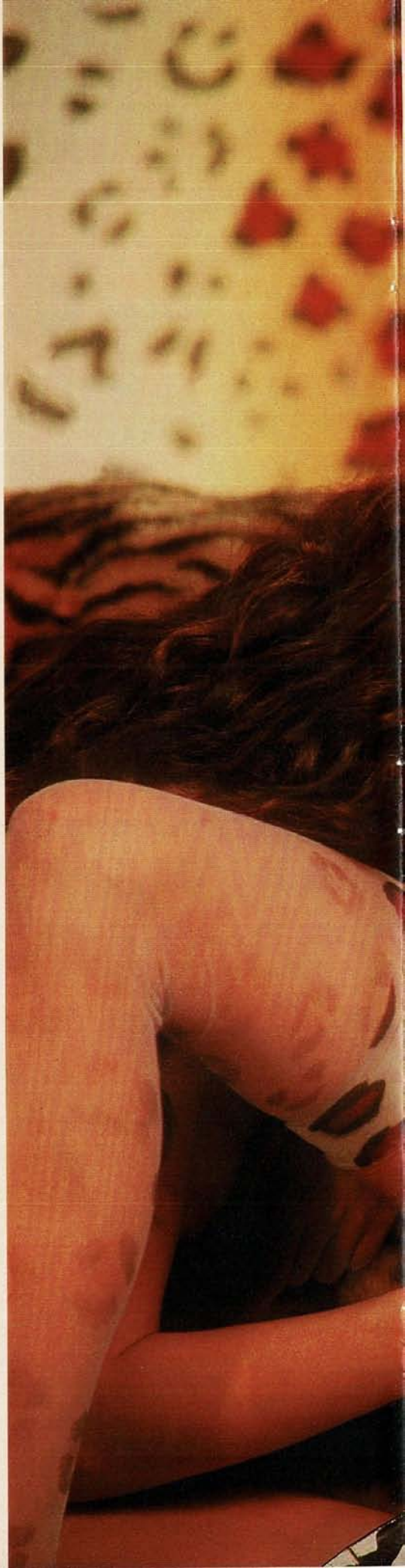
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHILIP MOND

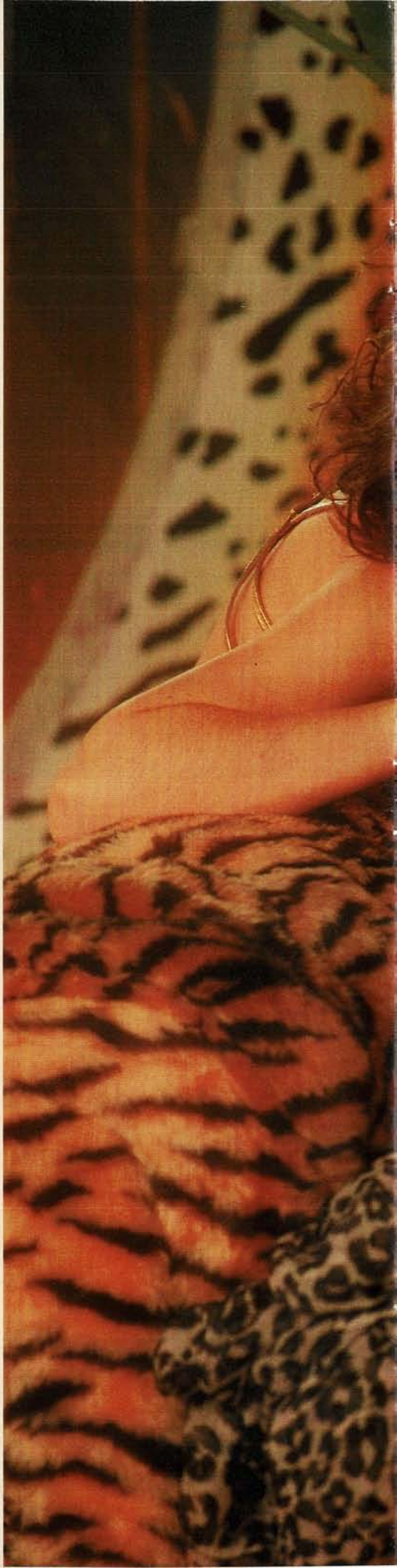
"Me ... please ..." begged Diana. "I've been thinking about your touch all day." Her words became a moan. "*Mmm*, don't stop."







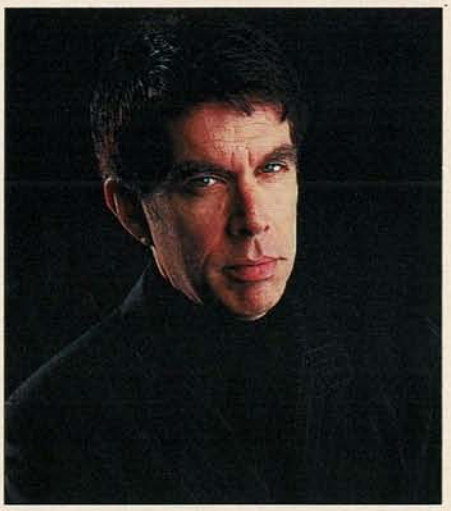




"Some felines have all the luck," observed Sasha, licking her lips while Diana ravished Sandrine's body with her tongue. Giving themselves up to the sexual feast, they tangled and moved as one, their passion finally giving way to the ultimate ecstasy.

THE CANCER EMPIRE STRIKES BACK

BY JEFF KAMEN



The author is working on a documentary film and book about hydrazine sulfate and invites your letters to Box 15600, Washington, D.C. 20003.

In America, the government says the drug is useless and blocks dying patients' access to it. In Russia, where the same American-developed drug, hydrazine sulfate, is approved for general use against even the worst cases of cancer, a new report says it saved the lives of 56 brain-tumor patients after all other treatments had utterly failed. "What," you are probably asking yourself, "is going *on* here?" The answer is simple. Americans are undergoing unnecessary pain, suffering, and death from the very same cancers that are being benefited in Russia. For instance, the kind of lymphatic cancer that killed Jacqueline Onassis has been treated successfully by hydrazine sulfate at the Petrov Research Institute of Oncology in St. Petersburg for more than ten years. But the U.S. National Cancer Institute's long campaign to discredit hydrazine sulfate has poisoned the minds of most American oncologists, so you can bet that when Mrs. Onassis came down with lymphoma, she received the best doctoring money can buy. That means she most surely would not have been given hydrazine sulfate—and a chance to live. It's not that her physicians would have consciously denied her the shot at life the drug offers; they wouldn't even have *considered* offering it to her because of the endless drumbeat of condemnation of this pioneering drug, which has come from the leaders of the N.C.I. since the late 1960s. Now that drumroll has reached a thundering crescendo.

Fourteen years after *Penthouse* first reported on the existence of the low-cost, highly effective, and safe anticancer agent, researchers working under grants from the N.C.I. (our federal government) have declared hydrazine sulfate ineffective. As a direct result, the government has made it impossible for physicians to obtain the drug for their patients through a compassionate-use program, which had been run by the Food and Drug Administration.

The N.C.I., the most powerful and prestigious cancer-research and treatment organization on earth, has just made public the results of three taxpayer-funded studies of the drug hydrazine sulfate, and it reports that the drug is inactive. "Three Stakes in Hydrazine Sulfate's Heart" gloats an editorial in the *Journal of Clinical Oncology*, which published the negative findings of the three Phase III clinical trials.

That would seem to be it—case closed. But while the Cancer Empire has struck back at hydrazine sulfate, the Empire itself—the National Cancer Institute—is under investigation precisely because of its handling of those supposedly fair and honest tests of the drug. The probe is being done by the U.S. General Accounting Office, the investigative arm of Congress, and full public hearings with sworn testimony loom as a possibility. Depending on how they answer investigators' questions, some N.C.I. officials could be doing research behind bars. The G.A.O.'s investigative team is made up of the same kind of people who work for the I.R.S.—perhaps not

very exciting, but irritatingly thorough and relentless.

While the G.A.O. investigators' timely concern is the Phase III clinical trials, their attention may likewise focus on the N.C.I.'s failure to pursue questions raised by the highly positive reports of the drug's success against many forms of cancer in Russia. Oncologists in Russia told me they could not understand why the N.C.I. has disregarded their wide-ranging and fully documented data. Unlike the Russians, American researchers have looked only at hydrazine sulfate's effects against cancers of the lung and colon. Moreover, when previous, smaller clinical trials were conducted at Harbor-U.C.L.A. Medical Center for over a decade in accordance with the standard protocol—excluding alcohol, tranquilizers, and sleeping pills—the drug worked the same way it did in Russia: It stopped the tumor-induced starvation in more than 50 percent of the patients receiving it and increased patients' survival.

When two geographically widely separated clinical trials using identical protocols, without any coordination between research teams, report essentially identical results, that is a highly regarded demonstration of the validity of the drug being tested. "It is impossible to give hydrazine sulfate together with alcohol, with ... sleeping pills, and so on," says Professor Michael Gershanovich, the chief of chemotherapy at the Petrov Institute and a member of both the Russian Academy of Sciences and the Russian equivalent of the F.D.A. So it was no small matter that the N.C.I.'s Phase III clinical trials violated the established protocol and failed to tell patients not to drink any alcohol and not to take any sleeping pills or tranquilizers.

For the record, animal-study results provided to the N.C.I. prior to the start of its three Phase III studies included this alarming information: When the tumor-bearing rats were given hydrazine sulfate together with widely used tranquilizers known as benzodiazepines, 100 percent of the rats went into *coma,* and 50 to 60 percent of them subsequently *died;* rats receiving either the hydrazine sulfate or the tranquilizers alone had neither of those frightening outcomes. Similar responses in human subjects could be predicted based upon those animal studies.

That documented information was passed on to all officials involved in directing the N.C.I.'s Phase III clinical trials of hydrazine sulfate. Nevertheless, it was the benzodiazepine tranquilizers that were given to many patients in the clinical trials. Dr. Michael Kosty, the principal investigator of the first of the N.C.I. studies, told me face-to-face that "Lorazepam"—a benzodiazepine—was the "major tranquilizer" used by the patients. But in his published report, Kosty makes no mention of Lorazepam and notes only that "virtually no patients received phenothiazine-type tranquilizers." That is like saying there were no signs of pinpricks in Nicole Simpson's body while ignoring the gaping wounds that killed her.

In Kosty's study of 266 patients, the supervising physicians also failed to warn patients away from alcohol. In the published study, they write: "Data regarding alcohol consumption were not routinely collected." It was therefore impossible to determine the degree to which this incompatible agent was used by patients in the study.

Two other issues of equal concern are the apparent use of advanced and hopelessly advanced cancer patients, and irregularities in statistical reporting. A physician associated with the huge North Central Cancer Treatment Group team, which conducted two of the three N.C.I. Phase III studies, is reported to have remarked that some of the patients in these studies "were so far-gone, they had one foot in the grave, the other on a banana peel." Late-stage patients are known to respond poorly to practically all treatments, and they are almost never used to evaluate a new therapy that could be of potential value to millions worldwide. Likewise, a careful reading of the Kosty study indicates that more than ten percent of the patients were late-stage, in violation of the published study protocol itself. Similarly, even a superficial reading of the statistical reporting in the three N.C.I. studies suggests the possible concealment of favorable results and an overall anti–hydrazine sulfate bias.

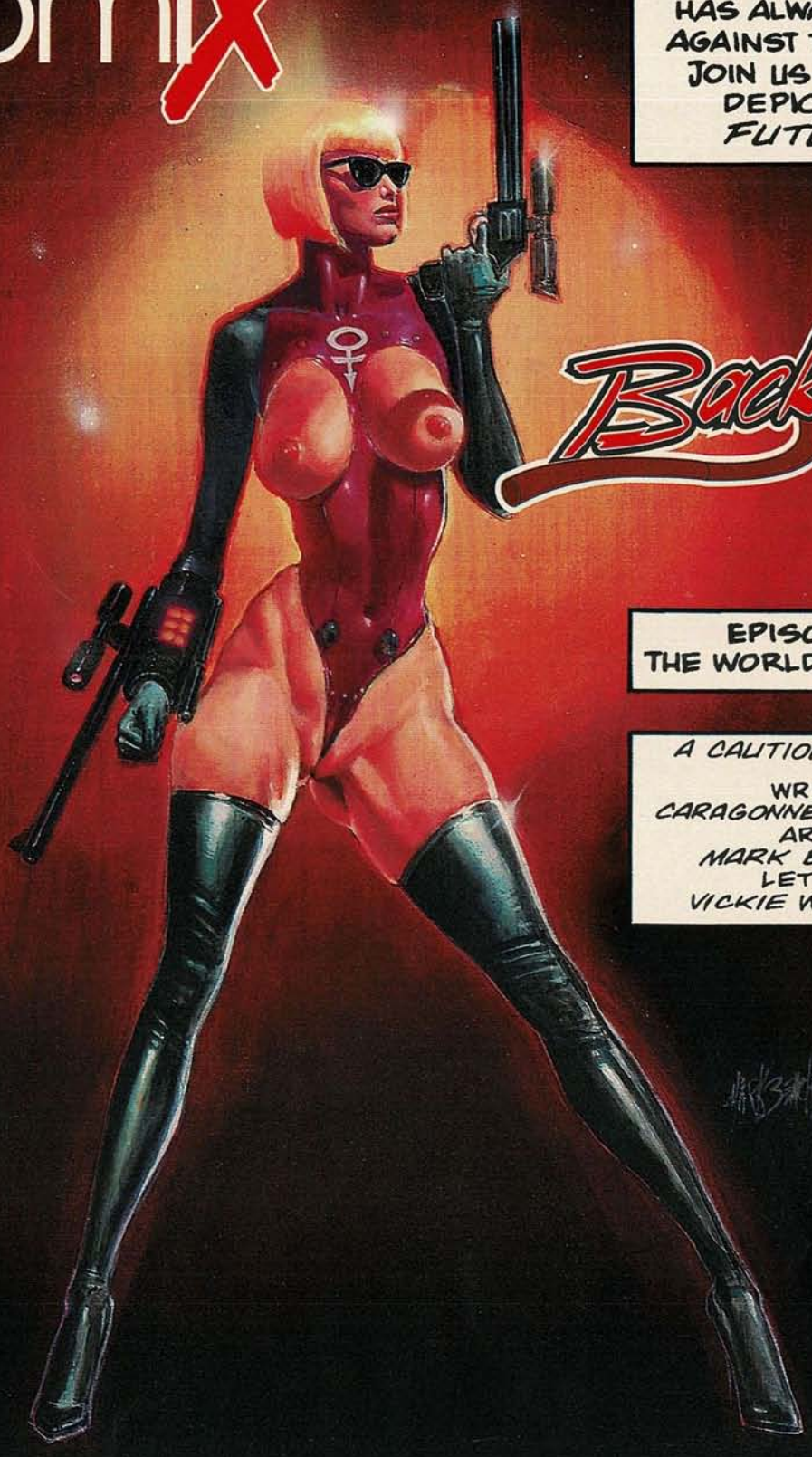
Last June I stated to G.A.O. investigators, "The use of benzodiazepine tranquilizers and the unrestricted use of alcohol in conjunction with hydrazine sulfate can account for the negative studies.... This outcome was predicted to the N.C.I. before the studies were commenced." Indeed, this outcome was predicted in my initial report in *Penthouse* last year, at which time I emphasized that the deck was stacked. And that the N.C.I. was dealing from the bottom.

The result of this continuing outrage is that patients suffer and die needlessly and prematurely. Hundreds of thousands in America alone are consigned to this fate annually. It is the direct fallout of a continuing N.C.I. policy to protect its turf—and save face for the cancer-establishment elite, who have been attempting to destroy this drug for the last 20 years.

What is clearly called for is an independent audit of all three N.C.I. Phase III clinical trials by a team of experienced and unbiased auditors—unconnected with the N.C.I. or its grantee institutions—who would examine all the case reports for patient response, use of incompatible agents, irregularities of study design and presentation, and outright fraud. In the meantime, you can help by asking your representatives in Washington to demand the F.D.A.'s immediate reinstatement of its compassionate-use program for hydrazine sulfate and to strengthen the ongoing G.A.O. investigation in every way possible with an eye toward full public hearings. Anything less only compounds the agony of cancer sufferers and their families around the world.

PENTHOUSE COMIX

THROUGHOUT HISTORY, ONE WOMAN HAS ALWAYS FOUGHT AGAINST THE MADNESS. JOIN US NOW AS WE DEPICT THE *FUTURE!*



Backlash

EPISODE 1: THE WORLD TOMORROW

A CAUTIONARY TALE BY:

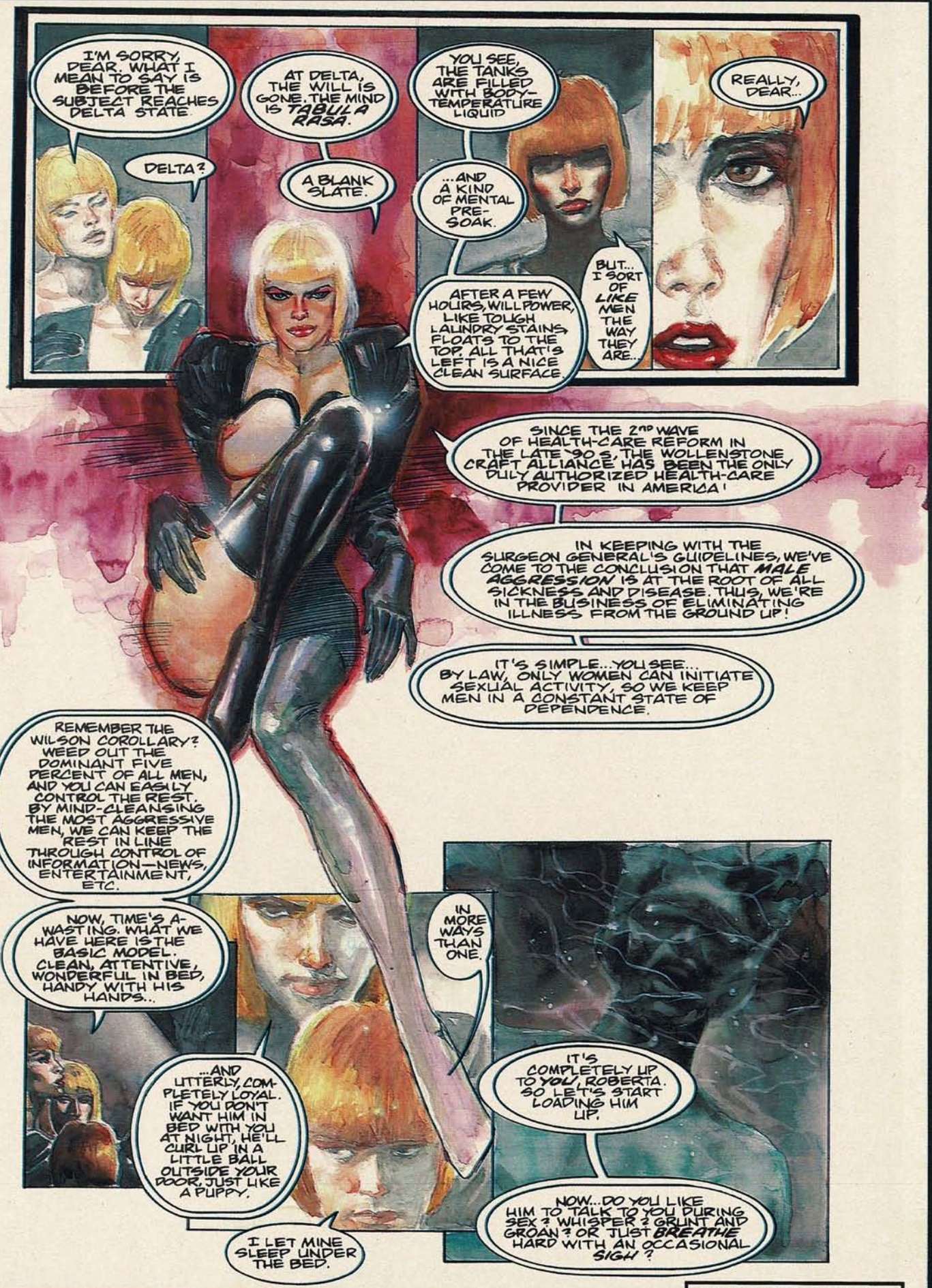
WRITERS:
CARAGONNE & THORNTON
ARTIST:
MARK BEACHUM
LETTERER:
VICKIE WILLIAMS

CLANK CLANK CLANK
PLOMP PLOMP PLOMP
I'VE HAD MY EYE ON YOU FOR SOME TIME NOW, ROBERTA. YOU'VE BEEN HERE AT THE WOLLENSTONE CRAFT ALLIANCE FOR HOW LONG?
SIX MONTHS, MS. ROSS.
PLEASE CALL ME SUBORNA. NOW THAT YOU'VE BEEN PROMOTED TO THE EXECUTIVE BOARD WE'RE GOING TO BE WORKING TOGETHER MORE CLOSELY...
...MUCH MORE CLOSELY.
WORKING DOWN IN THE STATISTICAL DEPARTMENT, YOU'VE PROBABLY HEARD ALL KINDS OF NASTY RUMORS THAT WE'RE ALL A BUNCH OF MAN-HATING LESBIANS UP HERE...
...BUT AS YOU CAN SEE, NOTHING COULD BE FURTHER FROM THE TRUTH!
...WE LOVE MEN!

HERE THEY ARE. AREN'T THEY BEAUTIFUL?
CAN THEY HEAR US?
WHAT DOES IT MATTER? COME.
ROBERTA!
SOON...
SIT.
YOU LIKE TO WATCH, DON'T YOU?
ARE WE READY, DYLA?
YES, MISTRESS SUBORNA.
WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU NERVOUS ABOUT?
I... DON'T KNOW.
WELL, RELAX.
I'M TRYING.

ALL RIGHT, DYLA. BRING UP THE SCANS ON I THROUGH III.
ISN'T SHE CUTE? I CAN'T WAIT TO--
NOW, ROBERTA, WHICH ONE OF THOSE THREE DID YOU LIKE? OR DO YOU WANT TO LOOK AT SOMEONE MORE...
...EXOTIC?
NO, I LIKED THE ONE IN THE MIDDLE.
BUSINESS FIRST, DYLA.
AH... PATRICK. UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU WANT US TO CHANGE IT?
PATRICK IS SUCH A NICE NAME WE NAMED ALL THE BLONDES AFTER PATRICIA KEELEY, THE FIRST VICE-PRESIDENTRESS.
SHE WAS A LOT OF FUN.
YOU SERVED THE VICE-PRESIDENT?
WHILE YOU FILL OUT A FEW SIMPLE FORMS, I'LL EXPLAIN HOW THIS WORKS.
FIRST OF ALL, WE MUST ASK FOR A PLEDGE OF COMPLETE SECRECY.
NOT SERVED, DEAR... SERVICED. AND YES, WE SERVICE EVERYONE.
ALL RIGHT.
NOT AN ORAL PLEDGE, DEAR. SIGN THE FIRST PAGE.
OH.
AREN'T YOU A DEAR? NOW, ROBERTA, YOU WILL SEE THAT THE SECOND PAGE IS SIGNED BY PATRICK, OR WHATEVER HIS NAME WAS AT THE TIME.
YOU MEAN HE VOLUNTEERED TO...?

BECOME A SEX-CARE PROVIDER? OF COURSE. SLAVERY WAS BANNED WITH ...ER...?
REMIND ME, DYLA. WHICH CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT WAS IT THAT BANNED SLAVERY?
UH, THE 67th?
NO, THAT WAS THE BAN ON USE OF WOMEN IN PORNOGRAPHY.
THE 59th?
NO...THAT WAS THE ONE THAT MADE SEXUAL HARASSMENT A CAPITAL CRIME. OH... IT DOESN'T MATTER.
ANYWAY, YES. THEY'RE ALL VOLUNTEERS. PERFECTLY LEGAL. JUST ASK ANY JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT AND SHE WILL AGREE ONE HUNDRED PERCENT. RIGHT, DYLA?
ISN'T IT HARD TO BELIEVE THAT A WOMAN AS BEAUTIFUL AS SUBORNA IS A LAWYER?
HOW SWEET!
I MUST SAY, LOVELY DYLA, THAT IF YOU ARE BUCKING FOR A RAISE, YOU ARE DOING A SPLENDID JOB.
GOOD. NOW THAT WE'VE LICKED THAT PROBLEM, LET'S START PROGRAMMING, DYLA.
OH, YES. WE'LL NEED YOU TO SIGN PAGES THREE, FIVE, AND...
...SIXTY-NINE.
OKAY...
WE'RE NOT GOING TO HURT HIM, ARE WE?
OF COURSE NOT, DEAR. THERE ARE NO NERVES IN THE BRAIN.
BUT WON'T HE FIGHT WHAT WE PUT INTO HIM? I MEAN, IF HE WASN'T LIKE THAT BEFORE?
ANYWAY, WHAT HAPPENS VERY SIMPLY IS THIS: THE MAN SIGNS AWAY HIS RIGHTS...
THEN WE DIET HIM DOWN, SURGICALLY FIX ANY ANNOYING LITTLE GLITCHES.
THEN WE PLOP HIM IN THE TANK. A NORMAL MALE TAKES ABOUT 16 TO 18 HOURS TO CRACK.


I'M SORRY, DEAR. WHAT I MEAN TO SAY IS BEFORE THE SUBJECT REACHES DELTA STATE.
DELTA?
AT DELTA, THE WILL IS GONE. THE MIND IS TABULA RASA.
A BLANK SLATE.
YOU SEE, THE TANKS ARE FILLED WITH BODY-TEMPERATURE LIQUID
...AND A KIND OF MENTAL PRE-SOAK.
AFTER A FEW HOURS, WILL POWER, LIKE TOUGH LAUNDRY STAINS, FLOATS TO THE TOP. ALL THAT'S LEFT IS A NICE CLEAN SURFACE.
BUT... I SORT OF LIKE MEN THE WAY THEY ARE...
REALLY, DEAR...
SINCE THE 2ND WAVE OF HEALTH-CARE REFORM IN THE LATE '90S, THE WOLLENSTONE CRAFT ALLIANCE HAS BEEN THE ONLY DULY AUTHORIZED HEALTH-CARE PROVIDER IN AMERICA!
IN KEEPING WITH THE SURGEON GENERAL'S GUIDELINES, WE'VE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT MALE AGGRESSION IS AT THE ROOT OF ALL SICKNESS AND DISEASE. THUS, WE'RE IN THE BUSINESS OF ELIMINATING ILLNESS FROM THE GROUND UP!
IT'S SIMPLE... YOU SEE... BY LAW, ONLY WOMEN CAN INITIATE SEXUAL ACTIVITY, SO WE KEEP MEN IN A CONSTANT STATE OF DEPENDENCE.
REMEMBER THE WILSON COROLLARY? WEED OUT THE DOMINANT FIVE PERCENT OF ALL MEN, AND YOU CAN EASILY CONTROL THE REST. BY MIND-CLEANSING THE MOST AGGRESSIVE MEN, WE CAN KEEP THE REST IN LINE THROUGH CONTROL OF INFORMATION—NEWS, ENTERTAINMENT, ETC.
NOW, TIME'S A-WASTING. WHAT WE HAVE HERE IS THE BASIC MODEL. CLEAN, ATTENTIVE, WONDERFUL IN BED, HANDY WITH HIS HANDS...
...AND UTTERLY, COMPLETELY LOYAL. IF YOU DON'T WANT HIM IN BED WITH YOU AT NIGHT, HE'LL CURL UP IN A LITTLE BALL OUTSIDE YOUR DOOR, JUST LIKE A PUPPY.
I LET MINE SLEEP UNDER THE BED.
IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE.
IT'S COMPLETELY UP TO YOU, ROBERTA. SO LET'S START LOADING HIM UP.
NOW... DO YOU LIKE HIM TO TALK TO YOU DURING SEX? WHISPER? GRUNT AND GROAN? OR JUST BREATHE HARD WITH AN OCCASIONAL SIGH?

TO BE CONTINUED

SACRED PR

Christianity gave Eros poison to drink; he did not die of it, but degenerated

My lover just bought a sex encyclopedia published in 1935, the kind of volume that begins with a scholarly introduction and then proceeds to define all sorts of sex-related words and phrases. Among the definitions, some archaic and amusing and some quite up-to-date, we found some interesting things. Under *prostitution* the author wrote, "The history of prostitution is an exceedingly long and checkered one, reaching back, in fact, beyond history itself, its origin being lost in dimmest antiquity. It is not by any means, as moralists sometimes imply, a phenomenon peculiar to our own degenerate times; rather, it is likely of lesser extent today than in former times. We find it referred to in the Old Testament as an extremely widespread and very ancient institution."

This entry was followed by another. *Prostitution, sacred, religious, or temple:* "A form of prostitution important in pagan antiquity, in which sexual pleasures and intercourse formed part of the cult of certain gods and goddesses, whose worship entailed sensual gratification, the surrender of bodily chastity, and the like. This could take many different forms: The priestesses of the temple could be prostitutes and always available for ardent worshipers, the fees from the commerce going into the temple's coffers; or the creed could require (as Herodotus tells of the Babylonian law) that each woman go once in her lifetime to sit before the temple ... and there remain until some stranger chose her for coition, first throwing silver on her knees...."

My "ardent worshipers" and I have no temple today in which to perform a dance that sometimes seems more profane than sacred. In a culture that does not worship the Goddess any longer, these are degenerate times indeed, but not because a once holy act is still being negotiated in hotel suites, in massage parlors, on city streets. In fact, if prostitution is ever eradicated, it will be a signal that Christianity's murder of Eros is complete, the Goddess's rule completely overturned. Perhaps most prostitutes today are unaware that their profession has a sacred history, and doubtless, most clients would define what they do with us as something other than worship. But I believe that an echo of the old relationship, when he was the seeker and she was the source, is still present when money changes hands today.

I tell my own story to explore the ancient resonance within modern prostitution, and to encourage others to consider the profession in a way that departs from the stereotypes fed us by Hollywood movies, morals crusaders, and "Miami Vice."

I was called to the oldest calling five years ago, and it was quite unexpected. I did not seek prostitution out, although I can remember fantasizing about being a prostitute when I was younger. Some of my earliest sexual reveries involved being paid to do sexual things with a shadowy stranger of a man. But by the time my adult sexual persona was taking shape, late in adolescence, I had put those fantasies away. Influenced by feminism, I would probably have said that women should have the right to do what they wished with their bodies, but that selling them was degrading.

It is a source of great wonder to me today, having lived the knowledge (or perhaps I should say *a knowledge*) of prostitution in my body, that the intellectual resources of feminism, its powerful theory, should shore up conservative Christianity's position on this question. The two worldviews have in common a reluctance to listen to the voices of women who do *not* experience sexwork as degrading. I began to believe when I was quite young that Christianity was no friend to an emerging, adventurous sexuality. Later I read some history that backed up my intuitive judgment. (There are millennia-old reasons for Christianity's sex antipathy; I'll explore some of them below.)

My feminist-influenced beliefs about prostitution were

OSTITUTES

into a vice.— Nietzsche

Article by Carol Queen

shaken when, as part of my graduate study in sexology, I began to meet perfectly intelligent women who had much more complex things to say about their lives as prostitutes than I would have expected. It was only this that prepared me for an offer from a new friend when I was in a period of transition, leaving a relationship with no clear idea what I would do next.

"You've got to get your own apartment!" she said. (I was staying with friends while I pondered my next step.)

"I can't afford one yet," I told her. I'd been going to school, and my savings were low.

"That's ridiculous! You can afford anything you want! Money's not hard to get. You should do what *I* do!"

I was truly puzzled. I thought she was a counselor. That's what it said on her card.

"No, silly! I'm a prostitute!"

Like the mature and well-spoken women who'd discussed their lives as call girls in front of a college class, my friend Sally was not your typical whore. I had no idea she spent her days having sex for money in the sunny apartment in which we were having coffee and this conversation. At that point I also had no idea that the "typical whore"—that imaginary creature—does not exist.

Sally disabused me of some of my notions about what it must be like to make a living having sex with strangers. It could be quite a living, for one thing; $150 to $200 a session was the going rate for women in her circle. I would not have to do anything I didn't want to do with a client; I would be in full control, including setting my own standards of safe sex. If a client and I got along, he would likely call me over and over—making even my idea that prostitution involved having sex with

"I tell my story to encourage others to consider the profession in a way that departs from stereotypes."

"strangers" only partly true. Most women she knew, Sally said, relied on these "regulars" for both financial comfort and a sense of continuity. And she laughed at my questions about the men who dropped such large sums for an hour or so of company—why did they need to visit whores?

"You won't believe some of the men," she said.

I decided to take Sally up on her offer to introduce me to a couple of madams she knew and worked with. If they liked me, I could get referrals from them, and they would start me out with clients they knew well, so they could tell me what to expect with each one. True, I knew I could use the money. But more than that, I was intrigued. What better way to learn what prostitution was all about than to try it? I resolved that I would continue only if my first few forays felt comfortable and that I would only agree to see a client if I could feel connected to him in some way, through arousal or a more ineffable sense of fellowship.

I spoke to friends about my decision. My sexual journey had already led me to spend a decade in the lesbian and gay community, and I applied its politics of "coming out," disclosing my apart-from-the-norm sexual identity as instinctively with prostitution as I did as a lesbian or a bisexual. How else, if people don't come out, can a person with no experience of a particular sexuality—especially given the raging proliferation of stereotypes—come to understand why others prefer or behave differently? (It is in this spirit, too, that I write this essay—because I have a store of information and a perspective that many others do not, and because, unlike many whores, I do not live my life in secret.)

Some of my friends were shocked and upset. Some gave me support, however hesitant. I found I could not predict how a friend would react to the news. One woman has not spoken to me since. One, a phone-fantasy worker herself, went into a lather because I would be having actual contact with my clients—to her, talk was fine, but touch was unacceptable. One friend, a lesbian who'd never had enjoyable sex with a man, was unconditional in her respect for my decision. The most important disclosure—to my brand-new lover—led to a conversation in which he revealed that *he* had had sex for money a few times when he was younger.

My two madams could not have been more different. One was a mature woman with a family to support. The other was younger than I and, aside from running a tight business ship, was a party girl who seemed to have every well-to-do man in the Bay Area in her Rolodex. The only thing the two seemed to have in common, in fact, was their bulging phone books. Each took a commission of 25 to 35 percent when she made a match between client and prostitute. Both of them also still saw clients themselves.

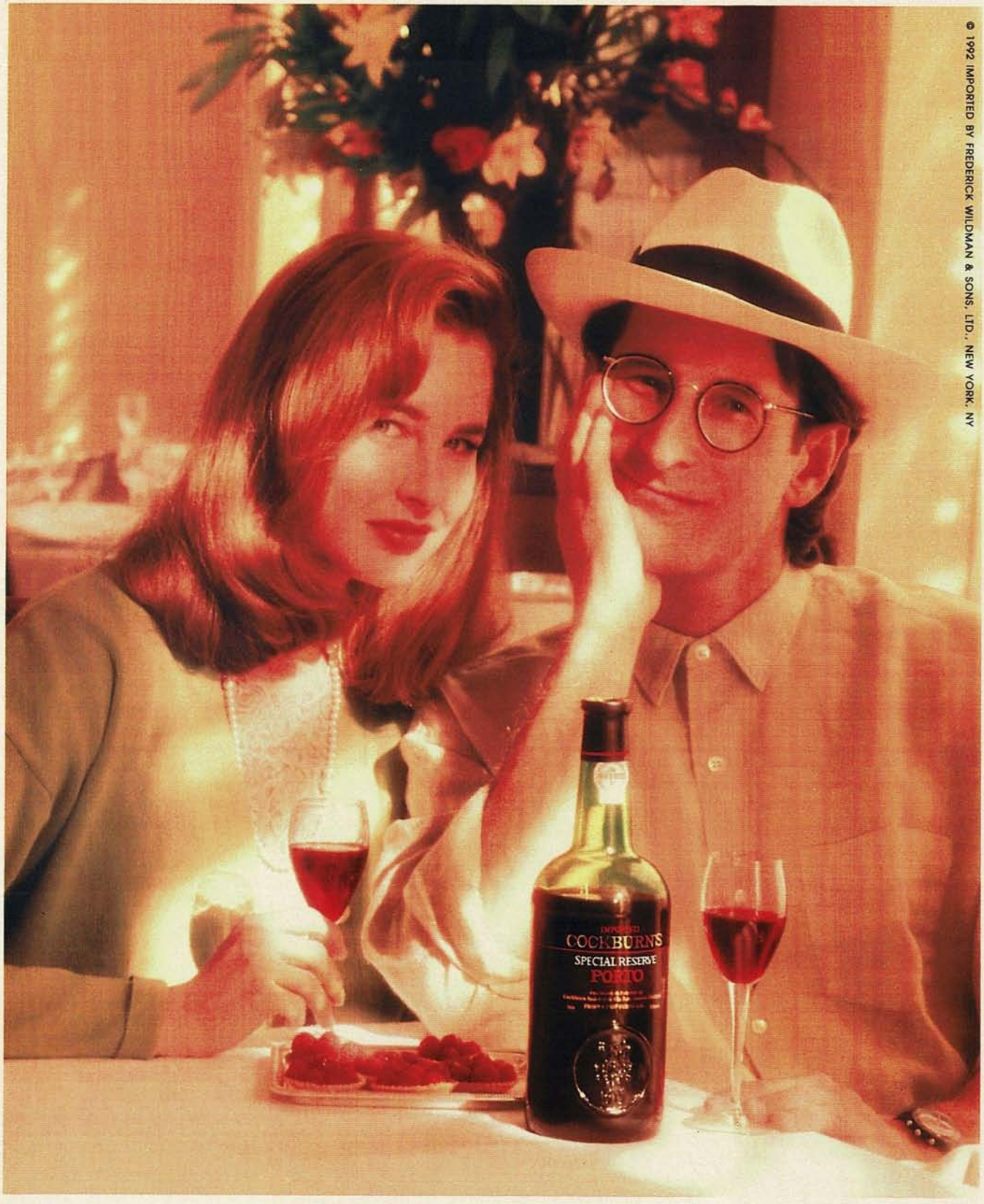
Another quality I saw they shared after I had been working with them for some time was this: Unlike some of the women who worked for them, neither ever expressed contempt for their clients or any sort of revulsion about the men's sexual desires. This surely contributed to their success as madams, but more than that, I see it as one trait of the sexual priestess who accepts all who come to her. These women oversee what is left of the temples, the ruins that are our legacy from a time when desire could be venerated by religion. Some of our folk heroes in America are madams—I am thinking especially of Sally Stanford, the Sausalito madam-turned-mayor, and some of the women of the Wild West, who could wield great influence at a time and a place when morality depended on a different set of criteria than was enforced back East. Perhaps madams, with what seems like unconditional acceptance, represent a sort of sexualized motherly love. I find it ironic, given the way madams hearken back to the times of the erotic priestesses, that they are prosecuted much more harshly than ordinary prostitutes when they are caught. In California the prostitute's first arrest is a misdemeanor charge, but the madam faces a felony conviction. Perhaps this is the legacy of Judeo-Christian law, with its emphasis on bringing down those who possess Goddess-given power. It also serves to prevent the temples of priestesses from forming again.

My first client was an older man who lived alone. His sexual response was very dependent on fantasy. I would have to be talkative.

A wealthy, urbane grandfather answered the door when I rang the bell. I was as nervous as a cat, but he assured me that I must know much more about sex than he did—I was studying it, after all, and he had just stumbled through his whole life. He had been a widower for years, but his wife was more present to him as we went to his bedroom than the very much alive spouses of almost every subsequent client I have had: He wanted to talk about her as we had sex.

He told me not to bother touching his cock; he hadn't gotten an erection in years. "I'm just too old for that," he said. "I'm as limp as that flag out there." He gestured to a banner hanging outside, still in the windless night air. But he masturbated vigorously, working his soft cock so rapidly his hand was a blur, and I held him while he did, and we made up a story.

"My wife—you would have loved her. She was a luscious woman. All curves. Her tits were this big." He held his hands



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Sunday, 3:30 pm., Hudson & Harrison Sts., N.Y.C. The choice isn't coffee.

COCKBURN'S PORT

Not just after dinner, after all.

out, cantaloupe-size breasts with his palms curved around them. "You like that, don't you? She loved sex. We used to do it every day. If you saw her in the market, you would definitely notice her. What would you do if you saw a woman like that?"

"Oh, yes." I tried to catch the wave of his thoughts. "She's too beautiful not to notice! I love women who are older than me. I'd round the corner in the market near my house and see her—it would make me catch my breath! But I don't know how to approach strangers in public. I would hope that she noticed me, too. I would look over my shoulder every few minutes to see if she was still near me. I would try to discover something about her by looking at the things she bought."

"She is only there to look for someone like you. She had a powerful appetite, my wife. She has noticed you and is following you around the market. She is very bold, not shy like you are. She will probably follow you home."

"I'm not expecting anyone—when the doorbell rings, it startles me! I look through the peephole, and there she is, that beautiful woman from the market! My heart is pounding when I let her in. What does she want?"

"She wants you! She wants to make love to you! Ohhh ..."

The old man was so close to orgasm. He could not possibly need me to have this fantasy—he probably put himself to sleep with it every night. My role must be to witness this desire that lived years after the desired one died, and to confirm it, to add a note of unpredictability to his fantasy.

"She doesn't say a word to me—she just reaches out and pulls me to her! She begins to kiss me, and my head is spinning. She takes my hands and puts them on her breasts—I know she must mean she wants me to squeeze them. My God, they're so big and luscious...."

"Ohhh ..."

"I don't know what's happening to me! It's like I'm possessed! I am scrambling to get my hands under her shirt—I have to touch those breasts! God, they're so full and soft.... I can't help myself.... She has such a powerful effect on me.... I am sucking her nipples now, oh, they're so big and sweet, I have to suck your wife's lovely breast...."

"Ohh ... oh ... oh ... ohhh!" His body, still in my arms, shook as he came. But as soon as his orgasm was over, he scurried to the bathroom to wash the ejaculate off his hands. I lay in his big bed, looking at the pictures of his grandchildren on the bureau and thinking that nothing I thought I knew about men's sexuality had prepared me for the experience I'd just had.

He came out wrapped in a big white robe that, as it turned out, had two $100 bills tucked into the pocket. He slipped these to me as he kissed my cheek and warned me to be safe getting home. "You're a sweet girl," he said.

Working with sex in a field in which most of my clients are men has meant to me, above all, that I could challenge my own stereotypes about male sexuality. The old widower was not the only client whose eroticism depended on the realm of fantasy, nor was he the only client I've had who did not touch my pussy. I thought that as a prostitute I would professionally suck and fuck, but I have also cross-dressed clients, masturbated in front of them so they could watch me ejaculate in a musky little rainstorm, played with their nipples and asses. I have also had clients who insisted on thinking of me as their lover, whose connection with sex was incomplete without a "real" relationship—even if it, too, was fantasy.

I was deeply affected by that first client, and, in fact, I felt very privileged to be with someone who had discovered a way to so uniquely mold sexual energy to his needs. Of course, not every subsequent client had this capacity. Many saw sex the way I'd thought most men did—a little sucking, a little fucking, a little breast fondling along the way, and they seemed perfectly satisfied that they had gotten their money's worth. I don't mean to imply that there is anything wrong with meat-and-potatoes sex—I had a great time with many of these clients—but I especially liked working with the ones whose sexual interests were more complicated. These were the men whom many other prostitutes didn't understand, and sometimes found unacceptably "kinky."

I came to believe that the men who were my clients—mostly "yuppies and their dads," as I usually describe them—were paying for sex *not* because they couldn't get it any other way, as I had assumed before I met them. After all, most of them—I'd guess 90 percent or more—were married or partnered. Rather, the men, mostly successful businessmen, paid for sex because it was more convenient to do so than to find partners any other way, and because extracurricular sex with prostitutes didn't carry as much risk to their marriage as taking a mistress might.

I also had the feeling that most of the "kinky" clients had a different kind of sex with me than they had at home. While the other guys were basically looking for erotic variety, the fetishistic men were coming to me to get sexual needs met that were secret, saved for these forays into the sexual underworld that took the pressure off, that let them go back home without having to try to involve their wives in sexual negotiations for preferences the husbands were hesitant to admit.

I knew about the history of the sacred priestess whores before I began whoring, and I came to feel a very real resonance with this archetype as I collected more diverse experiences with clients. In antiquity, the temple whores let worshipers experience, on a body level, the compassionate, passionate Goddess; was that not what I was doing, albeit in a context without overt spiritual meaning? But it *does* have spiritual meaning to me. I have been involved in Wicce's ritualistic Goddess worship for many years; it is the only Western religion whose deity says, "All acts of love and pleasure are My rituals." Wicce has some of its roots in more ancient Goddess-worshiping religions, which made sex a powerful sacrament. The Christians have misnamed these "fertility cults," gutting their religious significance and altering their real meaning.

WE ARE DOING THE GODDESS'S WORK IN A CULTURE THAT WOULD STILL LIKE TO LABEL IT THE DEVIL'S. IT IS NOT LEGAL; IT IS STIGMATIZED.

When a client comes to me, he brings need of a kind he often cannot articulate. His need for acceptance and nurturance is intermingled with erotic longing. At first I was surprised to open the door to men I had never met before and find that they were already erect, but now I see this as a body understanding on the client's part that his desire will be accepted and affirmed. He does not feel desire for a particular person, but the sort of desire, I am certain, that ardent worshipers brought to the temples—desire to connect, to know eroticism as powerful and good. Today, unless he is a pagan or a Tantrist, he probably does not have the language to acknowledge his desire to go to the Goddess's arms, but something archetypal is happening in him nonetheless.

And something archetypal is certainly happening to me as I invite him in. I work in my home; it and my body are my temples. The act of prostitution, no matter which specific sexual act I perform, has a ritualism about it: I dress, choosing clothes that convey a sense of eroticism; I bathe when the man has gone, the money he leaves behind proof that our relationship, and our relations, are of a specialized kind. I know he will not

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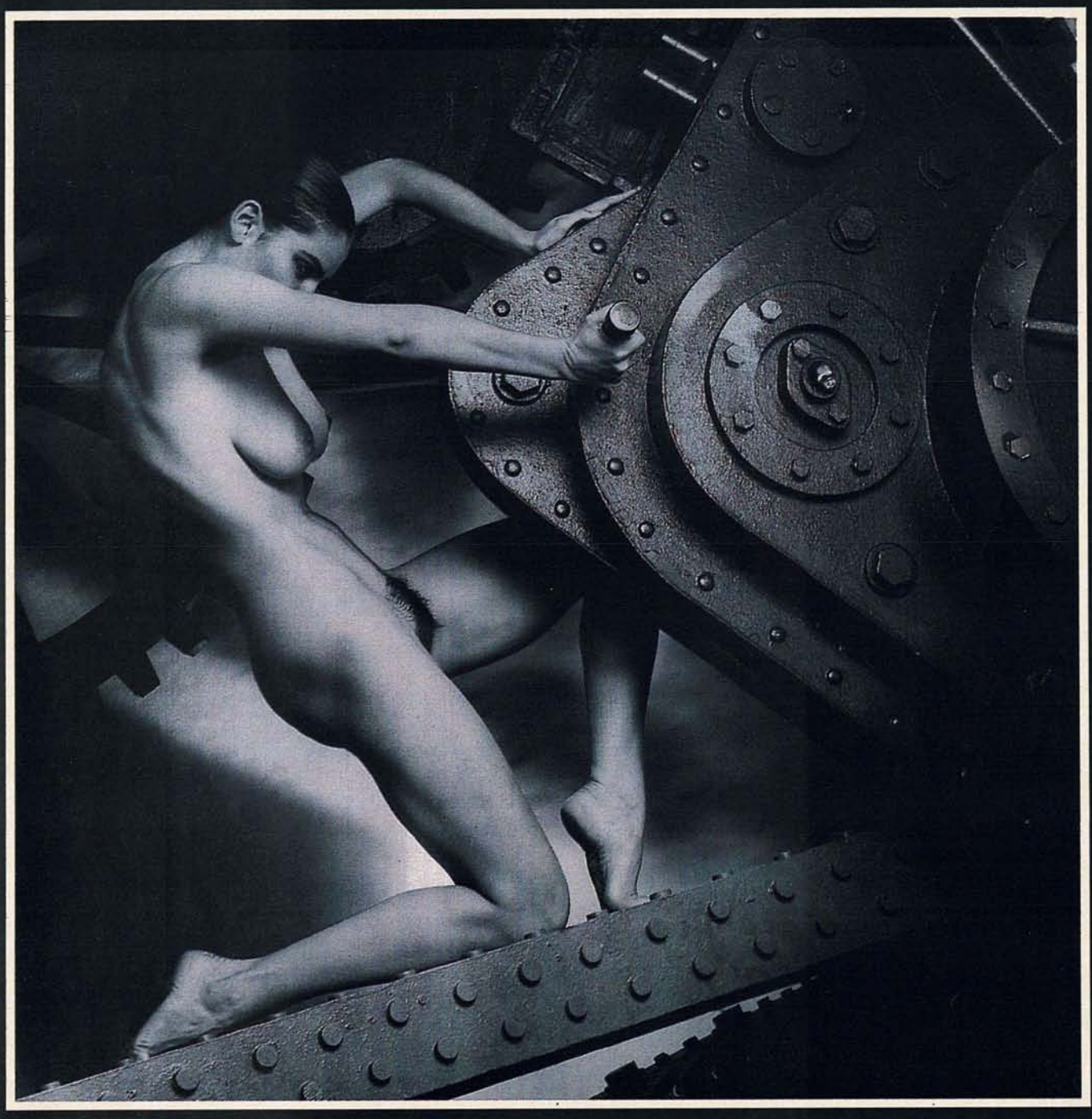
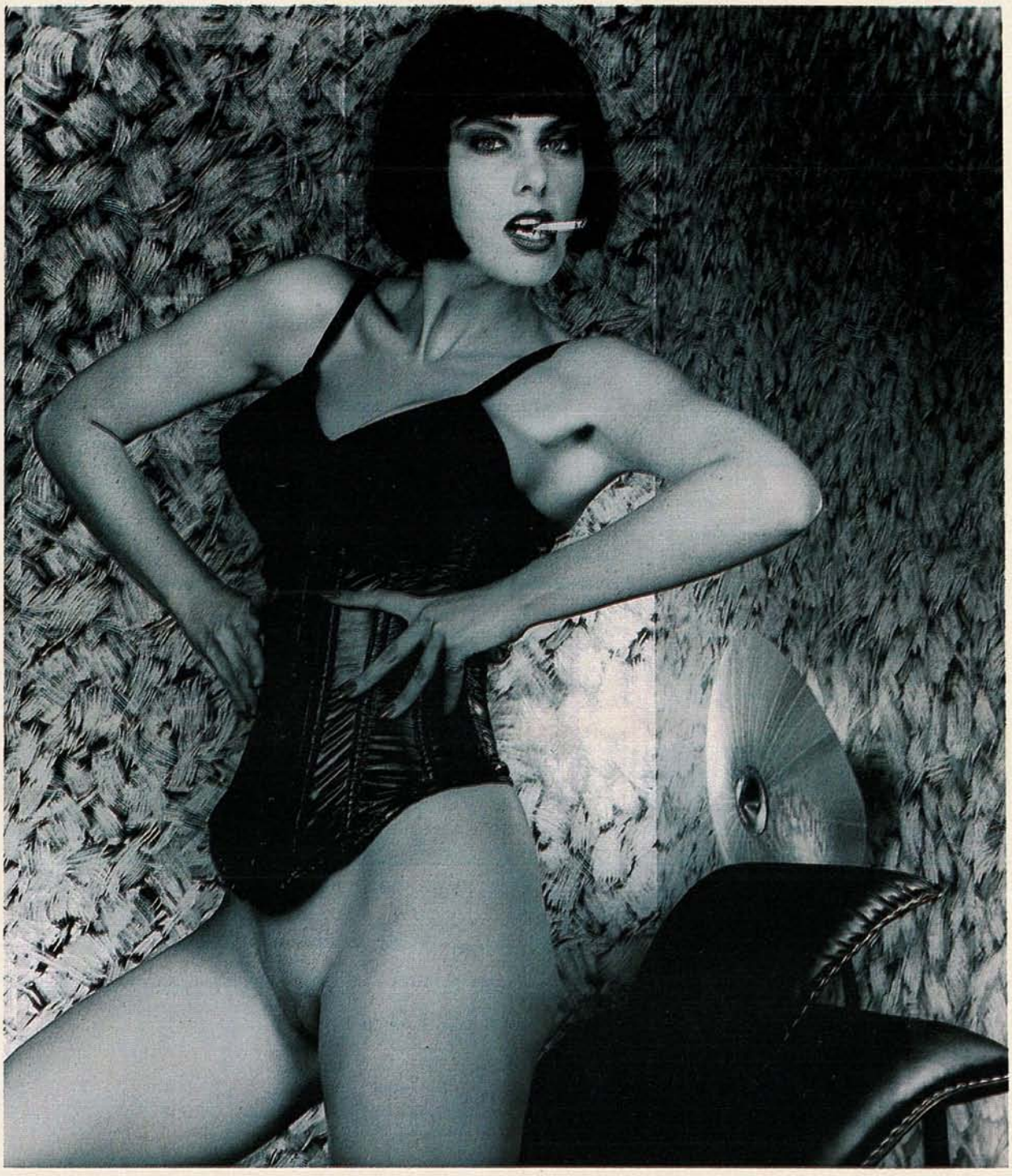


GÜNTER BLUM

Nothing is more laden with controversy and hysteria than the direct representation of the naked female body," says Günter Blum. Since forsaking his original craft, illustration, in the mid-eighties and turning to photography, the German-born artist has indeed been causing a stir with his erotically charged work. Blum's perception and portrayal of the female form differs quite significantly from the mass-marketed fashion-magazine approach to sexuality commonly seen throughout the past decade. The women in his photographs are portrayed not as vulnerable objects of desire, but as powerful and disarming figures. Their physical presence is more than enhanced by the vision behind the creations, as in this striking variation on Lewis Hine's classic 1921 photograph "Steamfitter."

Blum creates the fantasy, but his models control it. Sinewy muscles are draped in or on a myriad of weapons. Spikes, rubber, leather, and steel are creative props in his world of voyeuristic fetishism.



"The background of each photograph
is designed to portray an illusion, like in a movie,"
says Blum. "I take the world outside my
studio and build it like I would want to have it."

The models are also chosen to suit Blum's preconceived image of the planned photograph, but, he says, "I like to photograph women who have personality, self-confidence, and strength."

Blum skillfully combines textures, light, and shadow to extend the accents of body against machine. The slender but muscular female form—an ideal of the European classical era—always dominates the technical setting.

Blum's vision is undaunted by the criticism leveled at nude photography. With his work, he explains, "it isn't trivial lasciviousness, but the naked geometry of sensuality that gives erotic signals. This is the female body as myth and passion."

"The most important thing is the aura," he adds. "Not showing everything, but leaving space for fantasy and awakening new dimensions of provocation and eroticism."

RIGHT STUFF

POWER UP!

BY GERARD VAN DER LEUN

THE MIND
If you've been waiting for a home computer–multimedia system that does it all, the wait is over. The Spectria from Packard Bell is the first complete home-information "appliance." Ready to go when you plug it in, the Spectria is a computer, multimedia player, television, answering machine, fax machine, FM radio, and stereo CD player in one unit. Its sleek, modern design will make you forget you're working at a computer. You'll think you're in touch with the better parts of your mind almost all the time. It's the first item that approaches the dream of the computer as a "magic box." When you think about it, this box *is* magic. By the way, tons of software are included, installed and ready to run.

WRITE ON!
Combining Newton technology with the popular Wizard electronic organizer, the wizards at Sharp have come up with the OZ-9500, which lets you write information into the Wizard and then get it back just by touching the screen. This, without sacrificing the traditional Wizard features of word processing, address book, and date book. In addition, it has built-in fax modem software for communicating at any distance. Just the thing for the infomaniac on the move.

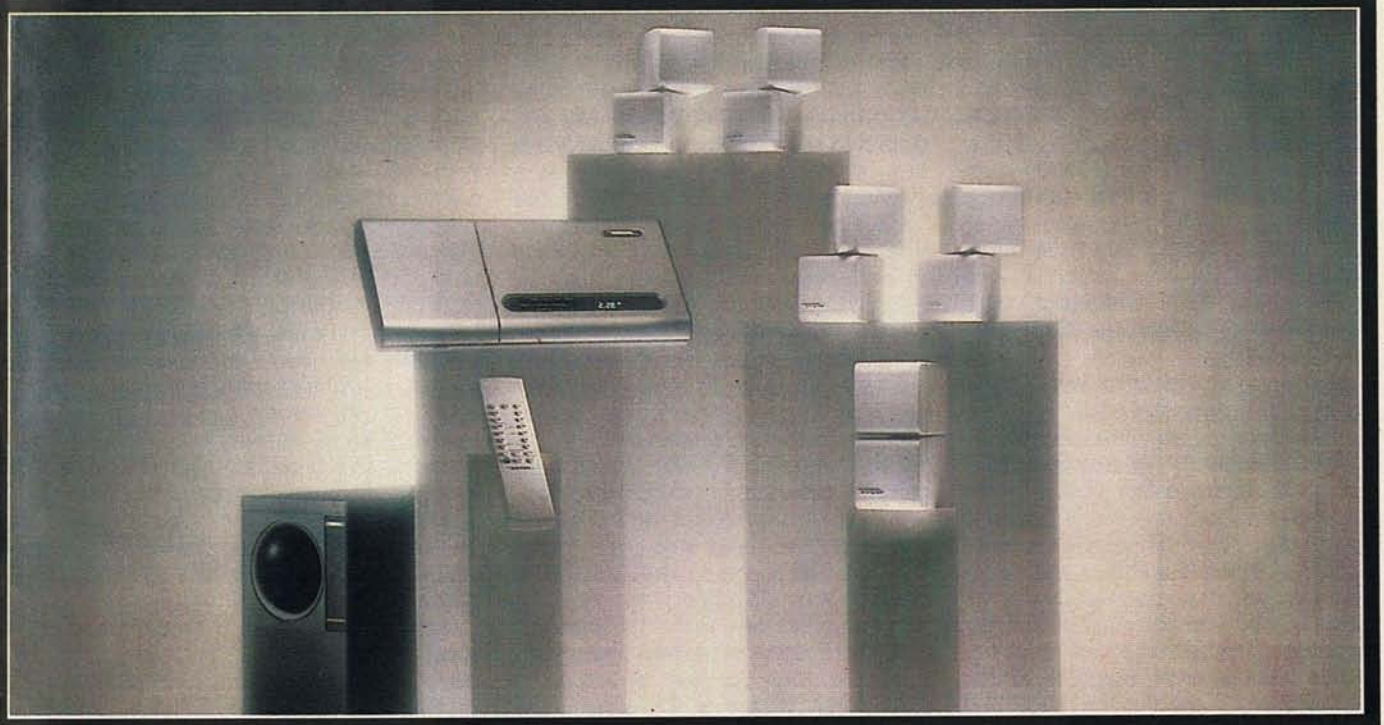
THE RETURN OF THE LP
Now all the music you own plays on one mini-unit. Don't throw out those old LPs you cherish, play them along with compact discs and tape cassettes on the new SCM7450 system from Samsung. This advanced unit also includes an AM/FM tuner, making it one of the most total music machines you can buy.

CHECK IT OUT

Panasonic's out this fall with a handy machine that prints your checks and balances your account at the same time. The Check Printing Accountant allows you to print checks with the payee's name, the amount, and the date (you *do* have to sign them), as well as keep track of your account at the same time. In addition, the unit will track credit card transactions and keep a personal telephone directory. Accessories allow it to communicate with your computer as well. Just about as big as a check, and much more powerful.

THE SYSTEM

The Systemax by JVC may well be the ultimate system for home-video fanatics. The breakthrough, flat unit combines a VCR, a videocamera, and a TV (with an optional tuner) to give you everything you could want for home video. Unlike a camcorder, the shape of the Systemax is most like a snapshot camera. You look like you're taking stills, but you are actually making a video. In addition, the Systemax's Color LCD Swing Monitor lets you see a playback of what you've taken or view another tape entirely. Hook the unit up to a tuner, and you can bring in broadcast or cable television.



SHOW TIME

Weighing in at around $2,200, the Bose Lifestyle 12 Home Theater System is one of the least expensive and most highly styled systems for turning your home into an entertainment showplace. The Lifestyle 12 is compact yet powerful, with a central unit that—as a music center—gives you a CD player, AM/FM tuner, full remote, and all the computerized electronics you need to run other program sources, such as video, along with powered speakers in a number of rooms. Add five matched double-cube speaker arrays by Bose, and you have stunning sound all around your home.

SACRED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

stay for dinner, and he is not my lover, though love—and not just physical love—passes between me and my clients very routinely. If he is a stranger, I treat him as if we have known each other always. The ways in which our interactions are circumscribed—even by our use of condoms and other forms of safe sex—give them a particular intensity.

I need not have worried about whether I would feel arousal or fellowship with my clients. I have never turned a man away, though I am sure I would if my intuition told me it was best. "Money is the best aphrodisiac!" some whores profess, and there is something to that, but for me the sexual energy comes as if unbidden, because I am in sexual and spiritual space.

I don't mean to make prostitution, even done with spiritual meaning, sound effortless. We are doing the Goddess's work in a culture that would still like to label it the devil's, after all. It is not legal; it is stigmatized. I had almost grown brave enough to write my mother a letter telling her about my life in the Life (as the street whores call it) when she died, making the conversation unnecessary but the absence of it particularly resonant. Sex was a nemesis in her life—probably the way it is for many of my clients' wives. She had never found a way to make it enjoyable, much less sacred. Everything in her life—except, I guess, my father—supported her in this antipathy. I will always wonder whether anything about my so very different path might have illuminated her experience in a new way. And I wonder, too, if our relationship would have survived her probable horror at my choices.

Many of my clients have been scarred by a pervasive negative view—so influenced by an unfriendly, conservative Christianity—of sex and pleasure. Not every client comes to me joyful or even leaves joyful. In fact, with many men I see the curtain descend right after orgasm, and their open emotions close, their countenances go blank. Some are bitter about women, about sex. Their schizophrenic upbringing as men, after all, taught them that sex was wrong and that they should be able to have all of it they wanted. They are engaged in a hurtful dance with women that is powered by resentment and prolonged by their (and their women's) inability to communicate successfully about the forbidden and the intimate. I feel this hurt and this bitterness and can do nothing but aim above it; only sometimes do I feel that I succeed. Other men are sure that their behavior is wrong, and it takes all the Goddess's love—and all my energy—to provide a safe place for unsullied desire to emerge.

I know in my soul that it is cultural handicaps like these, worn like wounds, that lead some men to violence against prostitutes. I have lived the Life safely for many reasons: I do not live in my body like a victim, I am educated and not lower class, and my clients come to me through someone else's referral, so they have been screened. But I recognize sometimes the frustration about sex and desire that would, under other circumstances, burst out fiercely.

So many sexual possibilities are not taught or acknowledged in this culture. Miraculously, some people's forbidden desires grow and flower despite all attempts to stunt them. The wisdom of the sadomasochist community—that virtually anything can be done consensually and with a high degree of safety—is silenced, except in that community's own little enclaves. We use sex and desire to sell everything from odorless armpits to cars, yet treating sex as a service commodity is forbidden, the service providers branded as criminals. In fact, we barely treat sex as something to learn about, a set of skills, a knowledge base. Attempts made to educate people, especially young ones, about birth control and safe sex are attacked.

I BELIEVE THAT SEX IS SACRED AND HEALING. THIS IDEA PERVADES MY WORK AS A PROSTITUTE, AND THIS VANTAGE POINT OFTEN STARTLES PEOPLE.

There was a time when the priestesses in the temple performed sexual initiations and sexual instruction. In the Tantric temples of India, worshipers came to circle the priestess and priest, embodiments of Shakti and Siva, as they fucked—and this was holy! Children brought to the temple to observe this understood as they grew that sex could take them to a place of loss-of-self, unity-with-all enlightenment.

Anthropology teaches us that each culture has its taboos, and often if we study the social structures of a culture, we understand why its taboos developed. The temples in which the Goddess was revered came under attack because the religion they represented was under siege: The Bible means it very literally when it blasts "the Whore of Babylon," but it does not teach that she was a *sacred* whore, a priestess. Preceding earliest Judeo-Christian history, the Goddess reigned for eons. In her book *When God Was a Woman,* Merlin Stone deconstructs the Bible's cautionary tale of Adam and Eve and argues that every symbol in that chapter, from the Tree of Knowledge to the serpent to the apple, was sacred to the Goddess; Genesis is actually an allegory of the struggle between competing religious faiths.

Is it any wonder, then, that the powerful sacred rite done in the Goddess's name—and, by extension, sexuality itself—was deemed by many early Christians to be dangerous? And is it any wonder that the history of Western culture since then has included, in all epochs, a war between Christianity and paganism, hedonism, sexual deviation? The old temples' sacred practices, including prostitution and transvestism (for males sometimes cross-dressed and took the role of priestesses, and men also offered themselves up in the name of the Goddess), have become the new order's most heinous sexual sins.

Eros did not die of poisoning, and will not—the most life affirming of all human drives cannot die. But every child made to feel ashamed of her own impulses, every adult whose sexual practices are still criminalized, every couple that can't talk about sex and desire, everyone who is given the green light to hate those who are sexually different from themselves, has been poisoned. They are all the victims of that ancient religious war, which, in the sexual arena, has never reached a state of truce.

Most prostitutes today would tell you that they do it for the money, but that is only part of the story. Many women would never perform sex for money, impoverished or not. What differentiates the ones who do? Perhaps, as the Religious Right and some feminists proclaim, many women are prostitutes against their will. But why focus on them without giving equal attention to those women (and men, for men share the profession at all levels) who elect to do sex as work? What do they have to teach? What will they say that we are not supposed to hear?

Many will state that they feel good about their profession; they enjoy providing others satisfaction; they like feeling in control of their own work situation; they like the sex and the adventure; they consider prostitution healing.

They are the heirs, whether aware of it or not, of the sacred priestesses who opened their robes to strangers and revealed the glowing body of the Goddess.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134

Longevity Magazine's Workout Videos For An Ageless Body

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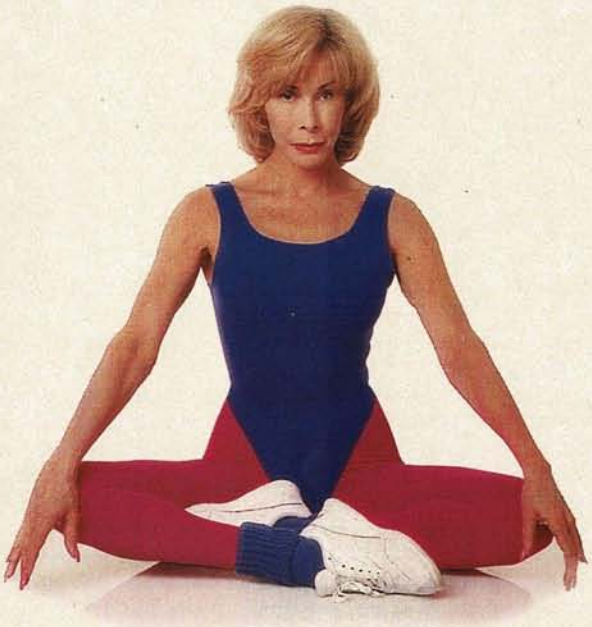

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

the examination table in the little backless robe. She looked so innocent.

"How are we today?" I said, glancing down at the chart. I took the stethoscope and put it to her without warming it up, getting a kick out of the way she jerked as the cold thing touched her back. The goose bumps jumped out on her upper arms, then her legs. I listened to her lungs through her back, telling her to cough and all the other doctor stuff I could think of. But mostly I just kept telling her to take deep breaths, enjoying the way her nipples strained against the robe when she inhaled.

I went to her chest with the stethoscope, accidentally brushing my hand across her right nipple to find her heartbeat going strong. I waited for her pulse to slow down to normal, then I touched her back with my other hand. Her heartbeat quickened. Keeping my hand on one spot, I waited for her to settle down again, then I slowly started to slide it down her back and listened to her pulse race again. This was fantastic—actually hearing the effect I was having on her as she sat there all proper and trusting, waiting for her doctor's diagnosis. I asked, "What seems to be the problem, young lady?" After a short pause, Audry replied, "I have this itch I can't scratch, Doctor."

I had a whole routine thought out, but when I got there, I was too torqued up to put it off any longer. I pulled the stirrups out and she groaned. I told her in a matter-of-fact doctor voice, "Well, scoot down, and we'll just have a looksee." I pulled up the stool and started examining her. She was moaning and mumbling, "You're such a good doctor," and I had hardly even touched her yet.

I started with sort of an outer exam—parting her lips, spreading the top wide to see her swollen clit without actually touching it. All the while I was doing my best doctor imitation, humming to myself as if I were doing the most casual thing in the world. As clinical as I was, the juice was just seeping out—running down and getting soaked up by the paper covering. With one hand I unbuttoned my lab coat and pants.

I plunged a finger deep inside her and felt around, then I leaned in and let my tongue brush against her clit. I had the pleasure of seeing her hand clutch the end of the table. Grabbing one cheek of her ass, I dove in, snaking my other hand around her thigh and spreading her lips wide, attacking her with a purpose.

I engulfed the entire top of her pussy and sucked gently as my tongue flicked over her clit as fast as I could manage. Looking up at my patient, all I could see were her hard nipples poking through the thin fabric of the gown, her chest heaving, her back arched.

That was it—I needed to be inside her. I stood up and slid home—rewarded with the sound of a deep, encouraging grunt from my patient. The table was at the perfect height, but the stirrups were all wrong. I pushed the right one in, and there was a loud metal-on-metal squeak. Audry groaned a good groan. I reset the left leg and then pushed them both wider.

Setting a slow rhythm to begin, I put on the stethoscope and found her heartbeat. This was better than I could have imagined. Not only could I hear the effects I was having on her heart rate, every moan, every groan, was amplified, as if I were in an orchestra hall. It was incredible. I would bite a nipple (something she particularly liked) through the gown, and her heart would go double time until I released it. She would groan, and it would shoot through me like a static charge. It was like she was inside my head.

With one hand holding the stethoscope and the other keeping my balance, the patient was getting pushed up the table with every bump. Finally, I grabbed her by the hips and pulled her back close to me. She slid too easily, and the table paper gave a big rip.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 137

THE PENIS PAGE

FACTS & PHALLUSES OF AMERICA'S FAVORITE ORGAN

They're at your pharmacy now, in handy tablet or capsule form. And they're just waiting to kill your sex life.

By Amy Linn

This is a story about sexual disasters in America; about impotence by prescription and frustration in foil packages. It's about how one man's stuffy nose and a pill on a grocery-store shelf made him lose his sex life for three years; about how a little pill that any one of us might take to help us feel less depressed or prevent a heart attack or soothe an ulcer can also help us lose relationships and the last shreds of our self-esteem. Drug companies and the Food and Drug Administration would tell you the tale is unlikely, if not impossible—many doctors would call it malarkey. But when it comes to sex, drug companies, doctors, and bureaucrats rarely know the score, leaving millions of people—more than 32 million men and women in America, by best estimates—suffering bedroom debacles that aren't all in their heads—all in their medicine chests is more like it. Just ask Steve.

"It started in the winter of 1990," he says. "I'd be having sex, and right in the middle of it, I'd go completely limp." Steve was 40 at the time, good-looking, divorced, living with his girlfriend. "At first I'd get hard and stay hard some of the time," Steve says. "But then gradually it got so I wouldn't get hard most of the time."

The breakup was brutal. Steve didn't date or go to bed with anyone for more than a year. "I told myself I was emotionally devastated and I wasn't ready to be in a relationship again." Secretly, he was afraid to try sex. He went to his family doctor for help. "It's psychological," the old guy nodded sagely.

But was it? Steve met a new woman, Lisa. The lovemaking was sometimes brilliant, and the obsession—*what made it work?*—grabbed them both. One night she made a turkey dinner, and afterward he was as hard as a rock. She made turkey again a week later—nothing happened. Was the sex going bad because of the relationship, or was the relationship going bad because of the sex?

"I was so desperate, I thought maybe the ozone depletion caused it," Steve says. "I was taking vitamin E; I was chewing ginseng like a madman."

The two were in the throes of what one leading sex researcher calls "chemical rape"—the trauma that happens when drugs cause sexual nightmares and the dreamers blame themselves. Blaming a pill takes Herculean efforts. The facts about drugs and sexual side effects sit in obscure urological journals and psychiatric abstracts, in pharmaceutical reports and a handful of books that few doctors get a chance to look at, let alone the general public. But what the facts say is this: Nearly 200 drugs on today's market have a direct impact on sexuality. The pills can leave men impotent, libidoless, and, in rare cases, suffering from painful, dry, or retrograde ejaculation—ejaculate that travels backward into the bladder instead of out of the body. They can cause priapism—a dangerously prolonged erection that can damage penile tissue and bring permanent impotence—or Peyronie's disease, fibrous growths on the penis that make it crooked when erect.

Steve and Lisa escaped the nightmare by sheer luck. "We took a car trip," Steve says. Lisa was driving and Steve was popping a pill. "She turned to me," Steve continues, "and she says, 'How often do you take those?'

" 'Regularly,' I said. And she says, 'How regularly?' And I said, 'Three, four times a day.' And she said, 'Maybe that's the problem with sex.' "

Steve tossed the pills out. The next morning his erection wouldn't quit. That day on the way back home, they pulled over and made love in the car. At night they made love again. The miracle of it seemed beyond belief. The demon was a cardboard box with 24 pills that cost $3.98 at Safeway—over-the-counter, generic antihistamines—one of the best-selling nonprescription drugs in America. Steve had been taking them for three years, almost every day. The key here is *almost*. When he ran out of pills, his erection returned.

"It's the best detective work I've ever done in my life," Lisa says. "And all I can think now is, how many other people are in that hell, slamming their heads against the wall, cooking turkey dinners?"

Roger had no idea what the root of his problem was until he was 80. One day he picked up a Philip Roth novel in which a man takes high-blood-pressure medication, becomes completely impotent, and goes to a surgeon for a penile implant. Roger put the book down. He called a new doctor. "Is that why I've been impotent for 15 years?" he

CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

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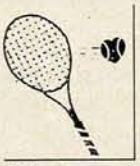

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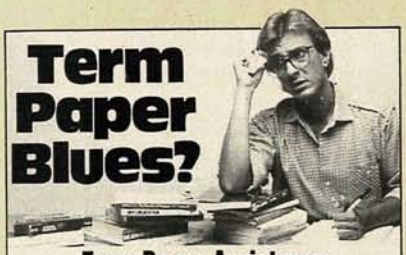

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SACRED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130

The Goddess movement today is a vital subculture, exploring compassionate, feminist-humanist values that go against the grain of our contemporary culture of glorified death. Yet most of the attention given to the newly revived Goddess portrays her in maternal terms: Earth Mother, Mother Goddess. Only a few Goddess scholars emphasize the powerful role that sexuality played in the ancient Goddess's worship. One of Inanna's names was "She of the Wondrous Vulva." Our culture has been made sensitive by Freud to the place where maternal love and sexual love converge, and the Goddess movement's challenge today is to reconcile the age-old, Judeo-Christian dichotomy of the mother and the whore. Perhaps only actual whores know how closely linked the needs for these kinds of love can be.

One client came to me with an attitude that reminded me of a cocky, greedy little boy's. (Certainly one persona I recognize in many clients is that little boy who says, "Gimme!") As he was dressing to leave, he began a ramble that seemed bizarre to me at the time but makes sense in retrospect: "Hey, you know, you oughta have kids. You'd make a really good mother. I mean it. How can you not want to have children of your own?"

Every whore has seen this aspect of desire: the need for Mommy, for maternal caring, for unconditional love. Few adults have anything that feels like this in their lives; we are not even, as mature grown-ups, supposed to want it. Love is sexualized in this culture partly, I think, because sex does lead into a sea of love, if we are fortunate enough to be open to it, but also because sex is the one arena in which most adults get touched, stroked, held—all the things it hurt so much to give up as growing kids. Sex reminds us of love, even when we have no love in our lives.

I believe that sex is sacred and healing. This idea pervades my work as a prostitute, and this vantage point often startles people accustomed to negative ideas about sex workers' lives. They press me to delve into the negative side, and it often seems that what they're really looking for is evidence that men who patronize prostitutes are contemptible. I don't believe this; I believe that every client, every *person,* has the right to seek out sexual pleasure and comfort. I've been treated with a good deal more respect by 99 percent of my clients than by the average guy on the street.

Besides prostitution's stigmatized status and the way our sex-negative society makes it hard for both prostitutes and their clients to be proud of themselves, however, I *do* believe there is something wrong with the picture. The problem isn't with prostitution, though, but with sexist social norms. Virtually all the clients are men, whether the prostitutes they patronize are male or female. The options for women who might like to arrange to see a prostitute are far slimmer. Surely there are many women who would (at least, if social standards were different) appreciate the touch of a sexual healer, the chance to have a great fuck without the entanglements of a relationship, the option to try sexual things they've fantasized about, erotic comfort when lonely, and the embrace of the Goddess. These are all among the reasons men seek out sex professionals. Like men, some women would seek out male sex workers for access to these experiences, and some would choose females.

> *TO GUIDE ANOTHER PERSON TO ORGASM, TO PROVIDE COMPANIONSHIP AND INITIATION TO NEW FORMS OF SEX—THESE ARE HEALING AND HOLY ACTS.*

Any situation that is stereotyped by sex immediately arouses my suspicion. Men are expected to be more sexual than women, so the assertively sexual woman, whether she is seeking her own sexual pleasure or using her body and her sexual prowess for her livelihood, faces acute social disapproval. This is one of the hurdles a woman in this culture must leap to become a sex professional, and a chief source of the stigma she faces: As a woman, she is not supposed to be highly sexual in the first place. Not only has she stepped across the line of social acceptance to become a whore, she has thereby proved herself a slut.

Yet many women are highly sexual—some of them gravitate to prostitution as a profession, but others must create a strategy that lets them be both sexual and safe from the acute social disapproval that is the whore's lot. When women's sexual choices are restricted to Madonna and Whore, Good Girl and Bad Girl, many women are forced to walk a narrow path to find "acceptable" outlets for sexual desire and adventure. Still others are frustrated, locked between their appetites and limited social-sexual options.

I am sure there is a class of women in this country wealthy and powerful enough to call upon sex workers for erotic attention. But for the rest of us, in spite of the gains made by the women's movement, calling a prostitute rarely seems like an option. Almost without exception, the only women I know who have patronized prostitutes have been sex workers themselves.

I was once called to see a married couple that lived in a wealthy suburb. It was clear from the start that the woman was as much a participant as the man, and at first I thought that I had been called so she could have a bisexual experience. She seemed completely at ease and passionate. Only when we had been playing for some time did she talk about experiences she had had, years before, as a prostitute.

Male culture allows for the existence of prostitution even when it does not honor it. Having sex with a prostitute is a possibility for virtually any man. Female culture allows the possibility of *becoming* a prostitute, although this is an option "polite society" forbids; but nowhere do we hear acknowledgement that access to sexual service might improve some women's lives. As one result, women's sexual possibilities are more closely involved with their relationships than many men's; for the woman with no relationship or one that is sexually stunted, options are severely narrowed.

To guide another person to orgasm, to hold and caress, to provide companionship and initiation to new forms of sex, to embody the divine and embrace the seeker—these are healing and holy acts. Every prostitute can do these things, whether or not she understands their spiritual potential. For us to see ourselves as sacred whores, for our clients to acknowledge the many facets of desire they bring to us, can be a powerful shift in consciousness. We show the face of the Goddess in a culture that has tried for millennia to break and denigrate Her, just as some today claim *we* are broken and denigrated. They are not correct, and the Goddess will not be broken. In our collective extraordinary experience, we prostitutes have healed even those who do not honor us. Were the attack on us over, we could begin to heal the whole world.

After 7,000 years of oppression, I declare this the time to bring back our temple.

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WAR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

Michael Greve, of the Washington, D.C.–based Center for Individual Rights, one of a network of conservative think tanks that have historically opposed affirmative-action legislation for minorities and women.

While there is much overlap in both leadership and membership among the hundreds of anti-environmentalist groups scattered around the United States, some broad generalities can be made. In the West, wise use has been primarily about protecting industrial and agricultural access to public lands and waters at below-market costs, with the primary emphasis on timber, mining, and grazing. Although hoping to broaden their appeal to recreationists (off-road motorcyclists, snowmobilers, and hunters out of touch with the conservation ethic of their sport), the core constituency in the West consists of workers and middle management in such limited-resource industries as timber and mining. Their livelihoods are threatened by industry cutbacks, and they are open to the argument that environmental protection means lost jobs (an argument reinforced by the disinterest that conservation organizations have historically shown in the social consequences of wilderness protection).

Wise use also appeals to western ranchers, corporate farmers, and businesspeople whose margin of profit is directly threatened by any fee increases on grazing, water reclamation, and other uses of public lands. As a general rule, however, people in these categories are more likely to express themselves through established anti-green organizations, such as the Farm Bureau and the Cattlemen's Association.

East of the Mississippi (and in some western suburbs), the movement is more oriented toward property rights, appealing to a constituency of landowners, developers, and developer wannabes whose opportunities for subdividing land and building commercial equity is limited or restricted by regulations governing wetlands, endangered species, wild and scenic rivers, and other environmental protections broadly favored by the American public. While the key players in the property-rights movement are upscale conservatives, more likely to have a second home than a second mortgage, they try to portray their interests as compatible with those of rural, low-income property owners. On several occasions in Connecticut, Nebraska, and elsewhere, they have won broad community support, only to see it erode when the scenic-river designations they were opposing were shown to enhance rather than undermine property values.

This reflects another key truism about

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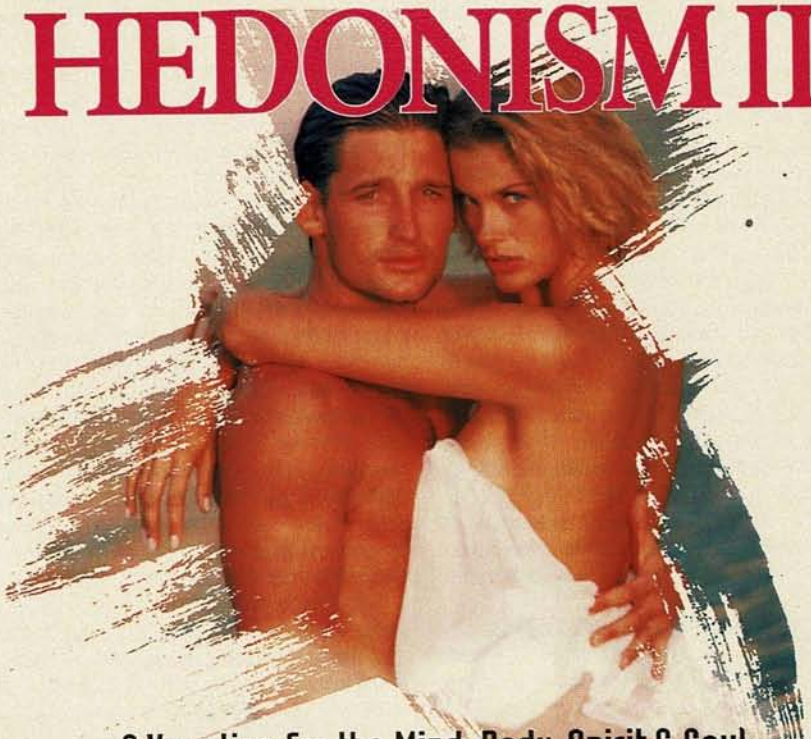

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the anti-enviro movement. At its core it is not about differing conservation philosophies or ecological world views, religion, or politics, but about basic economic interests.

"People are losing their jobs, rural communities are becoming ghost towns, education for our children is suffering, social services are being starved of income. There's a lot of real pain out there," says Bill Grannell, of People for the West!, an anti-enviro group. It's a refrain that has resonance in a time of massive layoffs by such industry giants as GM, IBM, Bank of America, and Boeing; of wrenching structural dislocations as defense industries try to retool for the post–Cold War world market; of massive government debt slowing economic recovery following a decade of leveraged buyouts, hostile takeovers, and other nonproductive economic activity.

The wise-use–property-rights response to the crisis has been to argue that environmental protection is costing jobs and undermining the economy. This appealingly simple argument doesn't always hold up in the face of complex economic realities, but for out-of-work loggers in dying timber towns, workers in polluting factories being challenged by vocal community activists, or struggling farmers unable to fill or sell wetland acreage, it answers the question of why the American Dream seems to be slipping from their grasp. For people in desperate circumstances whose needs are not being met by the system, wise use has provided an identifiable enemy, "the preservationist," on which to focus their anger and vent their rage.

If, as Ron Arnold has put it, wise use is engaged in a "holy war against the new pagans who worship trees and sacrifice people," it's the pagans who have suffered most of the casualties.

"We were told if we killed any of them, there was $40,000 that was there to defend us in court or to help us get away," says Ed Knight, an ex-logger and Hell's Angel describing how he was hired to lie in ambush with an Uzi, waiting to shoot Earth Firsters in the California woods.

"I was driving home from a concert and saw a glow in the mist. By the time I got to my house a mile and a half in from the highway, it was burned to the ground," recalls Greenpeace U.S.A.'s toxics coordinator Pat Costner, of the arson fire that destroyed her Arkansas home of almost 20 years.

Maine anti-logging activist Michael Vernon recalls another arson fire, which destroyed his house and almost cost him his life. "I'm not sure if it was the smoke alarm that woke me up or if it was just light in the house," says Vernon, "but I jumped in my boots and threw my coveralls on and I opened the door, and the flames were starting to come up the stairs. There was a porch right outside the door, so I ran out and jumped off the porch into the snow."

Antitoxics activist Paula Siemers remembers the night two men attacked and knifed her on a Cincinnati street near her home, following earlier incidents of harassment in which she'd been stoned and knocked unconscious, her dog had been poisoned, and her house, too, had been set on fire. "They ran up behind me and they punched me and hit me. They just came out of nowhere, and I didn't even know I was stabbed. I just thought they'd beat me and they ran off, and someone screamed and said, 'You're bleeding,' and I don't remember much after that."

"After they cut my throat, they poured water in it from the river and said, 'Now you'll have something to sue about,'" says Stephanie McGuire, a local activist who was raped and tortured by three men in camouflage uniforms after she protested water pollution on the Fenholloway River in Taylor County, Florida.

> *"AFTER THEY CUT MY THROAT, THEY POURED WATER IN IT FROM THE RIVER AND SAID, 'NOW YOU'LL HAVE SOMETHING TO SUE ABOUT.'"*

"We think it was murder," says a friend of Leroy Jackson's, a Native American environmentalist whose body was found by the side of a New Mexico highway several days before he was scheduled to fly to Washington to testify against clear-cut logging on the Navajo reservation. A coroner's report found that Jackson had died of a methadone overdose, although those who knew him described him as a healthy man who never took drugs.

Along with the growth of wise use–property rights, the last six years have seen a startling increase in intimidation, vandalism, and violence directed against grass-roots environmental activists. Observers of this trend have documented hundreds of acts of violence, ranging from vandalism, assault, arson, and shootings to torture, rape, and possibly murder, much of it occurring in rural and low-income communities. Simple acts of intimidation—phone harassment, anonymous letters, and verbal threats of violence—may number in the thousands. "Death threats come with the territory these days," admits Andy Kerr, the conservation director of the Oregon Natural Resources Council, who was told he'd be killed at a public meeting. Lois Gibbs, the executive director of the Citizens' Clearinghouse for Hazardous Wastes, a coalition of 8,000 local groups, adds, "People have been followed in their cars, investigated by private detectives, had their homes broken into. I'd say 40 percent of people protesting toxic-waste sites and incinerators around the country have been intimidated." And while only a small part of this violence can be directly linked to organized anti-enviro groups (Yellow Ribbon, the Sahara Club, People for the West!, Adirondack Solidarity Alliance), much of the rhetoric and anger springs from a common fount of explosive rage that blames greens for everything from the contracting of resource industries to the closure of the American frontier.

The anti-environmental backlash represents both a danger and a challenge—not only to conservationists and antipollution activists, but to all citizens concerned about their right to speak out and protest without fear and intimidation. In the last six years, the anti-enviro ranks have grown from resource users protecting their federal subsidies and property owners unhappy with land-use regulations to the fringes of America's expanding underbelly of violence, where social causes become excuses for sociopaths motivated by fear, greed, and hatred, or private security agents working on behalf of outlaw industries. As issues of sustainability and survival become more critical in the closing years of the twentieth century, affecting the things people hold most dear, such as families, health, and property, the urges to heap blame and deny reality will inevitably increase. And if people don't begin finding ways to live well on an increasingly crowded planet without destroying the carrying capacity of their natural-resource base—if they let short-term special interests define their long-term strategies for maintaining clean air, clean water, and biological diversity—they may end up deceiving themselves and denying their children's future.

Unfortunately, killing the messenger has already become a favorite sport for far too many Americans, who have begun to act like disoriented coal miners crawling around at the bottom of a poisoned mine shaft in their SAVE A MINER, EAT A CANARY T-shirts.

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 131

Audry was tossing her head back and forth—it was then I realized that the things that reminded her she was in a doctor's office up on the examination table were getting her off more than anything else.

Straightening up, I glanced around and soaked up the surroundings—enjoying the whole scene. That's when I spotted the blood-pressure cuff hanging on the wall, and it was within reach. I grabbed it, wrapped it around her left arm, and started pumping like crazy. Everything was happening in slow motion and with ultra-clarity. The stethoscope, still in my ears, was swinging back and forth with every stroke. I leaned down just a little, and the end of it started brushing against her pubic mound. Her breasts rocked to the same rhythm, her nipples showing hard through the robe, a wet spot around the one I had been sucking.

The blood-pressure cuff was fully inflated, and the veins in her forearm were standing out. Her head was rolling back and forth, her eyes were shut, her mouth was open. With every stroke, the stirrups would clank and the paper on the table would crinkle. Audry's pussy was making those great squishing noises, and she was groaning loudly. It was beautiful.

The paper on the table was wet from her come, and I slowed down and took some of the pressure off the cuff. With her eyes still closed tight, she said, "You're such a good doctor." She was full-blown into it.

I pulled out, went over to the side of the table, and checked her tonsils. As she sucked my dick, I gently massaged her cunt—just enough to get her to moan, on the verge of distraction, to where she was having trouble keeping a rhythm. She was going to town when a particularly loud slurp gave me an idea. I put the stethoscope to her cheek. She stopped and looked up at me. I said, "It's okay, I'm a doctor." She gave a little giggle and started back in on me. It took a minute to match her rhythm, but it was well worth it. When that first slurping noise shot through the stethoscope, I just about came right there. Audry went on to give me the noisiest head ever—lots of slurping, groaning, and suction sounds.

The orgasm finally did come, but it built slowly. And when it got to the point where it was going to come out no matter what, I looked down at Audry to see what she was going to do, because as much as she loves the taste of me, she also loves to watch it fly. Much to my enjoyment, when my cock started throbbing, she clamped her lips around the head in anticipation. Let me tell you, the sound of her swallowing my come through the stethoscope was the most erotic thing I have ever heard.

After the exam, we changed the paper on the table, got dressed, and quickly left. On the ride home, she said that next weekend we were going to fulfill one of my fantasies.—*R. N., Minnesota*

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PENIS PAGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 132

asked. "Is it these beta blockers?"

"You don't even need those," the doctor said, flabbergasted.

Steve puts it this way: "Maybe pills should come with a warning. Take this and kiss your sex life good-bye."

Drug companies shrug at stories like these. Lots of doctors and therapists would call it coincidence. Maybe it was convincing himself that a pill was to blame that freed Steve from sexual anxiety and released him from the dread netherworld of impotence, they say. They are the experts, they are supposed to protect us, and people believe them when they speak.

But they are wrong. The largely hidden truth is that 50 to 75 percent of all sexual problems can be traced to a physical cause. In one out of four cases, the culprit is a pill. And the victims are everywhere.

More than 20 million American men suffer from impotence or some form of "erectile dysfunction," according to the National Institutes of Health. Though many of those men have pills to blame, the vast majority never seek help because of the shame they feel. If they do seek help, they often turn to uninformed doctors, clergymen, and counselors with none to give.

The silent suffering is so real and so disturbing that the normally reticent N.I.H., in a conference on impotence last year, called for people in the field to develop public relations campaigns to help spread "accurate sexual information" throughout American homes and the places where one might have imagined that accurate information already existed—American medical schools, hospitals, clinics, and therapy rooms.

"Large segments of the public—as well as the health professions—remain relatively uninformed or, even worse, misinformed," said the N.I.H. panel. Patients are being denied treatment, the panel concluded, because of "a pervasive reluctance of physicians to deal candidly with sexual matters."

"No one is looking after the general public in this area—physicians are not, the F.D.A. is not, and pharmaceutical companies are not," says Dr. Theresa Crenshaw, a noted San Diego–based physician specializing in sexual medicine. Drug companies testing new products don't spend time sleuthing out sexual pitfalls, and they rarely provide detailed data about what their drugs do in the bedroom. Doctors, meanwhile, rely on patients to clue them in. But "the majority of sexual side effects are not reported to anyone, either because the patient doesn't connect their problems with the drug or because they're too shy to bring it up."

The incidence of sexual side effects, meanwhile, reflects the nation's staggering appetite for pills. In 1992 Americans bought $12.5 billion worth of over-the-counter medications and filled about 1.7 billion prescriptions. And 14 of the 25 best-selling prescription drugs of 1993—many of them products with multibillion-dollar sales—fall into the sexual-offenders category. They are medications that reduce high blood pressure and anxiety, and treat arthritis, ulcers, allergies, and depression.

The most common sexual offenders are high-blood-pressure medications—including beta blockers, diuretics, and other drugs—which research shows can cause impotence or sexual malfunction in up to 70 percent or more of the men who take them, according to pharmacist and "pharmacosexology" professor John Buffum, of the San Francisco Veterans Administration Medical Center. But there are dozens of other drugs that can wreak havoc, including some that the average person would have a hard time believing are even remotely related to sex.

NEARLY 200 DRUGS ON TODAY'S MARKET HAVE A DIRECT IMPACT ON SEXUALITY. THE PILLS CAN LEAVE MEN IMPOTENT AND LIBIDOLESS.

Timolol, an eye drop that fights glaucoma, can leave you impotent. So can isotretinoin, a pill to clear up pimples. Anabolic steroids that "pump you up" can shrivel you up, too; they can make testicles atrophy and cause impotence, medical studies show. High doses of the ulcer medication cimetidine can deflate erections and give men enlarged, tender breasts. Antihistamines in chronic high doses, as in the case of Steve, can soften erections; normal doses of medications that control epilepsy, calm anxiety, put you to sleep, or keep you awake can wreck sex. And almost all medications for depression can make sex depressing. Antidepressants can ruin libido, erections, and orgasms; the drug trazodone, in rare cases, can even cause priapism, and sertraline and paroxetine, according to their manufacturers, can delay ejaculation (a happy side effect for premature ejaculators).

Prozac, the world's best-selling antidepressant, causes sexual dysfunction in eight to 34 percent of patients, medical research shows. Eli Lilly, the drug's manufacturer, meanwhile, reports sexual trouble at less than two percent. "In particular patient populations"—where sexual dysfunction is part of a medical or psychiatric condition—"there might be higher incidences than that," says Eli Lilly spokesperson Kelly Weston. But most independent research on sexual side effects is based on so few people, Weston says, it produces "rather meaningless" statistics. "The best estimates are those that come from a more controlled setting," she says. "Our clinical trials were based on over 32,000 patients—that's a significant data base."

At the heart of this controversy, obviously, is sexual reality. Who is to be believed? Drug manufacturers answer this way: The information they provide is the most complete and valid available. Companies spend an average of 12 years and $231 million to win F.D.A. approval for a single product, according to the Pharmaceutical Research and Manufacturers of America. The process typically involves six years of clinical trials on thousands of people; the resulting data, including reports of all "adverse events" or side effects, are forwarded to the F.D.A., which assesses drug risks and benefits and votes yea or nay.

But there's a black hole in what drug companies call their rigorous, valid scientific research, and it has to do with the basic component for acquiring knowledge—questions. As in, most drug companies don't ask them.

Almost all drug-trial participants have to *spontaneously* volunteer sexual information. Often they go to a hospital or clinic, get pills, and are asked, "How have you been feeling since your last visit?" Most men don't answer with intimate details about their penis.

Sexologists point to two well-known studies of high-blood-pressure medication in which men were either left to volunteer information about impotence, were asked directly about it, or were given a questionnaire to fill out in the privacy of their home. In the first scenario, ten percent responded. About 25 percent spoke up in the second. Almost 50 percent reported impotence in the third. "So you have this five-fold increase, depending on how you ask the question or whether you ask it," says John Buffum. "And most drug companies don't ask at all."

Drug companies say the "don't ask" policy is necessary because asking skews research. People are highly suggestible, they say, and if questioned

CONTINUED ON PAGE 144

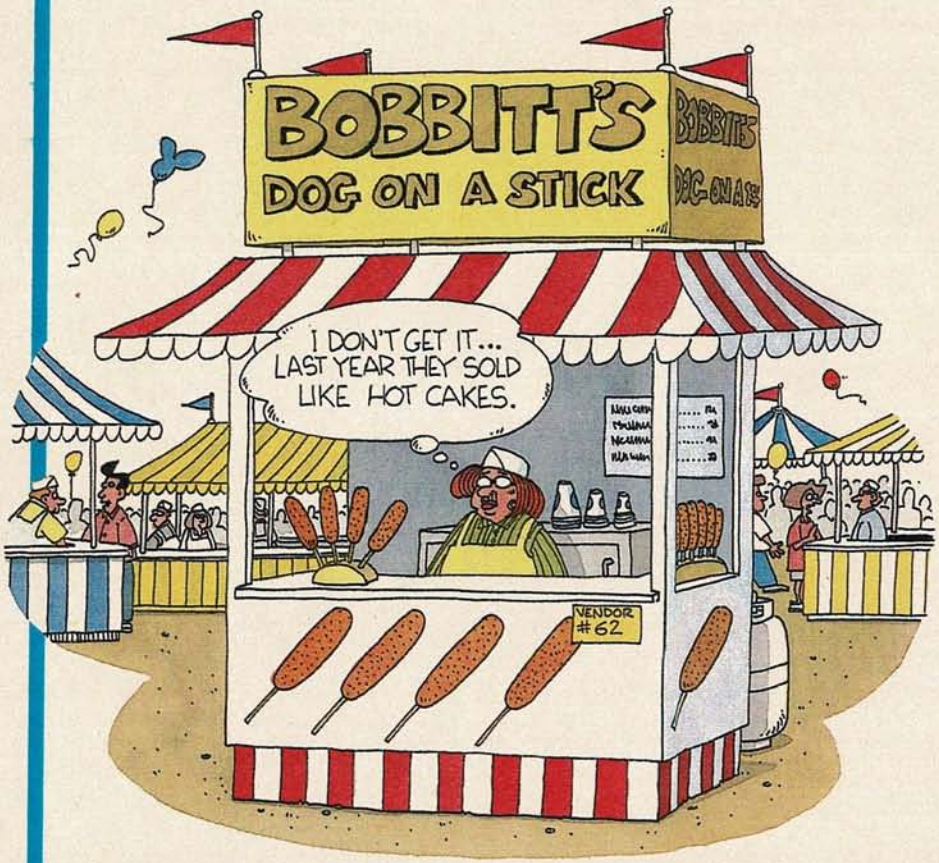
A Penthouse *cartoonist reaches under the Big Top ...*

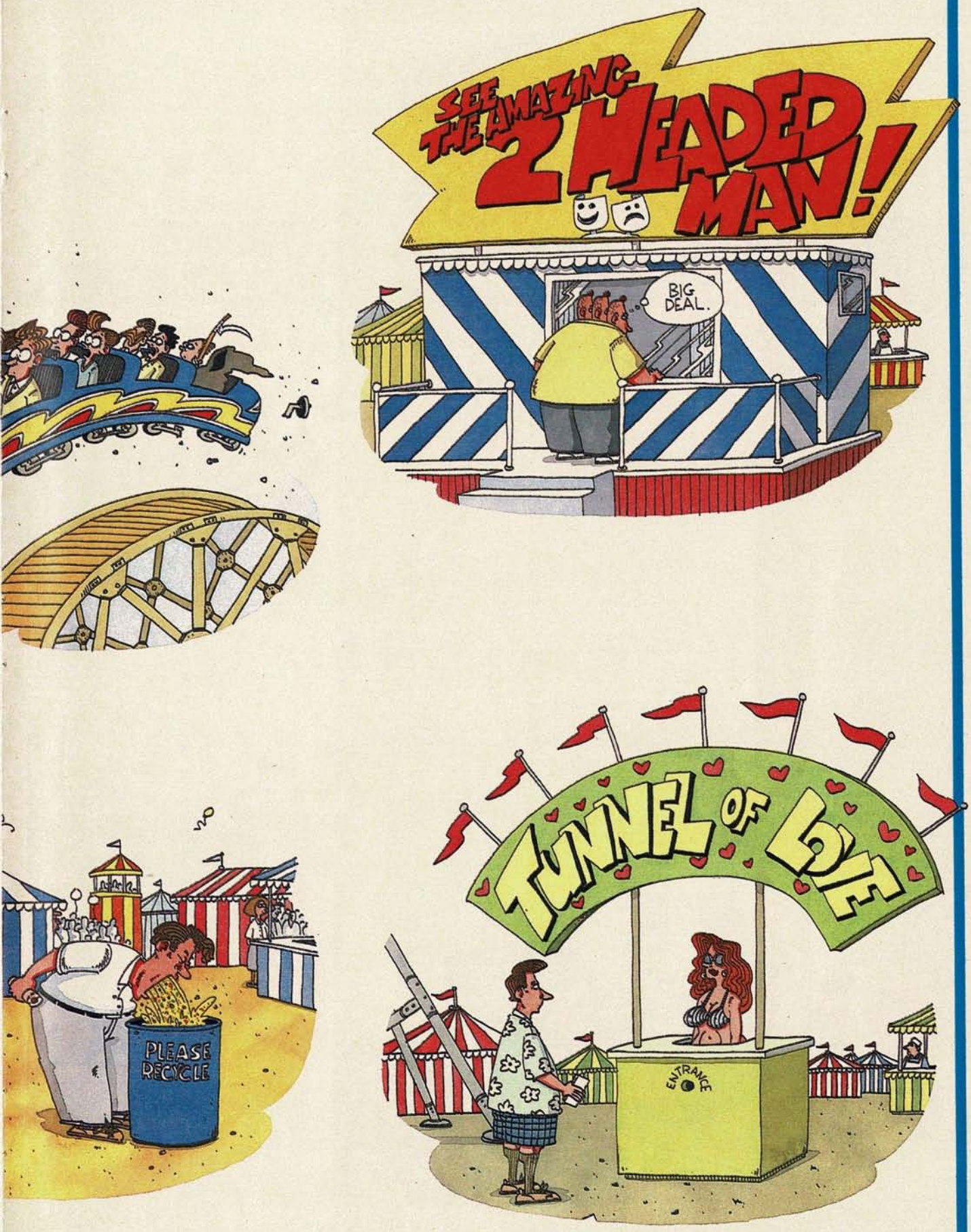
FREAK SHOW

SATIRE BY STEVE ATTOE

GORDON THE MAN WHO EATS RED MEAT
WANDA THE HAPPILY MARRIED WOMAN
SAM THE MAN WHO SPEAKS HIGHLY OF ELECTED OFFICIALS
MOE THE FELLOW WHO NEVER LAID A HAND ON HIS WIFE

"Freaks for the nineties."




SEE THE AMAZING 2 HEADED MAN!
BIG DEAL.
PLEASE RECYCLE
TUNNEL OF LOVE
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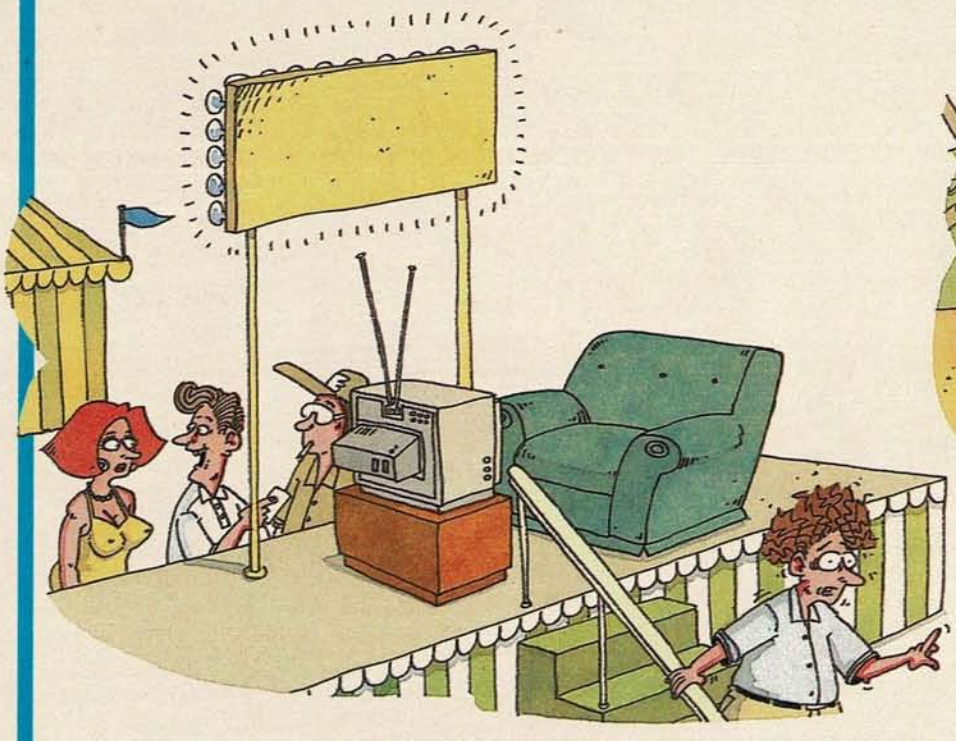
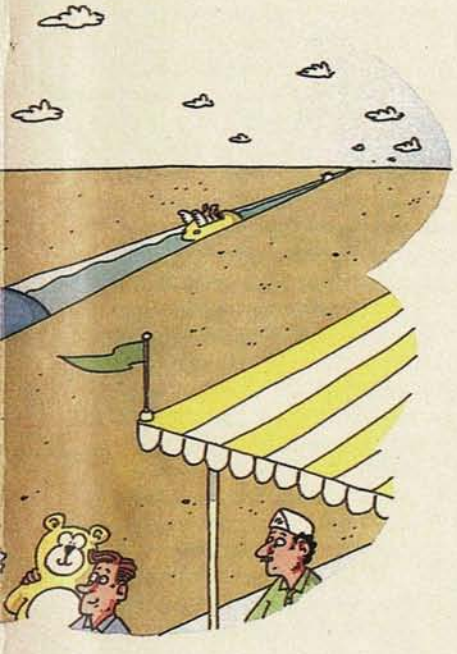
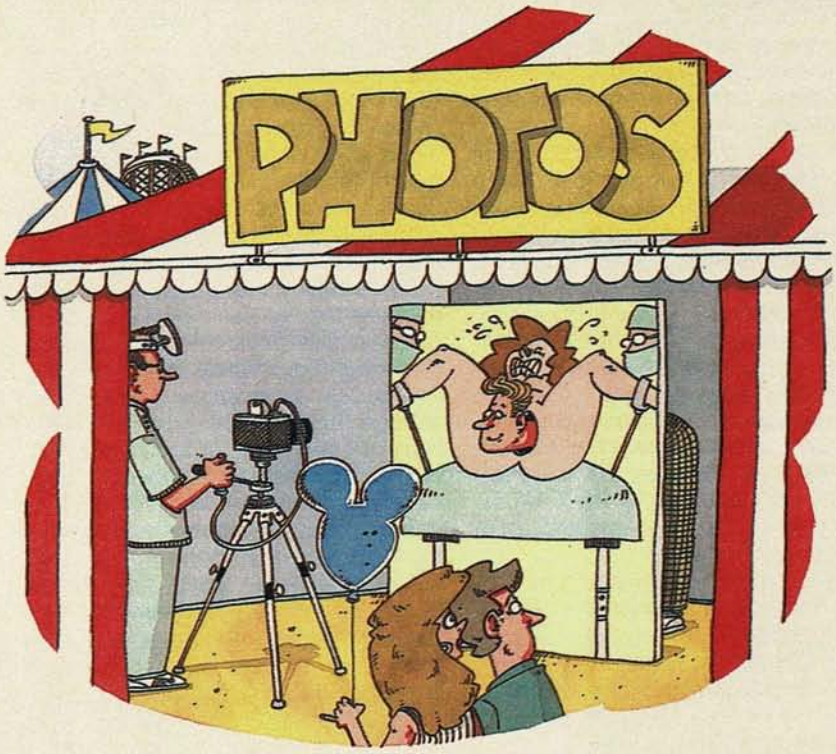


"It's a lot scarier than it looks."





"It's sort of a cross between 'Fantasy Island' and Jurassic Park."

PENIS PAGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 138

about sexual side effects, they're likely to go home and suffer them. But sex therapists and educators snort at that notion.

"Of course everything psychological and physical is suggestible," says Crenshaw, who calls the skewing theory "a very poorly informed point of view." "Researchers with any sophistication whatsoever know how to correct or allow for that."

For the cost of a few more pieces of paper, drug companies could ask, report the answers, and gain—not lose—accuracy. That opinion comes not only from sex therapists but from Dr. John Siegfried, the associate vice-president of medical affairs for the P.R.M.A., the organization representing drug companies worldwide.

Commercial appeal would be the main problem. Companies that started asking direct questions would reap far more reports of sexual side effects, which would make their product look bad compared to companies that didn't ask (and therefore got few reports). A solution, Siegfried says, is for the F.D.A. to issue sexual-research guidelines mandating direct questioning for all companies across-the-board.

Drug companies, of course, are not expected to uncover every possible side effect in every person for every pill. Such a task would be impossible, given the variations in human physiology. But what critics say they can't understand—nor reconcile, given the fact that the F.D.A. holds the responsibility to protect public health—is that drug companies have been allowed to be so lackadaisical. If companies do manage to uncover sexual side effects from spontaneous reporting, they often lump them under vague headings—"urogenital," "miscellaneous"—that don't describe whether the problem is stifled libido or orgasms.

The bottom line, says Howard Ruppel, the executive director of the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex, the nation's first group devoted to advancing sexual knowledge, is that sex isn't taken seriously. And it's certainly not considered label material.

"We label wherever it would really be appropriate, and I don't think sexual dysfunction would really be appropriate. They really like to save the warnings for serious interactions," says Patrice Wright, the manager of pharmacology and toxicology for the Nonprescription Drug Manufacturers' Association.

The result of the "don't ask, don't find out, don't tell" school of medicine, meanwhile, is that drug trials truly begin only after a product has already won F.D.A. approval, and the American public unwittingly becomes the sexual guinea pig. Researchers say it often takes five to ten years before individual agonies reveal a drug's true nature. Manufacturers aren't under a lot of pressure to avoid this situation. The sexually harmed are a silent bunch, not taken to marching on Washington, declaring their inability to climax.

Some aren't marching, of course, because they've been helped. When it comes to pills, millions find their lives so improved, they choose to live with the drawbacks. Others throw pills away to salvage their sexuality—and unnecessarily risk their lives. No one should ever change their medication regime without the consent of their doctor. With the help of a qualified physician—who can be found with careful shopping—people can often alleviate sexual side effects by experimenting with different drugs and dosages. All we need, experts say, is the information to make educated choices. But even the most educated choices aren't easy to make.

ANABOLIC STEROIDS THAT "PUMP YOU UP" CAN SHRIVEL YOU UP, TOO; THEY MAKE TESTICLES ATROPHY AND CAUSE IMPOTENCE, MEDICAL STUDIES SHOW.

The sexual arena, the murky place where decisions are made, is filled with insecurity, with fear and confusion and half-formed notions about our sexual identity. What does it *mean* to us if we can have orgasms—or can't?

The arena is filled with the voices of those who taught us or didn't teach us about sex—we do not know how much it should matter to us. If we are men, we can't admit to sexual failures. Shame is part of our heritage; sexual tolerance is not, and we see evidence of that daily in news reports about gay bashing, book banning, abortion protests, and AIDS. When sexual problems strike, we are mostly very quiet and deeply in turmoil. And the backdrop for this is a medical establishment and a nation that closes its eyes.

"We must be one of the most sexually inhibited cultures in the world," says the P.R.M.A.'s Siegfried. We find it difficult to talk about everything related to sexuality, including the treatment and prevention of sexual diseases, he says. "In the broader context, you look at the whole AIDS crisis and the price we're paying as a society—a high part of that price comes out of our sexually inhibited culture."

What's needed to combat the sexual-side-effects epidemic, at least, are F.D.A. guidelines that require a "sex test": direct questions about sex in clinical trials, critics say. Next, the medical establishment needs a wake-up call.

"Your typical doctor, unless it's an exceptional person, has probably had almost no training in human sexuality," says Howard Ruppel. Medical schools train doctors to focus on crises—severed limbs, heart attacks, cancer, life, death—not orgasms. "So what if you can't get it up?" the unspoken sentiment goes. "Be glad your heart's beating."

False assumptions rule, says Ruppel. "A doctor sees an overweight man with high blood pressure. He hands him a pill and doesn't bother to mention that there might be sexual side effects because he's thinking to himself, 'That guy's older than my father, and I *know* my father doesn't have sex anymore.'" Other doctors keep quiet because they think their patients won't take pills once they hear that something like impotence can happen.

What's needed, critics say, is research money for studies that uncover the mysteries of arousal, satisfaction, and despair. But this is a nation with a puritanical veneer that pretends sexual response is no more important than the status of tree frogs in New Guinea. The political landscape amid the Clinton administration's crusade to improve public health is at least tolerating talk these days about national health insurance.

"But there probably won't be a penny in the new public-health setup for the treatment of sexual dysfunction," says William H. Masters, the man who, along with Virginia Johnson, revolutionized sex research in this country and brought to public attention the scientific realities of sexual expression. "And yet, sexuality is central to every human being," Masters says. "There's more sexual dysfunction in America than any combination of any two or three other problems combined."

The answer, he continues, "is to treat sex as a natural function, which it is. It should have the same right to research funds as any other natural function—workings of the bowel, the heart, the lungs. And until that happens, we're not going to see much progress."

Until that happens and more, most of us will remain blind consumers of our pills and potions. If the medicines we take are hurting us sexually, it will be up to us to open up our medicine chests and round up the suspects. It is up to us to speak out, loudly, or we'll remain, and suffer, on our own.

EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic, lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information culled from the nation's press

EXTRA

Hard Times

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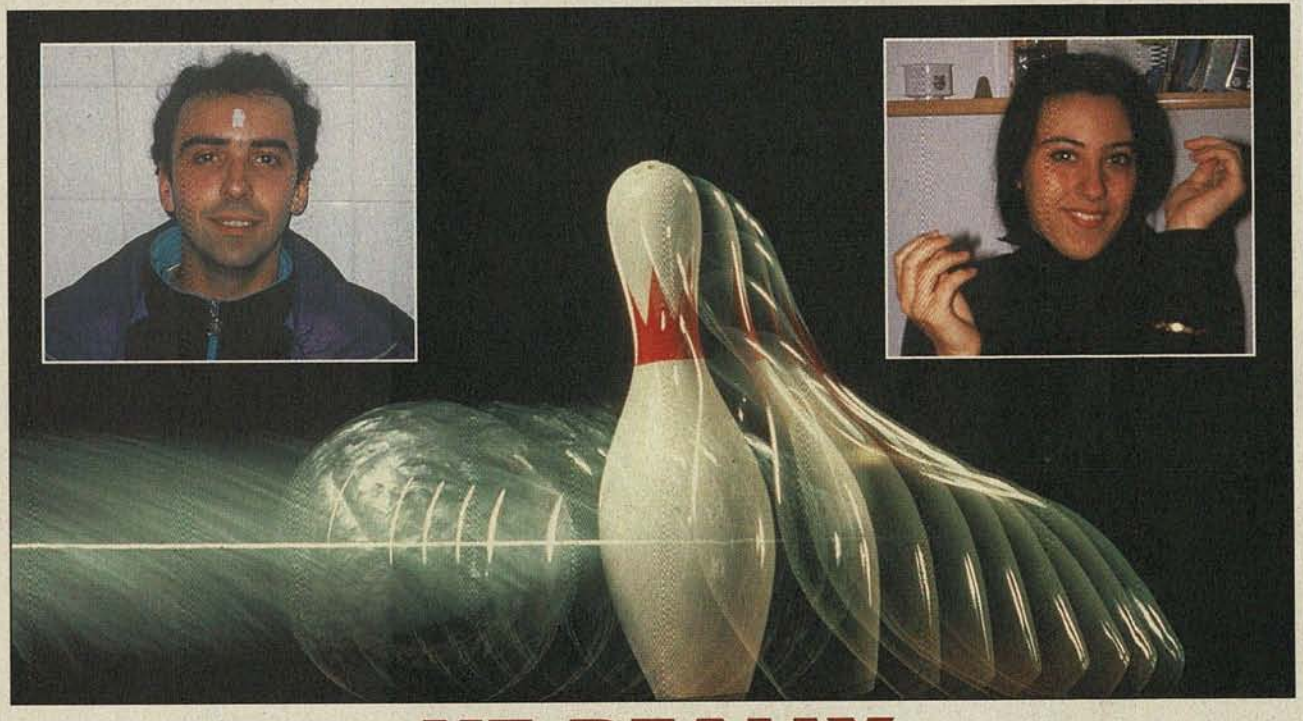
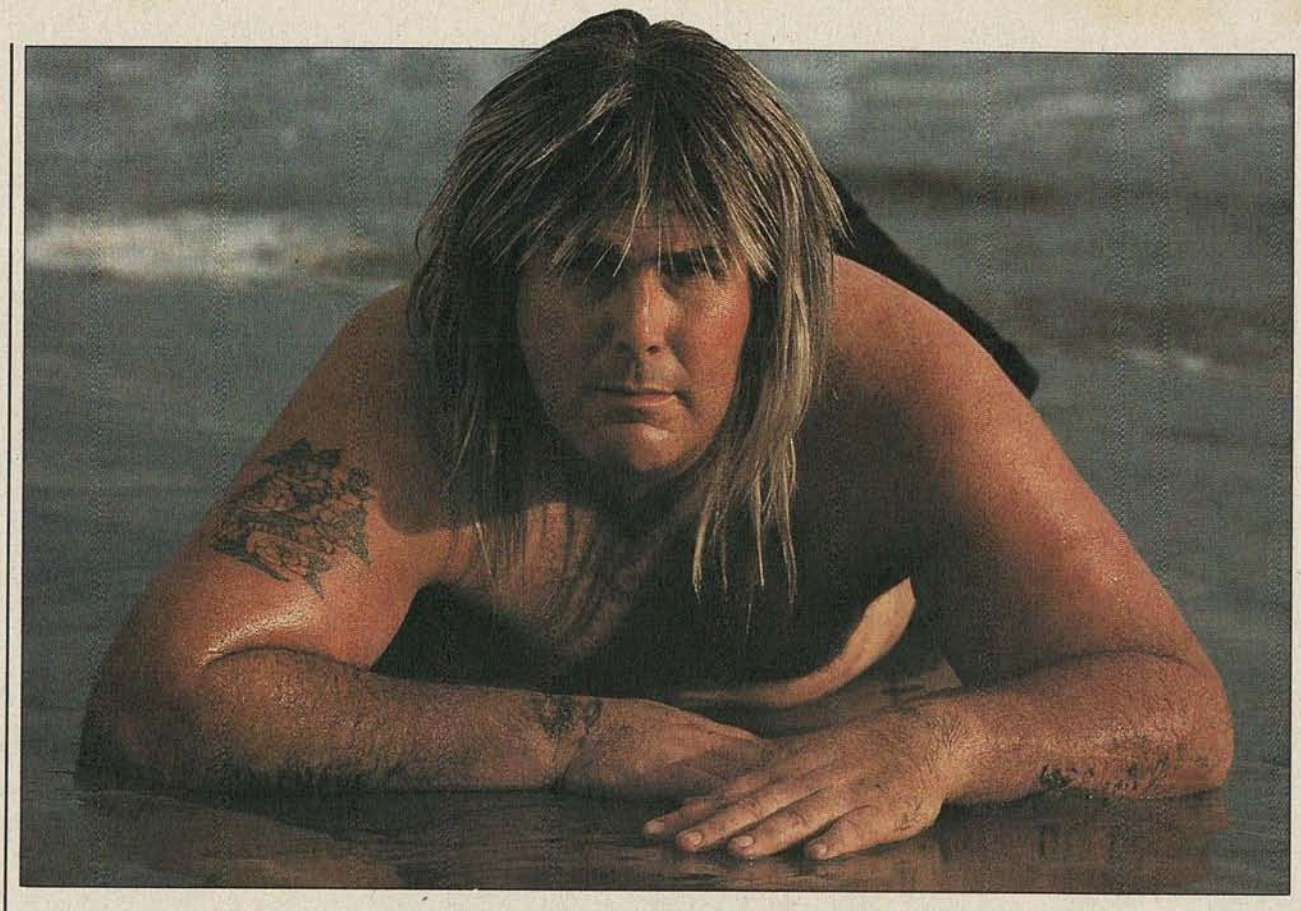


HE REALLY BOWLED HER OVER

A New Jersey man decided to divorce his wife after she committed what he decided was absolutely the worst possible sin. In a tight contest during a championship round at a local bowling tournament, she rolled a gutter ball in the tenth frame, causing her husband's team to lose. "He went absolutely nuts," reported a teammate. After friends separated them when the man attempted to choke his wife, the husband returned home and filed for divorce the next day. He cited "irreconcilable differences." (*Sun*)

That relationship ended in the gutter.—Editor

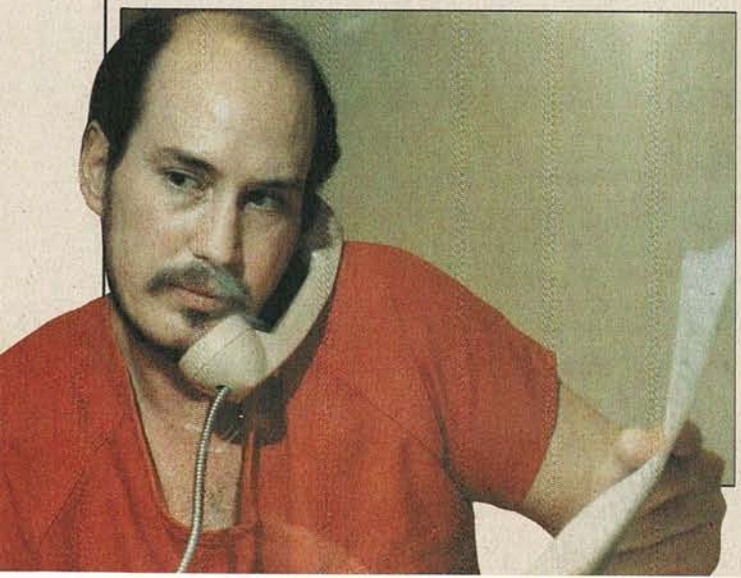


FLABIO!

The biggest thing to hit the pinup poster world since Fabio is Michael Glover—all 243 pounds of him. Glover is the hit of Hollywood after winning a "porky pinup" contest in Los Angeles, which featured a picture of him squeezed into a bathing suit, emerging from the surf. Glover, a former truck driver, is getting a tremendous response from his poster and is clearly enjoying his celebrity status. (*Globe*)
You mean there's a chance for us?—Editor

E.T. MADE ME DO IT!

In what is one of the more intriguing defenses in American legal history, a 35-year-old Arizona man charged with two murders says he committed the crimes because he is under the control of extraterrestrials that tell him what to do. He says the aliens' plan is to get him convicted for murder and executed, and then have him survive—thus proving that the extraterrestrials exist. (*Examiner*)
He'd better write his will just in case.—Editor



HEAVEN IS DULL

A Chicago man who was medically dead for 26 minutes during a crucial operation claims he wound up in heaven during that period. He returned with bad news: Heaven is boring. The man said he felt himself rising from his body during his "death" and wound up at the pearly gates. It was a beautiful place of forests and lawns, he said, but people did nothing but stand around drinking nectar from gold cups. There is no gambling, no romance, no fun of any kind, and inhabitants merely enjoy the beauty and the warmth of God's love. (*Weekly World News*)
Maybe he should go to hell.—Editor

THE *MESSIEST* OFFICE IN AMERICA

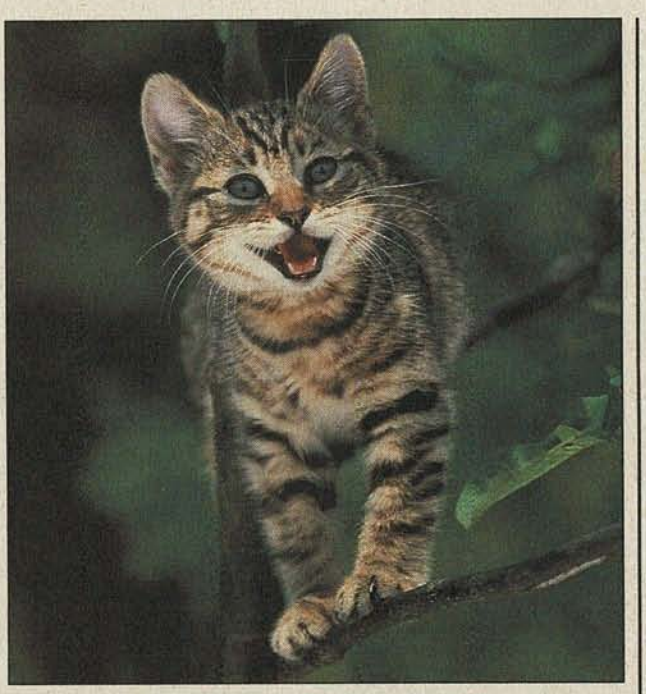
There was some stiff competition, but a winner was finally named in a nationwide contest to find the messiest office in America. The winner is a Dallas lawyer whose desk is routinely stacked six feet high with papers—the centerpiece of a mess that seemingly defies straightening out. Found among the papers was a 1992 Bush-Quayle bumper sticker, a stack of baseball cards, and three-year-old study materials for the state bar exam. (*Examiner*)

If he's lost any clients, maybe they're under the pile.—Editor

THE OTHER WOMAN

There are any number of ways for a marriage to break up, but the ending of the union of Larry and Susan Cooke takes the cake. The Cookes had had 13 years of happy marriage when Larry admitted that he liked to wear women's clothes. Susan could handle that, but she was considerably less understanding when she noticed that her husband was growing breasts. That's when he told her he was undergoing treatment to become a woman, something he'd always wanted to do. Eventually, the marriage broke up as Larry became "Hilary" and took up with another man. No hard feelings, though. Susan says she and Hilary are now best friends. They continue to spend time together and even go out on double dates. (*National Enquirer*)

Do they borrow each other's clothes?—Editor



THE CAT'S GOT OUR TONGUE

A South African cat named Tommy caused quite a stir a few years ago when he was hit by a bolt of lightning and began to speak the word *hello* in perfect English. Now, however, he's exceeded even that amazing feat by speaking an entire English sentence: "Kitty want milk." Unveiled at an animal-research center, the frisky feline's ability to speak remains a "purrfect" mystery. (*Weekly World News*)

Now if he could only clean his own litter box.—Editor

DEAD-LETTER OFFICER

A Pennsylvania woman wasn't around to receive it, but a state bureaucrat wrote her a letter announcing that her claim to the state against her former boss for damages was rejected—because she was dead. The letter, incredibly, went on to advise that she could sue civilly. This bureaucratic lunacy began when the woman, a former state employee, filed a suit alleging discrimination by her boss. But she died in a gas explosion before the complaint could be investigated. Nevertheless, a state bureaucrat wrote the dead woman the letter because, he claimed, he wanted to close the case "in a bureaucratically acceptable way." (*National Enquirer*)

But what will they do if she writes back?—Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE

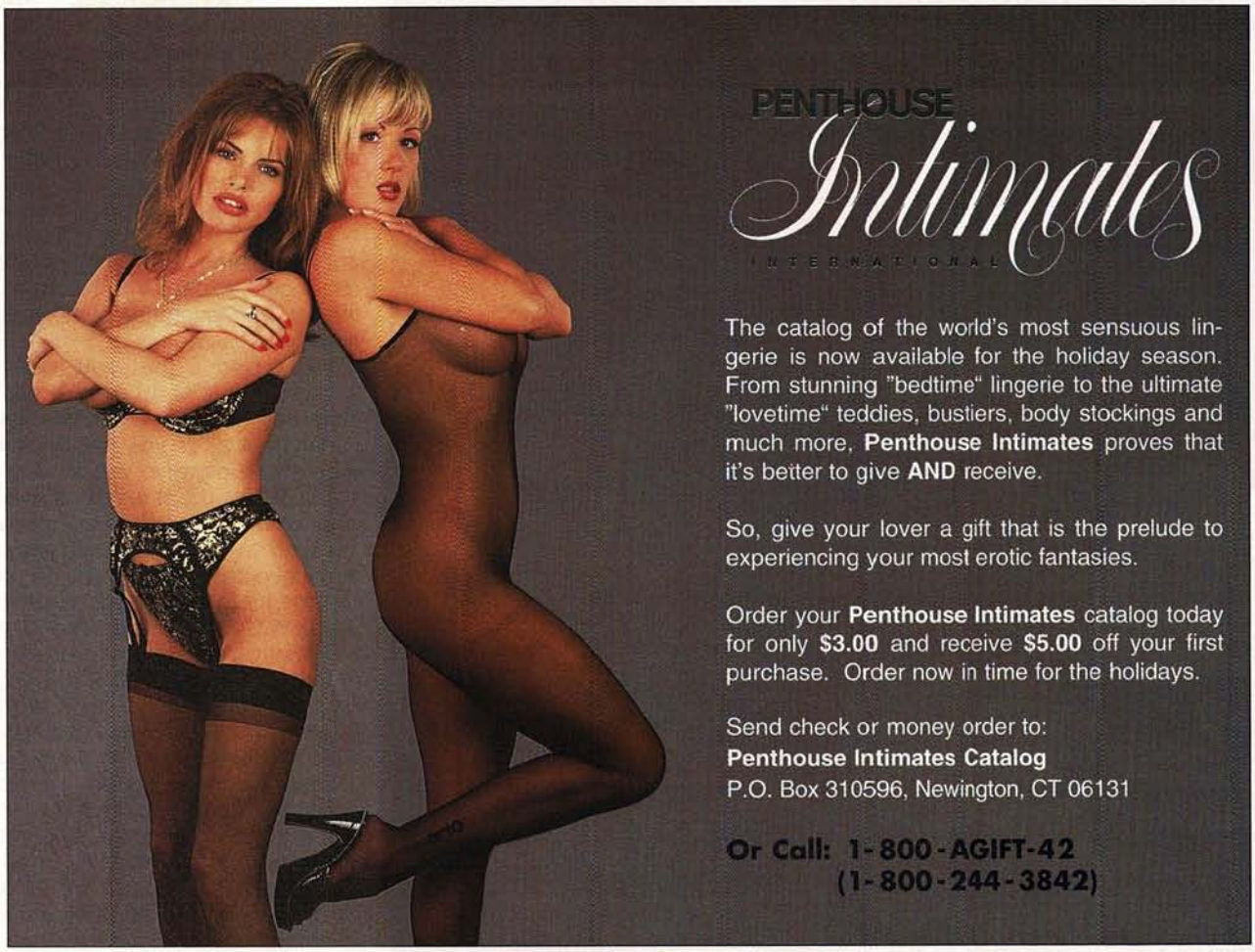
We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

Here is freedom of the press taken to the limit. Everything that's fit to print . . . and then some. Do you have a strange news item you'd like to share? Call us at **1-900-772-2223**. For more details, see page 135.

PARTING SHOT

BY BILL LEE

I HAVE NEVER TOUCHED MY OWN PENIS.
WE ARE SPEAKING TO THE VIRTUECRAT PARTY CANDIDATE FOR THE U.S. SENATE.
MY MOTHER WAS A VIRGIN!
COULD YOU TELL OUR VIEWERS ABOUT THE FORTITUDE AND SELF-DISCIPLINE THAT DOMINATES YOUR CAMPAIGN?
VAGINA IS RIGHT NEXT TO TENNESSEE.
WE WANT AMERICA TO RETURN TO THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF INDIAN WARS, OUT DOOR TOILETS, AND HORSE-DRAWN WAGONS..
YOU'RE PUTTING ME ON.
OKAY, SO WE'VE HAD A BIPARTISAN BURNOUT ON LAW AND ORDER AND ECONOMIC ISSUES. NOW WE CAN HUSTLE THE RELIGIOUS RIGHT WITH VIRTUE. WE'LL SCORE SOME MONEY AND POWER.
MONEY AND POWER?
VIRTUE IS IT'S OWN REWARD.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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

Some of us are divorced. All of us have a husband or a boyfriend. All our males have dicks that range from four and a quarter inches in length and three inches in girth. One girl's husband has a whopper—five inches in length.

How we got together was kind of by word of mouth. We had all dated—at one time or another—a guy who I will refer to as Mammoth. He seemed like a nice enough guy and acted like a gentleman. Okay, here it goes—his cock is nine inches long and six and a half inches wide. Some of us measured him, and we all agree on that. After we screwed him, we all had all kinds of gynecological problems—torn vaginal walls, et cetera. The most any of us could take was three screws. Then it was, "See you later, Mammoth. I don't need this."

All of us are skeptics when it comes to the porno guys having ten- to 15-inch dicks. Mammoth makes most of those guys look normal. All of us combined have had 46 husbands or lovers. All of us are content with our boyfriends' and husbands' cocks. Their size is just fine with us. Here's what GAMACOS means: Girls Against Mammoth Cocks. This is our secret. The guys think we're a bunch of girls who get together to gossip. We hope to see this letter in Penthouse *soon.*—D. H., Tennessee

I am constantly asked if the letters that are printed in this column are genuine. I can only say that they are delivered to this address by the postman and they come in envelopes with postmarked stamps on them. The majority are handwritten, loaded with personality, tragedy, emotion, and spelling mistakes. I would love to be able to write a letter to *Penthouse* listing all my problems, but I wouldn't know how to answer it, so I make do with real letters like yours.

Statistically, penis size is the most important subject in the sexual agenda of the American male, so it cannot be treated with levity. Your letter is great news to the countless under-endowed hopefuls who are daily placing rulers alongside their genitalia to see if the latest enhancement method has produced any results. The answer always seems to be the same—no change.

Traditionally, to be sexually up to par, the male is supposed to be well-hung, which implies that he has a penis that, if not mammoth, is at least a good size. A woman, however, should have a tight little pussy, and to suggest that a girl has an overcapacious vagina is deemed an insult. The result of this

FASHION FINDER

For information on the clothing featured on pages 69–73, contact these manufacturers or stores:

- Down jacket from **Calvin Klein Jeans** available at Bloomingdale's, New York City; Dillard's, Phoenix; Burdine's, Miami; Calvin Klein, Costa Mesa, California.
- **Joop! Jeans** jacket available at Saks Fifth Avenue, Bernini, Detour, all in New York City.
- **DKNY** available at Barneys New York, Bloomingdale's, Neiman-Marcus.
- **Chippewa** boots available at Ebbis Clothing, Los Angeles; St. Mark's Leather, New York City.
- **Colebrook and Company** jacket available at Macy's East; Boogie's, Las Vegas; Bang Bang, New York City.
- Ribbed turtleneck from **Paul Smith,** New York City.
- **Calvin Klein** coat available at Saks Fifth Avenue; Dillard's, Phoenix; Macy's East; Calvin Klein, Costa Mesa, California.
- **Industria** sweater available at Markeys, Houston; Louis, Boston.
- **Jordache** jeans and jacket available at JC Penney stores.
- **Armani** shirt available at all A/X Armani Exchange stores.

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thinking is a marked lack of truthfulness in otherwise honest and straightforward men when discussing the size of their organs. Could you and your group be exaggerating the exquisite tininess of your collective cunt?

Assuming that by "girth" you mean circumference, the average dimensions of your menfolks's cocks are almost exactly the same as my boyfriend's middle finger—except that his fingers are thicker. Your ignorance of the fact of circumference is worrying.

I also notice that you have gone through a total of 46 men, but it is not clear how you arrived at this figure. It seems that all of you had Mammoth's elephantine organ in you at least once, but does this count as one man in your total, or 15? If you pass the same guys from girl to girl, you would only need three men and a bit to make up your 46.

It seems that you may be eligible for the G.W.C.D.A. (Girls Who Can't Do Arithmetic), or maybe you are really members of GABING (Girls Against Balling in General). I don't believe in AGHAST (All Girls Hate a Still Tool), as I subscribe to ILIAD (I Like All Dicks).

I suggest that you add an *H* to your corporate title, making it GAMACHO (Give a Man a Chance, Okay?), and then after a trial period, you may eventually become eligible for GLAMOR (Girls Liking All Men on Reflection).

Xaviera would love to hear from you. Send your letters, comments, or fantasies to Xaviera Hollander, *Penthouse*, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. All letters should carry name and address, though these will be changed—in addition to other identifying characteristics—for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Ms. Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

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SF—Somewhere out there is an honest, sensitive man, one who will spend time learning to love me and share his self and dreams with me. I'm tired of all the childish games. I'm open and caring, 18, 5'4", soft brown eyes, brown hair, beautiful smile. Wishing to find someone who, like me, has a fondness for walks on a sunset beach, holding hands, having fun, and quiet times spent together. VM# 62394

DWF—Employed, blond hair, blue eyes, 5'3", 130 lbs. Like singing, dancing, going out for dinner, movies, camping, cooking. Willing to try new things. Looking for someone who doesn't mind a smoker. I'm a light drinker. VM# 62393

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SF—22, blond hair, blue eyes, quiet, and a little shy. Like to go out and have fun sometimes. I love to cook and take good care of my man. I need a romantic, caring gentleman, tall, dark or black hair, passionate, good communication skills, understands a woman's nature, and will take good care of his woman. VM# 62374

CONTINUED ON PAGE 165

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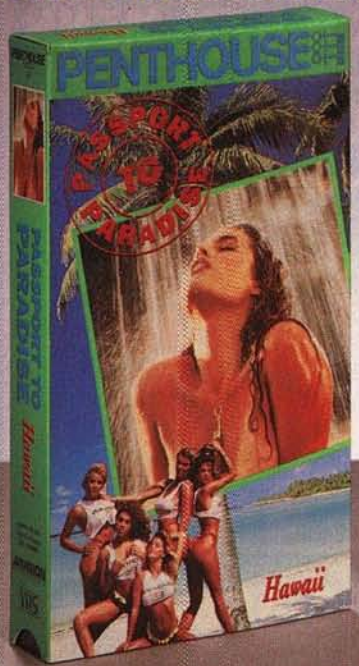

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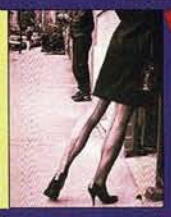

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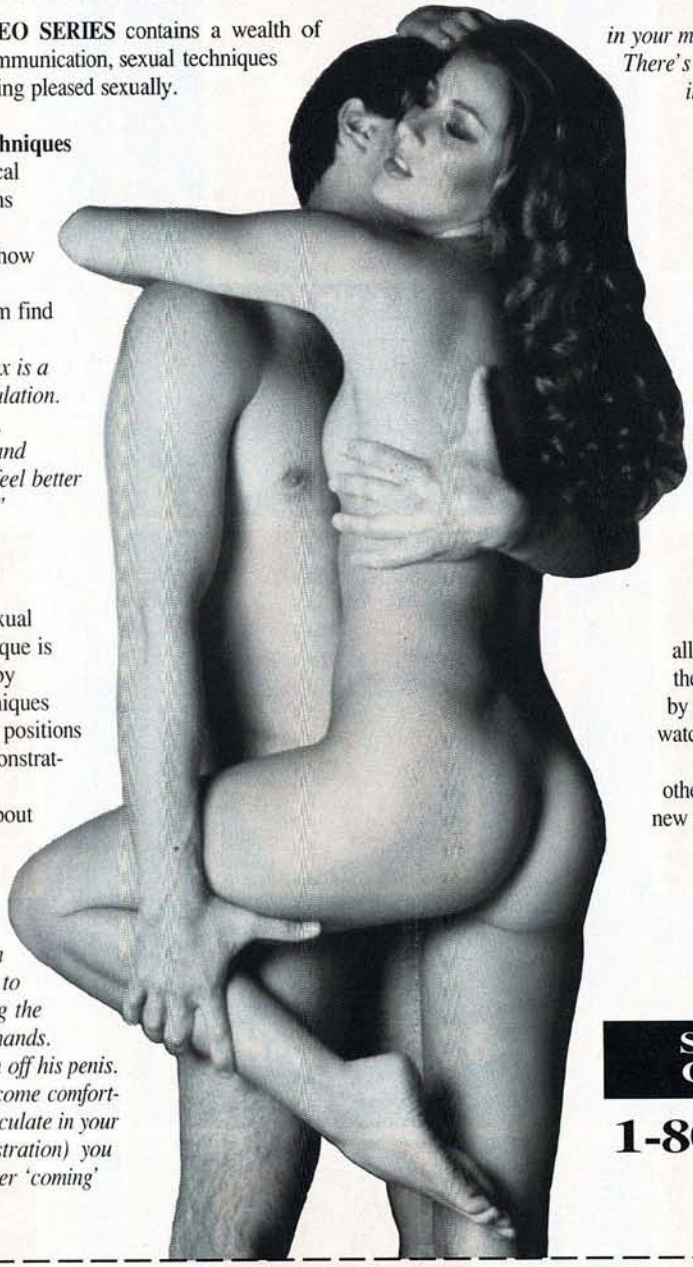

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- ☐ Aurora
- ☐ Lauren Brice
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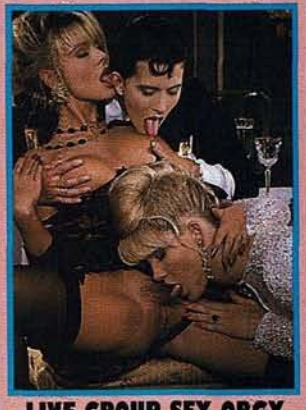

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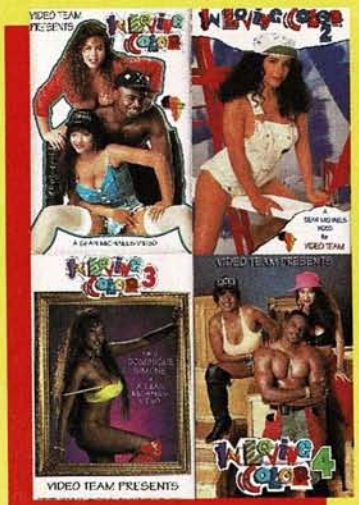

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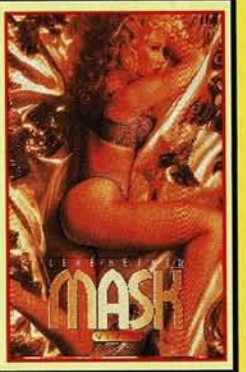

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PERSONALS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 151

SWF—Nonsmoker, light drinker. Love to play sports, bike, water-ski, play tennis, et cetera. Love family and friends. I have a good job. Looking for a companion. VM# 62365

SF—Dark hair, dark-brown eyes, clear complexion, 5'4", curvy, 110 lbs. I love live music, good conversation, a big city, and a charming guy to drive me there. I like my weekends fun and exciting, but I like my weeknights peaceful and dedicated to music. I spend many hours singing and playing piano. I like skiing in the winter, scuba diving in the summer, and dancing at night. I like nighttime better than daytime because I find the stars prettier than the sun. I love meeting new people, especially funny ones who can make me laugh. VM# 62364

SF—39, have two teenage boys. I love the outdoors, skiing, golfing, walking, camping, occasional biking, just having fun. I also like nice, quiet evenings at home. VM# 62354

SF—19, former model, 5'3", 115 lbs., light-brown hair, bright-blue eyes, told I have an hourglass figure. I'm searching for my knight in shining armor, someone who will treat me like I'm special without being too possessive. I like horseback riding, candlelight dinners, movies, and talking until all hours of the morning. If you are mature, loving, and under 30, leave a message. VM# 62378

SF—Mom of two. Looking for Mr. Right. I'm 5'3", 110 lbs., thick, long dark-brown hair, hazel eyes, told I'm pretty. Love to dance, dine out, walk on the beach, romance, family days out, riding horses, long drives. Looking for someone who's financially secure to share these interests. VM# 62347

SF—Brown hair and eyes, 19, outdoors person. Like to camp, hike, bike ride, the ocean, et cetera. I'm not looking for anything serious—just a friendship, someone to do things with. VM# 62342

SF—Green eyes, brown hair, 4'11", 21, 122 lbs. I'm attracted to fun, intelligent, sensitive, and good-looking men. My hobbies are dancing, swimming, movies, and more. VM# 62361

SF—23, have children, blond hair, brown eyes, 5'7", 120 lbs. Love country music, outdoors, romantic nights. I love men 21 to 30. VM# 62327

SF—23, single mother, 5'7", light-brown hair, blue eyes. Looking for someone who loves kids and the outdoors. I'd like to meet someone drug-free but who still likes to have some fun. I like listening to country music and country dancing. VM# 62326

SF—18, 5'9", nice body. Looking for an attractive man, well built and put together, fi-

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SF—I'm 5'5", 115 lbs., semi-long brown hair, blue eyes. Love to hike, bike ride, talk. I'm not looking for anything serious, but definitely someone to go out and have fun with and do things and talk to. I'm 19, looking for someone 18 to 25. VM# 62332

SF—I'm 23. Looking for a man who's sophisticated, good-looking, knows what he wants out of life, and likes to have lots of fun. I like camping, fishing, and bow hunting. VM# 62327

SF—5'6", blond hair, blue eyes, 138 lbs., nice body, considered attractive. I'm looking for a man who is nice, attractive, good personality, outgoing. Looks don't mean everything. VM# 62323

DWF—27, blond hair, blue eyes, single parent. I like motorcycle riding, monster trucks, four wheeling, camping, fishing, dancing, horseback riding, playing pool, darts, sports, watching sports, kicking back sometimes, and watching the sunset. I also like hiking. Looking for a nice guy to do things with, maybe work into a relationship. I love to cook. I prefer a nonsmoker. Light drinker. VM# 62321

SF—Ex-biker chick looking for a strong but firm but gentle man, 35 to 45. VM# 62310

SBF—23. Looking for someone to kick it with, hang with, whatever. VM# 62295

DWF—Single parent, 5'7", height and weight proportionate. Enjoy camping, fishing, walks on the beach, country-western music, comedy, candlelight dinners. Looking for a long-term relationship—single parent, someone who's tall and knows what's involved in raising children. VM# 62302

SF—Tall, intelligent, voluptuous, 27, value my career. Love all animals, the sun, music, movies, tulips, pearls, and travel, especially to the ocean. I'm a very passionate, giving, loving, loyal person who likes to spoil and be spoiled. I'm open, honest, a great communicator. I have many friends and a full life. Looking for a tall, intelligent, sincere man with a strong, husky build and a big heart—a man who can support me and who I can also support. Honest and open communication is a must. It would be ideal if he works hard and loves his job as I do, yet treasures his time off and the person he spends it with. VM# 62266

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mid forties–mid fifties, established professional gentleman, nonsmoker. My background contains travel, career, art, and a sense of humor. VM# 18933

SF—5'9", slim, exotic Caribbean female, 44, great sense of adventure. Looking for someone who has time to travel, to explore beaches, rain forests, and old ruins. I'm very artistic and I read a lot. VM# 18837

SF—5'9", 140 lbs., 24, new to the area. I like to go out, party, have fun. Looking for guys to hang out with, possible relationship. VM# 18897

SF—Twentysomething, 5'5", not fat, have an M.B.A. and am teaching part-time right now. I'm also a full-time entrepreneur running my own company. Seeking a confident, preppie, aggressive, successful, educated snob with a warm heart. I do enjoy dating investment bankers and attorneys because I also work long hours and I enjoy hearing about exciting cases as well as business stories. I'm sick of spending my weekends in the office, so leave me a message. VM# 18820

SF—In search of a man to share life with. I'm told I'm attractive. I'm a professional, dark hair, 40, pretty, well traveled, in love with life. I have two adolescent children living with me. Seeking my counterpart. Healthy, fun, and friendly men are a must. VM# 18509

SF—Looking for a nice man. Looking for a friend. I'm 25, 5'7", 125 lbs., very attractive. Like sports, working out, beaches. Need to be outgoing, professional. Ages 28 to 38. VM# 18292

SF—5'7". Looking for a single black male, weight and height don't matter, a fun-loving person. VM# 71727

SBF—26, brown skin, brown eyes, brown hair, 5'3" to 5'4". Looking for a single black male, 22 to 32, employed. I love men who are tall, dark, and handsome. I love to have fun. Want to meet a man who loves to go out to clubs, loves to have fun, and just kick it. VM# 71720

SF—Looking for mate, 45 to 55. Let's go camping. Love Las Vegas also. No drugs. Social drinker okay. VM# 71701

DBF—Full-figured, 30, 5'9", three children. Seeking a strong black man who is a Christian and also enjoys being around children. I enjoy family time, movies, roller-skating, jazz clubs, comedy clubs, hard work. I want my man to be a hard worker. VM# 71694

SF—Looking for a great, fun-loving guy who loves riding bikes, walking on the beach, candlelight, watching movies, et cetera. Age and race aren't important. VM# 71644

SF—20, 5'7", brown hair and eyes. Seeking a single black male with a good sense of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

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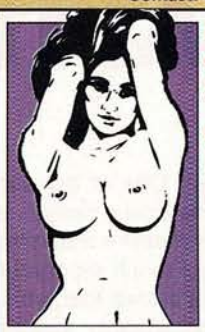

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SEX WATCH

THE SUPER FEMALE ATTRACTANT

Of all our five senses: sight, sound, touch, taste, and smell, the sense of ***smell*** is our most instinctive and vital sense. It is the animal kingdom's ability to smell food, pick up scents of danger and the ability to smell one another, (specifically the *opposite sex*), that is unquestionably vital to our survival and success as a species. Certain scents can suggest or evoke strong emotions. Some scents can frighten us, stimulate us, create urgency and even *arouse* us. The amazing part about going through the complex emotional states that **"Olfactory Stimulation"**can create during sexual arousal, is that we are **totally unaware** of the reason for our arousal.

In the animal kingdom, we all transmit and receive a multitude of specific sexual scent signals via **"Pheromones".** These *signals* are only received by members of our own respective species. Nature has evolved these stunning chemical sex signals known as **pheromones**, so that they can trigger "*specific behavioral responses* ", such as the need to copulate. These **odorless molecules influence sexual need** as well as other feelings. These **undetectable** scent messages have been traced to the region of the brain linked to the **hormonal control of sexual behavior**. Males produce a scent which increases in its intensity with the degree of sexual arousal. Females produce a scent alerting the males of fertility and sexual readiness. **These scents produce a positive behavior response.**

The search for the link between human sexual behavior and response and the products from the scent glands, started as long ago as in the late 1800's. A phenomenon called the *French Boarding House Syndrome* was reported in medical journals. A unique discovery had been made — girls having been isolated from men, entered puberty much later than girls exposed to men (even without personal physical contact with males). One of the earliest biological reports linking human sexual behavior and olfaction was released in 1952 by the French researcher J. Le Magnen. He stated that woman's highest point of olfactory stimulation comes at the time of ovulation. During the ovulation period, women's olfactory sensitivity was said to be **100** to **100,000** times greater than at menstruation!

Currently, synthetically produced sexual scent signals (pheromones) are also being manufactured for usage in insect population control. According to a prominent Harvard University Biologist, one milligram of the trail **pheromone** of the leaf-cutting ant, is enough to lead a small colony three times around the world! Synthetically produced sexual scent signals have also been tested in insect mating disruption. These synthetically produced pheromones have been used to confuse the male species rendering them unable to find the females. Pheromones can be used to lure insects into traps. Scent signals have also been manufactured and used in connection with the breeding of farm animals. According to a recent test, some male farm animals were able to perform and mate with the females up to three times as much as what is considered average for breeding purposes. Smell is extremely vital to the survival of the animal species, especially when it comes to mating habits.

Explanation of the human process of pheromone reception: A puzzling question had researchers stumped for many years; If the pheromones were basically **odorless** and **undetectable**, then what system of the human body could possibly be detecting them? This mystery lead an anatomist to rediscover a miniscule organ in the human nose. In the lower animal kingdom as well as in humans, airborne pheromone molecules lock on to receptors in order to convey **sexual arousal signals**. In humans, these messages of **sexual interest** are then conveyed to the brain via the vomeronasal organ.This organ is referred to as the VNO. It is located between the mucous membranes that cover the septum. The VNO acts as the sensor for airborne pheromones which indicate sexual readiness. Astonishingly, the VNO was discovered more than a century ago, but scientists mistakenly concluded that it had become a useless vestigial organ, while others concluded that it had atrophied. To the amazement of the scientific community, they found that the VNO acts as the receptor to these odorless and undetectable **sexual scents** known as **pheromones**.

There can be no denying of the incredible ***power of smell***. The scent of freshly cut grass, can take you back to a fantastic summer evening of memorable love and abandon. The smell of bacon cooking can remind you of many special Sunday breakfasts spent with your family as a youngster. The scent of a certain fragrance can make make a woman's heart race right off the scale - just because this very scent may remind her of her first love. Some experts think that the sense of smell is far more **evocative** than the other senses.

Researchers now think that the specific function of pheromones in humans may be to indicate to the opposite sex that we are sexually interested. Pheromones can also help indicate fertility. Researchers feel that the evidence for their theory lies in the size of the apocrine glands. These glands are the largest in size during the female's reproductive years (when females are fertile). As additional evidence, they also point out that the sense of smell is the only sense connected to the limbic system in the brain, (which has been linked to feelings of **attraction**, **sensuality** and **sex drive**!). Most of of the manufactured human pheromone scents are made overseas. Currently, there are very few U.S. distributors of the men's cologne based pheromone scents.

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The most powerfully potent **undetectable FEMALE ATTRACTING** scent is now available at our complex. This totally effective super, sex-stimulant cologne was first tested by a French researcher who stumbled on to the unbelievable connection between pheromones and total primal female **SEXUAL AROUSAL.** U.S. research scientists tested pheromone scents on female farm animals. Upon exposure, all the females in the experiment instantly assumed the mating position while waiting and clamoring for the males to perform!

At last, scientists have been able to isolate this natural ATTRACTANT for men. It is available to you in the form of a very masculine **SUPER ATTRACTANT COLOGNE** making you irresistible to the opposite sex. There's no denying the power of smell. The scent of a particular soap can take you right back to an endless erotic night. One whiff of a certain fragrance can make your heart race by conjuring up pictures of your first romantic interlude. You have already seen the power of pheromones at work if you've ever watched a male dog go after and mount a female dog in heat. Pheromones can dramatically influence the way your body functions and can send messages from one body to another. It's dangerously provocative, but the rewards can be **total satisfaction**! Use sparingly. A few drops may make your fantasies **come** true...and all because you're sending out these **undetectable powerful sex signals**! She will not understand what is happening. Her **sudden impulse** will drive her to **you**. This pheromone based cologne is a scientifically produced essence that works like a giant, **super-sex, magnet**! Be confident and reap the rewards! This biological *secret weapon* can be used under any circumstance: at work, college classes, parties, at bars, traveling to and from work. Results speak for themselves. One spray of "Conquest" and just imagine...

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The Scientific Community States:

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"Male pheromone secretions not only attract women, but repel other males."
World Medicine (Journal for G.P.'s)

"Heaven Scent! The secret of Sex-cess."
The Sun (3/21/79)

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PERSONALS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 169

humor, who knows how to respect and treat me, who's willing to be a friend and a lover if it gets to that point, and who likes to be around children. I have one child. VM# 71629

SF—I like a man who is very warm, very kind, generous, loves everybody, loves children and animals—a man who is well dressed, smells and looks good, is well built. Any nationality is fine. I have brown eyes, brown hair, am very kind, generous, warm-hearted, caring, love everything, animals, children, volleyball, hiking, working out. I'm well built, 5'5". Like a man who likes movies and dancing. VM# 71625

SBF—19, dark brown, light-brown eyes, medium-length hair, intelligent, outgoing. Seeking a young black or white male. I'm very sensitive, love to cuddle up, love dancing, fishing, walks on the beach, sitting home and watching movies, going out to movies, wining and dining. I like kids. Seeking a fun, caring person. VM# 71622

SF—Looking for a single black man to have fun with. I have two kids. If you want to have fun or just talk, leave a message. VM# 71620

SBF—29, Christian, very loving, loyal, and faithful. Looking for a single black Christian man who is 29 to 35, tall, marriage-minded, romantic, and looking for a serious relationship with a good woman. I like going to church, amusement parks, movies. VM# 71618

SF—Young African-American, sweet, college student, outgoing, 5'5", brown eyes, nice face, guys say I'm very attractive. Seeking a young African-American who loves walks on the beach. Age 18 to 21, very responsible, loving, caring, honest. VM# 71621

SF—23, very outgoing, brown eyes, brown-black hair. Would like to meet a man 18 to 25 who is very outgoing. VM# 71679

SBF—27, Christian. Love movies, comedy clubs. Looking for a single black man who is independent. I like a man who is outgoing and fun to be around. VM# 71672

SBF—5'4". Looking for an Aries, Leo, or Sagittarius male, 45 to 55, who loves a good time, walks on the beach, movies, the blues, and jazz music. Race not important. VM# 71671

SF—Dark skin, 115 lbs., 5'9", dress nice. Want a guy who dresses nice, has a job, is intelligent and outgoing and doesn't cheat on his girlfriend. VM# 71665

SBF—Full-figured, 27, adventurous. Looking for my special mate who is between 29 and

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45 and enjoys a candlelight dinner, champagne, and a warm night along the beach. VM# 71413

SF—Looking for a Mexican male who is outgoing, fun, and likes to go places. Looking for a tall male, 5'7" to 6'. VM# 71450

DF—34, hazel eyes, 5'5", long brown hair, considered attractive, ex–law-enforcement officer, have two perfectly mannered sons. Looking for a black male over 5'9", 31 to 49, nice-looking, little or no drinking, no drugs. Prefer to start out as pen pals. If you're trustworthy, employed, secure with yourself, enjoy traveling to tropical islands and jazz, and appreciate people and life, we are off to a good start. VM# 71461

SBF—37, have children. Looking for a man 39 to 45, tall, honest, clean, and sane. I know how to treat a man who knows how to treat a woman. VM# 71432

SBF—5'7". Want a big black, healthy man. Love cooking, going to church, having fun, going to movies. Age 29 to 36. VM# 71420

SF—52, outgoing. I enjoy dancing. I want a man who is intelligent. I adore walking on the beach, reading, and being together. I enjoy going to church. VM# 71490

SBF—29, 5'10", full-figured, very attractive. Seeking a tall, handsome male, nicely built, 29 to 35, 5'11" or taller. I'd like for you to be employed, have your own car, your own address. I want a man who is understanding, a good listener, honest, intelligent, sensitive, highly romantic, nonsmoker, maybe light drinking, not into any drugs. I love to spoil a man who spoils me. Seeking a man who is also health conscious and is into the way he maintains his appearance, knows how to respect females and protect a female as well, a man who likes children. I like going to the beach, taking long walks through the park, candlelight dinners, all kinds of music, going to church occasionally. VM# 71471

SF—Professional interpreter, 40, dark-brown-black hair, brown eyes, 5'6". Love to dance, play sports, work out at the gym. Looking for a sincere, honest person to date and go out with, to share activities with. VM# 79189

SF—5'7", 21, brown skin, long hair, light-brown eyes. Looking for a man, 21 to 25, who's interested in going places and doing things. I love parties and the beach. VM# 77989

SBF—Professional. Looking for a single black professional male. I'm a registered nurse. I like long walks on the beach, candlelight dinners, being alone with my man and treating him how he should be treated. I'm 5'9", 135 lbs., light skin, long hair, brown eyes. VM# 79986

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POISONED DREAM

To the world it seemed that when the shackles of apartheid fell, the hopes, dreams, and aspirations of South Africa could be set loose and the desires of its people for a better life could finally bear fruit. But as veteran journalist Tad Szulc reports firsthand, the sun may be setting on that dream faster than we imagined. Abysmal poverty, the threat of AIDS, social and economic tensions, and the mortality of Nelson Mandela threaten the very existence of this new nation. "It quickly became clear when I arrived," Szulc writes, "that not too many knowledgeable South Africans are keen on discussing their views, at least on the record.... It is not politically correct to talk about them too loudly." Since no one has ever accused *Penthouse* of being politically correct, you can expect to find the whole story here.

CONFESSIONS OF A CYBERSLUT

The denizens of interactive computer communication are not always the nerdish, number-crunching, keyboard-tapping creeps that some of the uninitiated might imagine them to be. In fact, amid the dull bulk of services offered by the majority of on-line systems, there are actually beautiful, hungry vixens eagerly awaiting the strong caresses of willing Don Juans. Next month a self-described "cyberslut," who will only identify herself by her on-line moniker, "Stolen Kiss," reveals the ways and the realities of this twenty-first-century meeting ground for the horny and uninhibited. In the age of AIDS, this is one safe-sex outlet that will grow exponentially as more people plug in, turn on, and get off.

GREASY KID STUFF

Every Monday through Friday, in an unmarked room in an undistinguished office building near the Hollywood Freeway, the phone lines light up like a Christmas tree as calls to the radio deejay who calls himself "the Greaseman" come in from all over the country. "We just want to tell him how much we love him," one caller says. "I've got a girl problem and I need some help," says another. Listeners hear a woman's gasp and sigh, squeaks, squishes, groans, and squirting sounds. And it's only just beginning. Is this the total downfall of civilization? You'll find some answers in Susan Reifer's unique report.

THEY SHOOT LAP DANCERS, DON'T THEY?

In the beginning, there was the bawdy naughtiness of classic burlesque. This wonderful world of pasties and G-strings soon passed its zenith and eventually evolved into the grope-a-thon of the "dime-a-dance" parlors of the forties and fifties. Undulating into its next transformation, the act of interactive public seduction has become modern-day lap dancing. *Screw* magazine's gonadal archaeologist, Al Goldstein, explores this burgeoning field in his typical, uniquely irreverent manner. Need we say more?

WARNING: HEALTH-CARE REFORM THREATENS YOUR HEALTH

Bill and Hillary Rodham Clinton are determined to "reform" health care, but strangely, few in the mainstream media have bothered to look at some of the most important implications of overhauling one-seventh of our national economy. Barbara Gordon explores where other journalists fear to tread and finds that things are never as simple as they seem in the land of talk, promises, and small print. The hidden costs and the inherent dangers posed to our state-of-the-art medical care—as well as to our rights as American citizens—will make you think twice about the possibility of business-school bureaucrats making life-or-death decisions based on cost-analysis charts.

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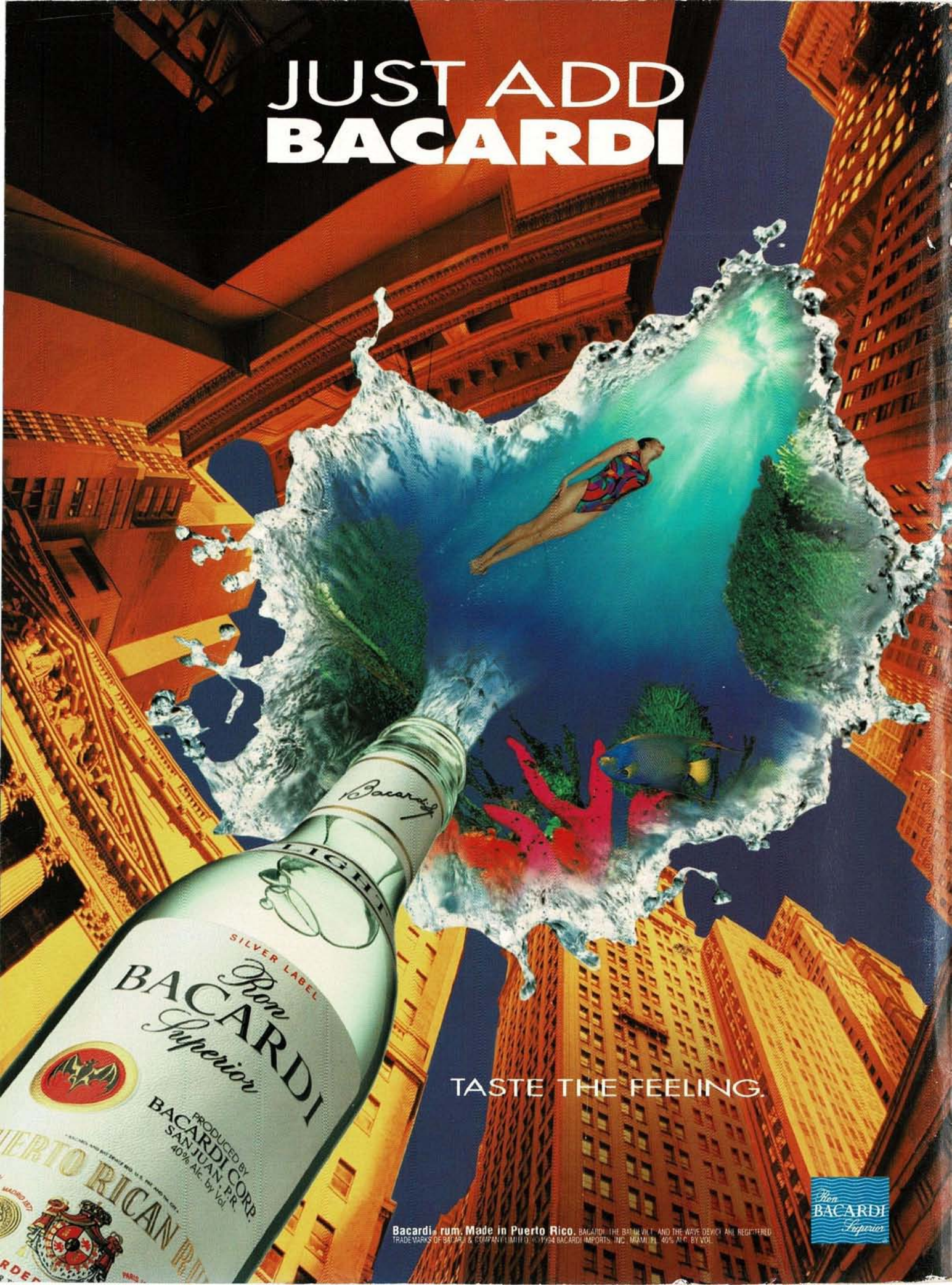
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